Breadcrumbs 2021

Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time

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Breadcrumbs 2021
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
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Pronunciation: Holtzhowzer

All have the express written encouragement
To distribute this creation freely to any and all
Who have the eyes to see and the ears to hear
The mystery in which each and every one
Equally participates in so many ways

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Preface

Greetings,

Breadcrumbs kicked off in 2015. These are the thoughts written in 2021. All writings since 1989, including current issue, are available online in a variety of locations.

This work is blogged at:

Breadcrumbs 2021
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
https://breadcrumbs2021.blogspot.com/

Writing has been an enjoyable process ever since I first began toying with prose; scribbling poetry, keeping journals, corresponding with friends and acquaintances during the college daze. The philosophical/mystical/whatever-you-want-to-call-them thoughts, that have been popping into mind since 1989, have always been very out-of-the-blue spontaneous. Nothing planned or forced about them. They are being shared on the off chance that others may find them of interest, though, quite frankly, it really does not matter if no one else ever even reads them, for I am, first and foremost, my own audience. I got mine, so to speak. I played my little part. I had my share of fun. And it is, as it has ever been, up to each to discern their own, on their own.

There are really no followers in this Don Quixote quest; only earnest seekers, who waylay their desires and fears and dreads, enough to discern that which is the end to doubt, the end to dueling with windmills. “Yay” if it is your fate to figure it out. “Oh well” if it is not. And “so it goes” either way, really. Ecclesiastes 1:2 is always a good reminder: “Vanity of vanities,” saith the Preacher, “Vanity of vanities. All is vanity.” Awareness can only, with great effort, regain control, regain sovereignty, from the usurper, imagination, creator of all that is time, creator of all that is space. Creator of all that is illusion, has never been anything more than illusion, will never be anything more than illusion. Only as real as the given moment.

“The Stillness Before Time” is the original work that came together in 1992, including mostly aphorisms, an essay, a newspaper question-and-answer, ten reflections, and lists of both movies and books. Though an early self-published version, long since edited and expanded, can be purchased at major booksellers, a downloadable copy is available, no charge, at the link below. There are also links to a variety of blogs of other creations by me, along with links to many writings of a similar nature, by thinkers and seers from across all times, across all geographies. "The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim" is the second published book, and is both blogged and available as a PDF download.

The “Breadcrumbs” titles, published annually since 2015, all include the core chapters: Leftovers, Soundbites, Breadcrumbs. In the Breadcrumbs chapters, I unleash thoughts of a more personal nature than in the other two. All just to show I was ensconced in a living, breathing, relativity mundane, oftentimes foolish, mortal mind-body. An actor playing the hand that was dealt; same as everyone else, vain as everyone else. No need to sculpt me into more than I was. No need for myths, nor legends, nor fables, nor miracles, nor cult followings, nor any other fictions, any other absurdities, over to which the human mind, and all its imaginary history, has so often given itself. The Breadcrumbs chapters prove me again and again to be yet another Shakespearian player, as full of the limited and arbitrary as anyone else born into

this dream of space and time. So please be sure not to shape me, or these many random thoughts, into some dogmatic absurdity. Use them as a launchpad, not an orbit.

"The Return to Wonder" blog is a compendium of aphorisms not included in the three other works: The Stillness Before Time, The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, and Breadcrumbs. It originally totaled 3,000 pages formatted in 300 ten-page chapters written since 1990-ish. A gradual editing that will likely never be completed, is changing that dynamic into something of a mishmash.

Please note that this sort of wordplay is very haphazard, way too much work to put into any order. Probably best read it in bits and pieces in the here and there. One of those open-to-any-page works. Especially well-suited for coffee shops, coffee tables, and porcelain thrones.

Also note that all writings are always subject to updates and editing, so if You are interested in the most current version – before this house of cards comes tumbling down, and the world grows large again – downloading PDF copies every once and a while might be a reasonable discipline. This applies especially to the current year of Breadcrumbs, which could well be an annual project until the last wheezing breath, though frankly, the temptation to stop writing entirely is not off the table. It is a pleasant way to pass some of the countdown remaining, but it is unlikely there is much ground that has not been wandered by this frame of reference far more than enough already. No matter how many times Sisyphus rolls the boulder up the mountain, it is more than a little doubtful that the blind men and their true-believer followers, will ever discern, ever realize, ever embrace, the elephant in the middle of the room, without fabricating some new form of absurdity. It is the way we roll, it is the way we have always rolled, it is the way we will, far more than probably, always roll. Every species has its limitations, and we have in this mind's eye, far-exceeded ours.

That said, if You do find these many thoughts at all worth preserving, for whatever times are ahead for this world and all its life forms, please feel free to share them with others who might also appreciate them. Else they may well swiftly slip back into the timeless oblivion from whence they came.

So it goes, either way. I played my part, I said my piece, I had my fun.

All the best,

M

P.S. For best viewing online, using the largest screen You have available to explore my little theme park, is suggested. Scrolling down and down on a phone screen is just not going to give You the same entrée.

P.P.S. Regarding the name Yaj Ekim ... It is just a reverse spelling of the first and middle names ... Michael Jay Holshouser ... Mike Jay ... Yaj Ekim.

P.P.P.S. Coincidently, make of it whatever You will, or will not, Yaj is an Indian boy's name meaning worshipper, sacrifice, another name for Shiva, a sage. And Ekim is a Turkish name for October meaning "sowing" (of seeds). All kinds of absurdity can be read into that by the many so-inclined – none of which was in mind when I came up with the idea to reverse the letters to my name. See P.P.S. for details.

P.P.P.P.S. Yes, I am Shiva. And so are You. No, I am not Shiva. And neither are You. Irony and paradox rule.

The Stillness Before Time

Reflections From a Fellow Sojourner

There is really only one Way.
It is without division or boundary.
It is without name or theology.
Awareness is its scripture.
Here now, its venue.
You, its witness.
Your life, the journey.

Website
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com

Blog
https://thestillnessbeforetime.blogspot.com

PDF
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thestillnessbeforetime.pdf

The Original Works

The Stillness Before Time,
Reflections From a Fellow Sojourner
https://thestillnessbeforetime.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thestillnessbeforetime.pdf

Including:
Of the Human Journey
Got God?
Ten Reflections

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim
https://theponderingsofyajekim.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/theponderingsofyajekim.pdf

Breadcrumbs 2015
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
https://breadcrumbs2015.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/breadcrumbs2015.pdf

Breadcrumbs 2018
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https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/breadcrumbs2020.pdf

Breadcrumbs 2021
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
https://breadcrumbs2021.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/breadcrumbs2021.pdf

Breadcrumbs 2022
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
https://breadcrumbs2022.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/breadcrumbs2022.pdf

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
https://breadcrumbs2023.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/breadcrumbs2023.pdf

The Return to Wonder
Field Notes from the Unknown
(Major edit underway – New copy colored blue and green)
https://thereturntowonder.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thereturntowonder.pdf

The Derivative Collection

Aftershocks Autumn 2024
https://aftershocksautumn2024.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/aftershocks2024.pdf

Frames of Reference
Peering Through the Windows of Perception
https://framesofreferenceperception.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/framesofreference.pdf

Imagination: The Great Usurper
https://imaginationthegreatusurper.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/imaginationthegreatusurper.pdf

Jesus on Prophets
What Any Seer Likely Faces Returning to the Cave of Origin
https://jesusonprophets.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/jesusonprophets.pdf

Lost in Translation
The Human Paradigm's Linguistic Muddle
https://lostintranslationyajekim.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/lostintranslation.pdf

Michael's Rabbit Hole
A Selection of Breadcrumbs & Other Aphorisms
https://michaelsrabbithole.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/michaelsrabbithole.pdf

Of Meaning & Purpose
Ponderings About the Futility of It All
https://ofmeaningandpurpose.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/ofmeaningandpurpose.pdf

Of Noise & Silence
Contemplations on the Vibrations of Consciousness
https://ofnoiseandsilence.blogspot.com
https://www.thestillnessbeforetime.com/ofnoiseandsilence.pdf

Standouts From the Return to Wonder Edit
Selections From the First Sixteen Chapters
https://standoutsfromthereturntowonderedit.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/standouts.pdf

The Call of the Eternal
A Conversation With My Self
https://thecalloftheeternal.blogspot.com
https://www.thestillnessbeforetime.com/thecalloftheeternal.pdf

The Gordian Knot of Ethical Thinking
https://thegordianknotofethicalthinking.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thegordianknotofethicalthinking.pdf

The 'And More' Collection

Doubt, Doubt & More Doubt
https://doubtdoubtandmoredoubt.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/doubtdoubtandmoredoubt.pdf

Grubs, Grubs & More Grubs
(a.k.a., Blobs, Blobs & More Blobs)
https://grubsgrubsandmoregrubs.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/grubsgrubsandmoregrubs.pdf

History, History & More History
https://historyhistoryandmorehistory.blogspot.com
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Imagination, Imagination & More Imagination
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Mystery, Mystery & More Mystery
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Patterns, Patterns & More Patterns
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Reincarnation, Reincarnation & More Reincarnation
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Science, Science & More Science
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The Singles Collection

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The Real is Discovering
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To Be, or Not to Be
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Breadcrumbs: The Original Blog
https://michaelsbreadcrumbs.blogspot.com/2015/01/under-construction_28.html

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A Variety of Letters, Emails, Texts, & Sundry Odds 'n Ends
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Definitions
An Incomplete Selection of Contemplative Definitions
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Ditties for the Bluegrass Pyre
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Jester Amok
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https://www.facebook.com/media/set/?set=a.1311100495387&type=3

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Possible Last Words & Epitaphs
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Sketches of the Once Upon a Time
A Few Epiphanies and Other Hallmark Moments
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The Corollaries of Yaj Ekim
https://corollariesyajekim.blogspot.com
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The Standard Ripostes
The Scribe's Go-to Responses to This and That in the Day-To-Day
https://thestandardripostes.blogspot.com
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Uncle Sam Says
https://whatunclesamsays.blogspot.com
https://www.facebook.com/media/set/?set=a.1311088415085&type=3

(Please note all writings are subject to annual updates and editing,
so downloading current PDF copies every once and a while,
might be a good idea if You want the most current version)

Leftovers

You are the immaculate awareness, the immeasurable witness,
Through which nature every moment creates, every moment destroys.
It is a timeless dance, a timeless dream, in which duality is but imaginary notion.

* * * *

Whatever metaphor, whatever analogy, whatever idiom,
Whatever allegory, whatever simile, whatever image, You might use …
Be it truth, divinity, reality, universe, cosmos, sky, ocean, river, ether, infinity, mystery …
No concept can ever be whatever it is, no concept can ever be whatever it is not.

* * * *

There is nothing in the right here, right now of the timeless moment,
To hold up or bolster the idolatry of anything or anybody in the mirage of time.
False gods are a pretense to those intent on freeing themselves from imaginary constraints.

* * * *

Imagination can create and destroy, give and take, ebb and flow, receive and impart,
Learn and ignore, listen and speak, walk and run, retreat and attack, maneuver and fire,
Block and strike, caress and maim, resign and resist, still and wander, yin and yang,
In every conceivable way, at any moment, with equal and unadorned abandon.

* * * *

How much of the universe can You possess,
When You cannot even hold on to one breath?

* * * *

What space, what time, what theater, what dream,
Could ever contact, ever confine, ever control,
The awareness You truly are, and are not.

* * * *

The challenge is to become your own mind, to become your own voice.
Follow no one, lead no one, discern what is real for your Self, stay humble.

* * * *

If for some ungodly reason there is a Dante-esque hell,
You will likely endure it the same as You have this one.

* * * *

Does it look like You thought it would?
Does it sound like You thought it would?
Does it taste like You thought it would?
Does it smell like You thought it would?
Does it feel like You thought it would?

Or did You even think about it at all?

* * * *

Stop, already, with the perfection-conception archetype.
None who play mortality, are that with which perfection would ever align.
All are flawed, imperfect, faulty, defective, damaged, blemished, inconsistent, unsound, weak.
Better to embrace the ultimate reality of this mundane touchy-feely dream,
Than to contort to yet another vain imaginary absurdity.

* * * *

To keenly perceive the limitations of imagination's usurpation of awareness,
Is the inevitable burden of all who awaken to the illusion of space and time.

* * * *

All those likes, all those dislikes, are really nothing more,
Than imaginary universes ever embracing and colliding.

* * * *

What would your world be, what would your universe be, without the eyes to see?
What would your world be, what would your universe be, without the ears to hear?
What would your world be, what would your universe be, without the nose to smell?
What would your world be, what would your universe be, without the tongue to taste?
What would your world be, what would your universe be, without the body to touch?
What would your world be, what would your universe be, without the mind to think?
What would your world be, what would your universe be, without all of the above?

* * * *

Right here, right now, this very timeless moment,
Is where the one and only existence begins and ends.

* * * *

No matter how many classrooms or lecture halls or laboratories or whatever one attends,
It is always up to the individual to make the effort to learn what there is to learn.
It is always up to the individual to distill what any experience has to offer.
Ultimately, every human being, every creature, is an autodidact.

* * * *

Belief, faith, hope, certainty, conviction,
And other notions of a whimsical nature,
Do not long dwell in the arena of doubt.

* * * *

Great doubt, whether through hesitation or disbelief,
Is the motivation, the momentum, the impetus, the stimulus,
That sets canvas and rudder to whatever parts known and unknown,
Any given wanderer, any given rambler, any given gypsy, any given sailor,
From harbor to harbor, from adventure to adventure, from birth to death, may tack.

* * * *

Worshipping false idols, whether in form or concept,
Is not an intelligent use of one's brief window of time.

* * * *

If someone is soliciting your wallet for these free-given words,
Or pretending to represent some spiritual groupthink that hopefully will never spawn,
Put them behind You as quickly as them running shoes allow.

* * * *

Do You remember signing up for this?
Or were You just too drunk to remember?

* * * *

You have seen enough, heard enough, tasted enough, smelt enough, touched enough,
And thought and done enough, for all the lifetimes You could have ever imagined.
If You signed up for this mortal playhouse, You were too stoned to remember.

* * * *

If You think these all nothing more than mad opinions,
You are not yet walking the trail of irony and paradox.

* * * *

Consciousness, judgment, belief, imagery, measurement, inventiveness,
Imagination, visualization, fantasy, hallucination, meditation, contemplation, revelation,
Perception, thought, reflection, deliberation, observation, conception, prescience,
Creativity, understanding, planning, problem-solving, problem-making,
Dreaming, opinion, notion, theory, philosophy, theory, design …
All very much the same time-bound movement of mind.

* * * *

Who was the first to come down from the trees?
Who was the first to walk out into the savanna?
Who was the first to gaze up into the skies?
Who was the first to use a hand signal?
Who was the first to utter a word?
Who was the first to stand?
Who was the first to walk?
Who was the first to run?
Who was the first to pursue?
Who was the first to build a fire?
Who was the first to throw a stone?
Who was the first to make a spear?
Who was the first to make a bowl?
Who was the first to make a basket?
Who was the first to tame a wolf?
Who was the first to tame a cat?
Who was the first to cook a meal?

Who was the first to use fire as a weapon?
Who was the first to write a word?
Who was the first to build a tool?
Who was the first to make a bowl?
Who was the first to make a spoon?
Who was the first to make a fork?
Who was the first to make a cup?
Who was the first to plant a seed?
Who was the first to create many gods?
Who was the first to create one god?
Who was the first to make a canoe?
Who was the first to dig a canal?
Who was the first to make an awl?
Who was the first to make ink?
Who was the first to make a knife?
Who was the first to use a club?
Who was the first to make a needle?
Who was the first to make cloth?
Who was the first to color clothing?
Who was the first to make a sword?
Who was the first to make a slingshot?
Who was the first to solve a math problem?
Who was the first to devise a geometric shape?
Who was the first to draw a line?
Who was the first to draw a square?
Who was the first to draw a triangle?
Who was the first to draw a circle?
Who was the first to make paper?
Who was the first to do a string figure?
Who was the first to make music?
Who was the first to make a flute?
Who was the first to make a drum?
Who was the first to make a harp?
Who was the first to make a harpoon?
Who was the first to make a fishing pole?
Who was the first to build a shield?
Who was the first to devise a currency?
Who was the first to make a bed?
Who was the first to enter a cave?
Who was the first to build a hut?
Who was the first to make a tent?
Who was the first to make a sling?
Who was the first to make a bow?
Who was the first to ride a horse?
Who was the first to form a hunting party?
Who was the first to make a mirror?
Who was the first to make a comb?
Who was the first to make a brush?

Who was the first to use build a home?
Who was the first to build a boat?
Who was the first to name a star?
Who was the first to make first painting?
Who was the first to design first symbol?
Who was the first to create a deity?
Who was the first to conceive good and evil?
Who was the first to create paint?
Who was the first to use a stylus?
Who was the first to make pottery?
Who was the first to devise cuneiform?
Who was the first to conceive numbers?
Who was the first to conceive letters?
Who was the first to conceive language?
Who was the first to awaken to Self?
Who was the first to conceive love?
Who was the first to conceive romance?
Who was the first to kill a beast?
Who was the first to wear clothes?
Who was the first to make a wheel?
Who was the first to make a cart?
Who was the first to make a boat?
Who was the first to make a sail?
Who was the first to barter?
Who was the first to create money?
Who was the first to make paper?
Who was the first to create a business?
Who was the first to chip a stone?
Who was the first to make an awl?
Who was the first to wear jewelry?
Who was the first to dig for metal?
Who was the first to make a forge?
Who was the first to create an explosive?
Who was the first to make a shield?
Who was the first to make a rope?
Who was the first to sew?
Who was the first to make clothes?
Who was the first to write graffiti?
Who was the first to wear a tattoo?
Who was the first to domesticate an animal?
Who was the first to swaddle an infant?
Who was the first to bury a body?
Who was the first to eat fruit?
Who was the first to take a hallucinogen?
Who was the first to make alcohol?
Who was the first to create a currency?
Who was the first to smoke tobacco?
Who was the first to kill another?

Who was the first to use a pillow?
Who was the first to float on a log?
Who was the first to swim across a river?
Who was the first to make sugar?
Who was the first to harvest honey?
Who was the first to kill a tiger?
Who was the first to ride an elephant?
Who was the first to make a saddle?
Who was the first to make a stirrup?
Who was the first to milk a goat?
Who was the first to sow a seed?
Who was the first to create a herd?
Who was the first to make a blanket?
Who was the first to make a coat?
Who was the first to dig a well?
Who were the first to hunt as a band?
Who was the first to dam a river?
Who was the first to discover gold?
Who was the first to walk a beach?
Who was the first to milk a cow?
Who was the first to climb a mountain?
Who was the first to sail on the ocean?
Who was the first to wear a dress?
Who was the first to wear pants?
Who was the first to make a belt?
Who was the first to make glass?
Who was the first to wear underwear?
Who was the first to milk a horse?
Who was the first to make a candle?
Who was the first to make a stairway?
Who was the first to build a house?
Who was the first to make a hammock?
Who was the first to make a tent?
Who was the first to catch a fish?
Who was the first to make a net?
Who was the first to trap an animal?
Who was the first to sing a song?
Who was the first to wear makeup?
Who was the first to get a haircut?
Who was the first to tie a knot?
Who was the first to trim his beard?
Who was the first to breed an animal?
Who was the first to harvest a crop?
Who was the first to rape another?
Who was the first to steal from another?
Who was the first to hoard wealth?
Who was the first to torture another?
Who was the first to fight a battle?

Who was the first to bake bread?
Who was the first to build a castle?
Who was the first to make up a story?
Who was the first to see a reflection of their face?
Who was the first to imagine a sense of self?

And who will be the last?

* * * *

That reflection in the mirror or window,
That photograph on the mantle or album or screen,
Is not You … it never was, it never will be.
You are prior to all attributes,
No matter the dream.

* * * *

In the grand theater of all and none,
Nothing You do or say, or do not do or say,
Is going to make any tangible difference, whatsoever.

* * * *

It is all this imaginary becoming that wreaks all the many passions,
That generate so much sorrow and suffering in existence.
Awareness is, without concern for any moment,
The human paradigm could ever spin.

* * * *

Why would anyone even begin to believe, to imagine,
The indelible mystery could ever not be whole,
That it could ever separate in any way from its awareness.
You are the mystery, You are the awareness, witness to all and none.

* * * *

Cults and religions come and go, because the multitudes,
Fear suffering and oblivion, fear the unknowable,
And seek salvation from the fires of damnation,
For nothing more than darkness born of imagination.
That which plays all parts, plays all roles, angelic to demonic.
Imagination is solitary usurper of awareness, in all its mind-bound forms.

* * * *

Un-imagine You are this mind-body.
Un-imagine You are this existence.
Un-imagine You are this world.
Un-imagine You are this cosmos.
Un-imagine You are this dreamtime.

* * * *

Even if an intrepid crew of lost-in-spacers managed to reach a reasonably hospitable world,
It would likely turn into a stone-age aboriginal existence more than a little quickly.
Planet Earth would be hard-pressed to ever see or hear from them again.
Odds are the entire troop would be dead within the first year.
And that is assuming they even survived the journey to get there.

* * * *

Where this nomadic mind wanders, I can only say, I can only write,
And You can only discern to the reaches of your frame of reference.

* * * *

What metaphor, what analogy, what allegory, what simile,
What word, what number, what note, what symbol,
Has ever transcended its conceptual origin?

* * * *

Imagination will, more than likely,
Very quickly, without warning, without fanfare,
Take flight in the inattentive mind.

* * * *

One of our bigger errors, was thinking, believing, expecting, it would be any different.
Giving power to the masses has generally been frowned upon by the bigger club-carriers.
To in any way hope, that might change in these our modern times, was naïve from the get-go.

* * * *

Home, sweet home.
Peace, sweet peace.
Silence, sweet silence.
Solitude, sweet solitude.
Obscurity, sweet obscurity.
Awareness, sweet awareness.
Anonymity, sweet anonymity.
Realization, sweet realization.
Emptiness, sweet emptiness.
Rightness, sweet rightness.
Serenity, sweet serenity.
Home, sweet home.

* * * *

What is water? What it is when it is not ice or vapor.
What is ice? What it is when it is not water or vapor.
What is vapor? What it is when it is not water or ice.

* * * *

What You were before You were born? What have You been while alive? What will You be after death?
The unborn-undying before the story is the same unborn-undying after its end,
And during the long and winding tale, as well.

* * * *

Is humankind really all that different from the panda,
Whose daily-without-fail regimen is ninety-nine percent bamboo?
How probable is it, that any creature can sidestep its nature-nurture patterning,
No matter how apparently complex evolution has sculpted it.

* * * *

To die before You die, You must die to the story.
To the narrative, the chronicle, the tale, the fable, the myth, the legend,
You have manufactured and projected unto your universe,
For this relatively brief play of imagination.

* * * *

Vanity plays out the narrative to which You are so attached,
So conditioned by nature-nurture to every moment play out.

* * * *

Fear and dread are the mind's resistance,
To the vulnerability required to surrender to the mystery,
And its bottomless bag of ineffable intrigues.

* * * *

Charismatics, charlatans, magicians, quacks,
Boogeymen, and innumerable others,
Make for a careening world.
Sheeples abound.
Look in the mirror.

* * * *

No place to lead You, nothing to teach You,
Except that right-here-right-now, is the only place to be,
And for that, You are most truly on your own.

* * * *

Birth is the beginning of any given story; death, its end.
History books are but subjective, loquacious snapshots.

* * * *

You have never not been the mystery.
Duality is the polarizing inclination of imagination.
The unblemished indivisibility of nonduality is reality's true sheen.

* * * *

Are great brutality and voraciousness truly the actions of some great evil force?
Or merely the predictable me-myself-and-I, playing out extreme tribal notions?

* * * *

But for vanity's countless self-absorbed assertions,
You cannot be more than You already are,
Nor less than You already are not.

* * * *

Those were the days my friend, we thought they'd never end, we'd sing and dance forever and a day.
We'd live the life we choose, we'd fight and never lose, for we were young, and sure to have our way.
… La la la la la la … La la la la la la … La la la la … La la la la la la …

(Mary Hopkin)

* * * *

Those who control the narrative, shape history's perception,
Down whatever future-past its tenuous nature lays claim.
The routine of tradition is a strong force in the human psyche,
So there is a loyal penchant to cling to whatever story is provided.
How many cultures have played out in humanity's relatively brief epoch,
Is but one of the beyond-countless things that can never be more than speculated.

* * * *

All dreams, all worlds, all universes, all dimensions,
Are but illusions You play over and over with your Self,
In every imaginable way, times and spaces beyond counting.

* * * *

To be, or not to be.
To become, or not to become.
To doubt, or not to doubt.
To see, or not to see.
To share, or not to share.
To love, or not to love.
To serenity, or not to serenity.
To taste, or not to taste.
To think, or not to think.
To imbibe, or not to imbibe.
To give, or not to give.
To inquire, or not to inquire.
To hate, or not to hate.
To eat, or not to eat.
To still, or not to still.
To protect, or not to protect.
To smell, or not to smell.
To coexist, or not to coexist.
To kill, or not to kill.
To tranquil, or not to tranquil.
To battle, or not to battle.
To embrace, or not to embrace.
To know, or not to know.

To touch, or not to touch.
To hear, or not to hear.
To resist, or not to resist.
To breathe, or not to breathe.
To revolt, or not to revolt.
To serve, or not to serve.
To take, or not to take.
To live, or not to live.
To instruct, or not to instruct.
To die, or not to die.
To order, or not to order.
To create, or not to create.
To preserve, or not to preserve.
To destroy, or not to destroy.
To pray, or not to pray.
To grok, or not to grok.
To who, or not to who.
To predator, or not to predator.
To try, or not to try.
To wrath, or not to wrath.
To camouflage, or not to camouflage.
To covet, or not to covet.
To repose, or not to repose.
To exist, or not to exist.
To academic, or not to academic.
To boast, or not to boast.
To what, or not to what.
To sow, or not to sow.
To empathy, or not to empathy.
To follow, or not to follow.
To denounce, or not to denounce.
To torture, or not to torture.
To enjoy, or not to enjoy.
To compete, or not to compete.
To waffle, or not to waffle.
To grow, or not to grow.
To ally, or not to ally
To sojourn, or not to sojourn.
Th charge, or not to charge.
To abide, or not to abide.
To beg, or not to beg.
To rebel, or not to rebel.
To permit, or not to permit.
To mold, or not to mold.
To join, or not to join.
To review, or not to review.
To affiliate, or not to affiliate.
To dream, or not to dream.

To waiver, or not to waiver.
To conquer, or not to conquer
To win, or not to win.
To shuffle, or not to shuffle.
To lose, or not to lose.
To surrender, or not to surrender.
To go, or not to go.
To dive, or not to dive.
To write, or not to write.
To discern, or not to discern.
To propagate, or not to propagate.
To stop, or not to stop.
To learn, or not to learn.
To succeed, or not to succeed.
To impede, or not to impede.
To where, or not to where.
To nurture, or not to nurture.
To sympathy, or not to sympathy.
To fail, or not to fail.
To sit, or not to sit.
To prey, or not to prey.
To recline, or not to recline.
To lead, or not to lead.
To victim, or not to victim.
To innovate, or not to innovate.
To wander, or not to wander.
To lie, or not to lie.
To produce, or not to produce.
To idol, or not to idol.
To investigate, or not to investigate.
To when, or not to when.
To fall, or not to fall.
To assert, or not to assert.
To draw, or not to draw.
To sheeple, or not to sheeple.
To understand, or not to understand.
To collaborate, or not to collaborate.
To quest, or not to quest.
To fly, or not to fly.
To increase, or not to increase.
To cease, or not to cease.
To pass, or not to pass.
To observe, or not to observe.
To help, or not to help.
To why, or not to why.
To speak, or not to speak.
To extrapolate, or not to extrapolate.
To symbol, or not to symbol.

To work, or not to work.
To narrate, or not to narrate.
To renounce, or not to renounce.
To play, or not to play.
To invent, or not to invent.
To remind, or not to remind.
To tolerate, or not to tolerate.
To contend, or not to contend.
To feel, or not to feel.
To contort, or not to contort.
To fantasy, or not to fantasy.
To lust, or not to lust.
To mention, or not to mention.
To argue, or not to argue.
To angel, or not to angel.
To own, or not to own.
To decrease, or not to decrease.
To how, or not to how.
To save, or not to save.
To journey, or not to journey.
To trip, or not to trip.
To rhetoric, or not to rhetoric.
To participate, or not to participate.
To allow, or not to allow.
To respond, or not to respond.
To romantic, or not to romantic.
To analyze, or not to analyze.
To act, or not to act.
To complain, or not to complain.
To passion, or not to passion.
To walk, or not to walk.
To challenge, or not to challenge.
To throw, or not to throw.
To desire, or not to desire.
To drudge, or not to drudge.
To berate, or not to berate.
To state, or not to state.
To cast off, or not to cast off.
To tribe, or not to tribe.
To teach, or not to teach.
To true, or not to true.
To achieve, or not to achieve.
To drift, or not to drift.
To maintain, or not to maintain.
To toss, or not to toss.
To start, or not to start.
To rant, or not to rant.
To disdain, or not to disdain.

To inflict, or not to inflict.
To explore, or not to explore.
To quit, or not to quit.
To criticize, or not to criticize.
To spend, or not to spend.
To buy, or not to buy.
To rise, or not to rise.
To sermon, or not to sermon.
To infinite, or not to infinite.
To care, or not to care.
To groupthink, or not to groupthink.
To heal, or not to heal.
To condemn, or not to condemn.
To doublethink, or not to doublethink.
To address, or not to address.
To quantum, or not to quantum.
To extinct, or not to extinct.
To cooperate, or not to cooperate.
To rage, or not to rage.
To party, or not to party.
To pragmatic, or not to pragmatic.
To existential, or not to existential.
To react, or not to react.
To false, or not to false.
To dismiss, or not to dismiss.
To thoughtcrime, or not to thoughtcrime.
To remark, or not to remark.
To grasp, or not to grasp.
To demon, or not to demon.
To superstition, or not to superstition.
To quarrel, or not to quarrel.
To experiential, or not to experiential.
To listen, or not to listen.
To drink, or not to drink.
To comprehend, or not to comprehend.
To harangue, or not to harangue.
To practical, or not to practical.
To one, or not to one.
To fix, or not to fix.
To empirical, or not to empirical.
To critique, or not to critique.
To riot, or not to riot.
To protect, or not to protect.
To sell, or not to sell.
To totality, or not to totality.
To twist, or not to twist.
To flourish, or not to flourish.
To zip, or not to zip.

To cultivate, or not to cultivate.
To hunger, or not to hunger.
To vie, or not to vie.
To paradox, or not to paradox.
To irony, or not to irony.
To hint, or not to hint.
To describe, or not to describe.
To mature, or not to mature.
To newspeak, or not to newspeak.
To zeal, or not to zeal.
To explain, or not to explain.
To fish, or not to fish.
To doublespeak, or not to doublespeak.
To condone, or not to condone.
To run, or not to run.
To reason, or not to reason.
To anarchy, or not to anarchy.
To seek, or not to seek.
To remember, or not to remember.
To repair, or not to repair.
To desecrate, or not to desecrate.
To deride, or not to deride.
To wise, or not to wise.
To comment, or not to comment.
To kneel, or not to kneel.
To nest, or not to nest.
To assist, or not to assist.
To oppose, or not to oppose.
To perceive, or not to perceive.
To defend, or not to defend.
To witness, or not to witness.
To thirst, or not to thirst.
To ask, or not to ask.
To announce, or not to announce.
To shield, or not to shield.
To harvest, or not to harvest.
To delve, or not to delve.
To note, or not to note.
To mayhem, or not to mayhem.
To fathom, or not to fathom.
To delight, or not to delight.
To dig, or not to dig.
To partner, or not to partner.
To sally, or not to sally.
To recall, or not to recall.
To adapt, or not to adapt.
To attack, or not to attack.
To venture, or not to venture.

To evolve, or not to evolve.
To chameleon, or not to chameleon.
To have, or not to have.
To pretend, or not to pretend.
To struggle, or not to struggle.
To endure, or not to endure.
To wonder, or not to wonder.
To question, or not to question.
To be, or not to be.

Those are some questions.

* * * *

Why is it so enticing, so beguiling, for You to know that which can never be known?
Why is it necessary for You to continue believing whatever imaginary stories your culture has spun?
Or for You to continue believing whatever imaginary narratives You have yourself spun?
Why is it so arduous to be in concord, in harmony, with the mystery You are?
To just serenely be the moment to which awareness is witness.

* * * *

God is never born. God never dies.
God is the timelessness prior to all time-bound creations.
God is awareness, unborn, undying, untouched by the vagaries of consciousness.
God is much more, God is much less, than any word.
There is no God but You.

* * * *

How can awareness see without eyes?
How can awareness hear without ears?
How can awareness smell without a nose?
How can awareness taste without a tongue?
How can awareness touch without a receptacle?
How can awareness perceive without a mind?
Manifestation is necessary for the mystery,
To perceive, to discover, to experience,
Whatever dreams existence offers.

* * * *

One moment You are the dreamer, the conditioned part imagination routinely plays.
And the next, You are the awareness, the one and only You, dreaming.
Dreamer and dreaming, back and forth, forth and back.
Not at all an easy thing to stay awake.

* * * *

It is consciousness, imagination, that moves, not awareness.
It is not your awareness, it is not my awareness, it is simply awareness.
Forever a mystery – inexplicable, unfathomable, ineffable, indelible, immeasurable.
Only in the timeless present, only in the unborn-undying, immutable moment, can it be discerned.

* * * *

Every sentient being has its own dream, its own world, its own universe.
There is no creator judging; there is only the creation experiencing.
The concoctions of priesthood middlemen are nothing more,
Than means to manipulate masses to their own ends.
The only thing personal about the dream is You,
And You are nothing more than an invention of imagination.
It is in the awareness of the moment that You will discern the true Self.

* * * *

Let go all the narratives, even your own, and what is left
But the pure awareness of a very still, very timeless moment.

* * * *

Consciousness (a.k.a., imagination) starts and stops, ebbs and flows, creaks and groans.
The awareness of the eternal moment, ever is, as the dreamtime kaleidoscopes on and on.

* * * *

There is no imaginary creator on high judging its creation.
There is only the spontaneous creation equally experiencing all dreamtimes.
Heavens and hells and purgatories are the delusional fabrications,
Of those who allow imagination to get the better of them.
Implacable doubt is the means to awakening,
To the awareness witnessing all.

* * * *

How many fellow earthlings, given the capacity, would not do everything we have?
All organisms small to great, have an opportunistic impetus to survive however they can.
It is the sense of self, and the insatiability of imagination, bodily hunger morphed into avarice,
That has taken instinct, the drive to persevere, to a cancerous level, no web of life can forever endure.

* * * *

The fate of the universe is the fate of the universe.
The fate of the world is the fate of the world.
The fate of all life is the fate of all life.
The fate of You is the fate of You.
All just aspects of the same mystery
No need to make anything more than it is.

* * * *

Doubt is the key ingredient.
Believing anything, assuming anything,
Is the sure road to any and every imaginable delusion.

* * * *

The quantum mystery is a grand epic unto its Self,
Every moment infused by the same timeless awareness.

* * * *

Kudos and boos to all those who weave the lie to their own ends.
It is a mysterious dream, well-suited to sociopaths and psychopaths.

* * * *

It is a mysterious mystery.
It is an absolute mystery.
It is an immeasurable mystery.
It is an immaculate mystery.
It is a sovereign mystery.
It is an indelible mystery.
It is an unadulterated mystery.
It is an indivisible mystery.
It is an inexplicable mystery.
It is an ultimate mystery.
It is an unknowable mystery.
It is a timeless mystery.
It is a quintessential mystery.
It is a spaceless mystery.
It is an imperishable mystery.
It is an unfathomable mystery.
It is a pristine mystery.
It is an indecipherable mystery.
It is a seamless mystery.
It is an interminable mystery.
It is a baffling mystery.
It is an unmitigated mystery.
It is an unspoiled mystery.
It is an impeccable mystery.
It is an enigmatic mystery.
It is an inconceivable mystery.
It is an untainted mystery.
It is an ineffable mystery.
It is an inscrutable mystery.
It is a precise mystery.
It is an impenetrable mystery.
It is an ideal mystery.
It is a flawless mystery.
It is an unborn mystery.
It is an undying mystery.
It is an eternal mystery.
It is an unparalleled mystery.
It is a supreme mystery.
It is an architype mystery.
It is a superlative mystery.
It is an unavoidable mystery.
It is a creative mystery.

It is a destructive mystery.
It is an inventive mystery.
It is an imaginative mystery.
It is an unprecedented mystery.
It is a singular mystery.
It is a spectacular mystery.
It is an unusual mystery.
It is a novel mystery.
It is an innovative mystery.
It is a spontaneous mystery.
It is a kaleidoscoping mystery.
It is a unique mystery.
It is a paradigm mystery.
It is a metaphorical mystery.
It is a adamant mystery.
It is a metaphorical mystery.
It is an inescapable mystery.
It is an unchangeable mystery.
It is a relentless mystery.
It is an inflexible mystery.
It is an ironic mystery.
It is a paradoxical mystery.
It is a boggling mystery.
It is an unrivaled mystery.
It is an unequaled mystery.
It is an unmatched mystery.
It is an unsurpassed mystery.
It is a special mystery.
It is an outstanding mystery.
It is a brilliant mystery.
It is an inexorable mystery.
It is an exclusive mystery.
It is an incomprehensible mystery.
It is a distinctive mystery.
It is an exceptional mystery.
It is an inimitable mystery.
It is a matchless mystery.
It is a one-off mystery.
It is an outstanding mystery.
It is an irreplaceable mystery.
It is a hypothetical mystery.
It is a theoretical mystery.
It is an implausible mystery.
It is a surreptitious mystery.
It is an unsolvable mystery.
It is a cryptic mystery.
It is a puzzling mystery.
It is an extraordinary mystery.

It is a profound mystery.
It is a ruthless mystery.
It is a perplexing mystery.
It is a complex mystery.
It is an incomparable mystery.
It is a peculiar mystery.
It is a weird mystery.
It is an audacious mystery.
It is a cagey mystery.
It is a fearless mystery.
It is an intrepid mystery.
It is a courageous mystery.
It is a puzzling mystery.
It is an obscure mystery.
It is a hidden mystery.
It is an ambiguous mystery.
It is an abyss mystery.
It is an empty mystery.
It is an obtuse mystery.
It is a vacuous mystery.
It is a streaming mystery.
It is a bottomless mystery.
It is a shrewd mystery.
It is a perceptive mystery.
It is a wise mystery.
It is a judicious mystery.
It is an incisive mystery.
It is an intelligent mystery.
It is a sensible mystery.
It is a never-ending mystery.
It is a limitless mystery.
It is a boundless mystery.
It is an effortless mystery.
It is an unpretentious mystery.
It is an artless mystery.
It is an inherent mystery.
It is an actual mystery.
It is a predictable mystery.
It is a foolish mystery.
It is an instinctive mystery.
It is a hollow mystery.
It is a vague mystery.
It is a vibrating mystery.
It is a pointless mystery.
It is a hard-hearted mystery.
It is a methodical mystery.
It is an oscillating mystery.
It is a quantum mystery.

It is a scientific mystery.
It is a logical mystery.
It is a precise mystery.
It is a detached mystery.
It is a forthright mystery.
It is a natural mystery.
It is an exact mystery.
It is a systematic mystery.
It is a complete mystery.
It is a definitive mystery.
It is a state-of-the-art mystery.
It is a true mystery.
It is an implacable mystery.
It is a merciless mystery.
It is an unbending mystery.
It is a callous mystery.
It is an abundant mystery.
It is an everything mystery.
It is an unbreakable mystery.
It is an immortal mystery.
It is a ground mystery.
It is a demanding mystery.
It is a meticulous mystery.
It is a holographic mystery.
It is a matrix mystery.
It is a patternless mystery.
It is an arcane mystery.
It is an esoteric mystery.
It is an untraceable mystery.
It is a pathless mystery.
It is an indescribable mystery.
It is a majestic mystery.
It is a nothing mystery.
It is a fastidious mystery.
It is an unexplainable mystery.
It is an unyielding mystery.
It is an infinite mystery.
It is a bona fide mystery.
It is a mysterious mystery.

It is … a mystery.

* * * *

Everything human-made is born of an idea, an insight, an impression, a sense, a gist.
In all times, in all geographies, who were the firsts to come up with all these astonishing innovations?
Who were the firsts to conceive all those inventions, all those shards of mystery,
To which You are so attached, to which You feel so entitled,
That You likely so take for granted.

* * * *

As important as You make yourself out to be,
Neither the universe nor the world even know You exist.
Count yourself lucky if your mother still cares.

* * * *

Imagine whatever You will, as often as You will,
It has never been more actual than the given moment,
Which is a vague reality, a dubious awareness, in its Self.

* * * *

Your sensory mind-body, your world, your cosmos, is a quantum construct of imagination.
Since birth, You have been conditioned, mesmerized, brainwashed, compelled,
By the given nature-nurture, to play a part that partakes it all real.
Few see it for what it is; fewer still live it for what it is.

* * * *

How many breaths until You pick the world up again?
And how many more to let it go for a little Shiva time?

* * * *

Your genomic lineage goes back four billion plus-or-minus years.
Your ancestors were goo and sludge long before they were monkeys.

* * * *

Yes, it more than likely You will wake up tomorrow morning
Just as mesmerized as You have been all those yesterdaze.
Awakening to the illusion of it all, is the rarest of feats.

* * * *

“God’s Plan” appears to be for the human species to play out, to witness,
Every conceivable, every achievable, every nook and cranny absurdity,
That vanity and greed, narcissism and hedonism, can possibly muster.
What a jester that Santa Claus is; he make us laugh plenty ha-ha hard.

* * * *

Everyone imagines, everyone breathes, everyone consumes,
Everyone desires, everyone fears, everyone suffers, everyone dies.
You are very much alone, very much not alone, each and every moment.

* * * *

Everyone has their own cosmos kaleidoscoping in the same timeless awareness.
All are as equally real as yours, all are as equally unreal as yours.
It is the ineffable mystery of one in all, all in one.

* * * *

The global economy of these our modern times is abundantly superfluous.

All grounded on the feeding frenzy of far too much affluence,
And an unrivaled and monotonous consumerism.
The hunter-gatherer thing gone awry.

* * * *

Without sun or moon or stars,
Without clocks or watches or calendars,
Without memories of this or that, or that or this,
Who-what-where-when-why-how is there such a thing as time?
This timeless awareness, this timeless moment, this timeless right here, right now.
Is all there is, all there ever was, all there will ever be.
Dissolve the sensory mind-body.
Be eternity.

* * * *

No perception … no sight, no sound, no taste, no smell, no touch,
Ever lasts more than the ever-present, timeless moment.
Only imagination ties the sensory illusion together.
Awareness is the unborn-undying presence,
Through which all dreams persevere.

* * * *

Irrational ignorance has so many venues, so many platforms, so many stages, so many screens,
From which to wreak havoc, turmoil, confusion, chaos, anarchy, and destruction,
On those drawn to rational, pragmatic, sensible, civil discourse.

* * * *

You may have heard what someone was saying,
But how closely were You really listening?
How closely were You really engaging?
How accurately were You really interpreting?
How broad, how wide, how deep, your frame of reference?

* * * *

Cultures across all times, all geographies, have all fashioned mythologies,
Legends, folklores, traditions, fables, sagas, fairytales, parables,
Allegories, beliefs, creeds, convictions, and dogmas.
All founded on imaginary underpinnings,
Stemming from the same inexplicable, unnamable mystery.

* * * *

Truth, as far as the day-to-day world goes, depends on to which fake news You subscribe.
History shows that ‘truth’ tends to favor the agenda of whoever is doing the investigating.

* * * *

Of sunrises, does the sun, the star. come up? Or the earth, the horizon, down?
Of sunsets, does the sun, the star, go down? Or the earth, the horizon, up?
All points of view, all perspectives, all measures, all outlooks, all stances,

Are relative to the given eye, and the frame of reference from which it gazes.

* * * *

Would a different decision, would a different direction,
Have really made for a better, happier, more fortunate existence?
All lives are harbor to any number of agonies and ecstasies.
To wander a different way might well be far worse.

* * * *

If some supreme deity created You to exist a torturous existence capped off with death,
Only to cause an endless array of further agonies by casting You next into purgatory or hell,
For whatever faults, whatever misdeeds, whatever crimes, You may have committed,
All that can really be said by anyone at all rational, is, "What a fucking loser."

* * * *

As diverse as they may seem, human beings are very much the same across all times, all geographies.
They work, they play; they laugh, they cry; they love, they hate; they cooperate, they secede and battle.
They act out every sensation, every emotion, every passion, for which the genomic algorithm is equipped.
How free can any spirit be in the churning of evolution's timeless wheel of creation and destruction?

* * * *

You know that You do not know what the fuck is going on here,
And You do not believe nor trust nor hope that anyone else truly does, either.
And thus, You wander all alone, through any and all camps, watching, waiting, wondering.

* * * *

What a truly bizarre thing to supposedly be created by some supreme being,
Only to be cast forever into hell or purgatory for not falling into line,
With a controversial collection of desert-dweller commandments,
Or an implausible messiah and his frothing cult of true-believers.
Even if there is some sort of Santa Claus rendering of a deity on high,
Have You really lived such a contemptible existence to be all that apprehensive,
About being eternally damned in a byzantine labyrinth, an abyss of some Dante-esque inferno?
I mean, seriously?

* * * *

A vast horde of conglomerate empires, voracious dinosaurs, insatiable lizard-brains,
Daily, bit by bit, greedily devastating this garden planet and all its creations.
What hope can there be in the face of such overwhelming synergy?

* * * *

Close your eyes and closely watch what happens when You are chewing.
Creation is destruction, destruction is creation, they are one in the same.

* * * *

Did You ride the tide to victory by your own skill, your own merit?
Or did some deity on high lend a cheating hand with a tip of the scale?

* * * *

Who knows who?
Who knows what?
Who knows where?
Who knows when?
Who knows why?
Who knows how?

* * * *

All languages evolve from their history.
All histories are imbedded in their language,
For as long as the given culture endures.

* * * *

Jesus was more than likely not your rendering of Jesus, nor was Buddha,
Nor were any other graven mirages history has in imagination ever devised.

* * * *

Will that thought, that memory, that perception, ever go away?
Probably, but maybe with Magic Eight Ball glimpses here and there.

* * * *

What is prior to consciousness? Awareness.
What is prior to awareness? Nothing.

* * * *

If You want something marinaded with quality, with excellence,
Then You must unleash with your whole mind, with your whole character.
Few things of great caliber, of great value, of great merit, begin without right attitude.

* * * *

Books wait patiently detached for any minds seeking to feast on whatever it is they offer.
A book without plot, without goal, without purpose, without meaning, what is that about?

* * * *

You know that You do not know what the fuck is going on here,
And You do not believe, do not trust, that anyone else really does, either.
But for the greater part of the human mass, and its paradigm of vanity and greed,
The belief, the faith, the assumption, the conviction, the confidence, that someone else does,
Has directed the human absurdity into the deafening crescendo it has become in these modern times.

* * * *

How can timeless awareness and the so-called soul not be one in the same?
All divisions, all dualities, all gulfs, all rifts, are the concoctions of imagination.

* * * *

How can something be either ‘meant’ to happen or ‘not meant’ to happen?
It simply does or does not; there is no higher power moving You about some chessboard.

Only vanity contrives deities to give meaning and purpose to a mystery that is oblivious to any and all.

* * * *

How can You possibly let go of it, until You every moment discern it all illusion?
And is it truly worth all the exertion? All the effort? And for what, really?
When it does not at all ultimately matter in any way-shape-form.
So … Red Pill? … Or Blue? … You choose, as destiny (i.e., vanity) calls.

* * * *

No one is at the helm of your illusory fate but You.
Calm or stormy, You will sail on and on,
To one sorry end or another,
This brief existence being what it is.

* * * *

It is a god-eat-god world,
And a whole heap of life has died,
For You to be sitting there perusing this.
And someday it will be your turn.

* * * *

No matter how powerful, no matter how famous, no matter how wealthy,
You will not be long-remembered, long-missed, after You depart.
Oh well, so it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.

* * * *

There is no yesterday, there is no tomorrow, there is no today.
There is only the moment, there is only the right here, right now,
And the timeless awareness, unborn-undying witness to it all.

* * * *

Each and every one is on their own, is the ultimate reality.
There are no trophies, no medals, no ribbons, no laurels, no brass rings.
There is no gold at the end of the rainbow, nor a seat at the foot of some deity on high.
All who quest truth, scrape away at their illusions, their delusions, their fallacies, their desires, their fears,
To whatever degree seems most authentic to the imagination of the given nature-nurture.
Right, wrong, or somewhere between, why would it possibly matter?

* * * *

The quantum theater, time and space, are ultimately not real,
So, beginnings and endings are little more than moot assertions.
Illusory fabrications of the senses feeding into the neural transmitter.
A biological matrix founded on the Darwinian happenstance of evolution.

* * * *

Those destined to discern, to fathom, they are the mystery,
Arrive at that moment through every manner of wandering.

* * * *

The number of deities and demons that humankind has imagined
Throughout its perpetual migration across the world,
Would make for a very long list, indeed.

* * * *

Has there ever been even just one human culture across all times, all geographies,
That has not contrived a belief system of one sort or another?
Is a question that can never be answered.

* * * *

Knowledge, dogma, superstition, trivia, can be passed on,
But critical thinking, common sense, discernment, insight, wisdom,
Are well beyond the compass of any classroom or catechism or indoctrination,
For that is in the dynamic, the joie de vivre, of any given nature-nurture to fathom, or not.

* * * *

If space and time do not ultimately exist,
How is any here, how is any there, how is any where,
How is any before, any beginning, any during, any ending, any after,
Even possible as more than a momentary illusion?

* * * *

It is absolutely impossible for the awareness that You are and are not,
To be anywhere else but this moment, this instant, right here, right now.
Only imagination travels the three-dimensional illusion of time and space,
Through which the quantum mind-body plays out its mortal sensory dream.

* * * *

Watch the senses reach out into the world, the cosmos, that awareness every moment attends.
Watch the eyes see, the ears hear, the tongue taste, the nose smell, the flesh feel, the mind reflect.
How is it not obvious that this entire universe, this entire dream, is but an illusion You have created?

* * * *

If You are of a contemplative, reflective, pondering, meditative nature,
Cease hunting for meaning and purpose, knowledge and wisdom, in this world or any other.
It is nothing but the constant distraction of a quantum dream.
Be the motionless abyss.

* * * *

Where is the boundary between consciousness and sub-consciousness,
But in minds unwilling, minds unable, to distinguish whimsey from reality.
If You are in accord with nature, with the rubrics of the quantum dream,
How can You not ramble unburdened by the limitations of delusion?
How can You not be in tune, in sync, with your total beingness?

* * * *

The Rule of Law is a concord that should be treasured.

One that can only stand as long as those in power,
Agree to tolerate and enforce its just tenets.

* * * *

The five basic tastes,
Sweet, sour, bitter, salty, umami (savory),
Seven if You include pungency(spiciness) andoleogustus (fattiness),
All have their ummy-yum moments; the everyday challenge,
Is not allowing them to override the body's needs.
Do You feed your tongue, or your body?

* * * *

Not all are destined, are fated, to discern eternal life.
No point in getting argumentative or militant about it.
Others either see it, or they do not, end of discussion.

* * * *

Consciousness will not long remember You,
And the starry-starry cosmos will not even for a moment miss You.
Oh well, so it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.

* * * *

No pyramid, or any other repository for the departed,
Has ever been a means to carry on after death.
When the Grim Reaper comes to harvest payment due,
There will no longer be a mind-body for awareness to occupy,
Much less a vault-in-tow, filled to the brim with treasure and memory.
We are but flickers of existence here, all occupying very temporal containers.
All fashioned by nature-nurture into programmed destinies that can never long endure.

* * * *

Whether painting or sculpture or tune or essay or universe,
All creation requires some sort of fashioning evolution.
No form, no world, no cosmos, just appears out of the blue.
All assertions to the contrary are but delusions yammering away.

* * * *

Is time separate from space?
Are clouds separate from the sky?
Are currents separate from the ocean?
Is consciousness separate from awareness?
Is one moment separate from any other moment?
Are You separate from the mystery that is unfathomable?
All dualistic notions are nothing more than plays of imagination.

* * * *

Another day in the dream ends; another night in the dream begins.
Another night in the dream ends; another day in the dream begins.

And so on, and so forth, and so on, and so forth … Try not to yawn.

* * * *

Those who inquire into the farthest reaches,
Learn to observe their illusory dreamtime,
Learn to step back into the abyss of mind,
With a serene detachment only seers know.

* * * *

For all practical purposes, You are as anonymous to the universe as it is to You.
Even the most powerful, even the most wealthy, even the most known,
Are already forgotten in the timeless expanses of eternity.
As if all that vanity ever even had a foothold.

* * * *

You are not your mind.
You are not your body.
You are not your mask.
You are not your nature.
You are not your nurture.
You are not your imagination.
You are not your perceptions.
You are not your memories.
You are not your vanities.
You are not your dreams.
You are not your hopes.
You are not your values.
You are not your history.
You are not your language.
You are not your identity.
You are not your name.
You are not your ethnicity.
You are not your gender.
You are not your family.
You are not your tribe.
You are not your caste.
You are not your culture.
You are not your country.
You are not your religion.
You are not your work.
You are not your talents.
You are not your hobbies.
You are not your things.
You are not your successes.
You are not your failures.
You are not your desires.
You are not your fears.
You are not your ecstasies.

You are not your agonies.
You are not your time.
You are not your space.
You are not your world.
You are not your universe.
You are not your dimension.
You are not anything; You are not everything.
You are not … You are not … You are not … You are not …
But the awareness, the indivisibility, the mystery, permeating all … and none.

* * * *

The origin, the roots, the tentacles, of deoxyribonucleic acid (DNA),
Extend back in the illusion, to its most primordial conception.
We are all the sons and daughters of life's first etchings.
We are all the sons and daughters of genesis.
How it began, does not matter, at all.
Right here, right now, You are.
Breathe in, breathe out.

* * * *

The mystery is awareness.
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.
There is really no 'you' but the stillness before time.

* * * *

Spacetime is the creation of consciousness, of imagination.
It is the dream, the dance, the frolic, the bane, of memory cells.
It was the means for imagination's very gradual usurpation of instinct,
Into the make-believe of self, and the endless pretense of free will unleashed.

* * * *

The smells! The smells!
The tastes! The tastes!
The sights! The sights!
The sounds! The sounds!
The textures! The textures!
The thoughts! The thoughts!
A mystery born of mortal slime.

* * * *

Easier to glimpse it than it is to see it.
Easier to listen to it than it is to hear it.
Easier to devour it than it is to taste it.
Easier to whiff it than it is to smell it.
Easier to touch it than it is to feel it.

* * * *

The first … the initiator, the designer, the motivator, the inventor, the architect, the creator …

Shows others that something is worth doing, worth considering, worth changing.
The second … the third … the fourth … and others who follow …
Slowly but surely craft some sort of paradigm shift,
Until another trailblazer comes along with a newer, better idea.
Such is the rise and fall, the creation and destruction, of any and all bell curves.

* * * *

To really go all the way,
To really surrender all the way,
To really be totally awake in awareness,
Is the eternal harmony, the unborn-undying reality,
Of the great nothingness through which all appearances spin.
The challenge is to embrace the mystery of awareness,
Without the imaginary limits of consciousness.

* * * *

Observe a garden, and watch it dance back and forth between life and death.
Put a beautiful flower in a vase in the middle of a table, and watch it slowly wilt.

* * * *

There is no authority in the inquiry into this inscrutable, this ineffable mystery.
No writings, no personalities, no groups, no deities high, nor deities low,
Are more than imaginary anchors in the unborn-undying dreamtime.
There is no owning the mystery, never has been, never will be.
You are first, You are last, in whatever way You discern.

* * * *

The middleman in your head is no different than any other out there in the wide world,
Seeking to profit from all your desires and fears and dreads and passions and ignorance.

* * * *

Who is the one that is making so much effort?
Who is building mountains out of molehills?
Who is spinning problems out of nothing?

* * * *

Are You master? Or are You slave? Or both? Or neither?
Or all of the above, and the ebb and flow of grays between?

* * * *

What translation can ever fully grasp any scribe's vision,
And the frame of reference from which it was articulated?

* * * *

The trick to not collecting followers is to become somewhat unappealing in one way or another.
It is enough for any who cross your path to have gleaned your message.
Far better they wander on under their own steam,
To do with their nature-nurture dream, whatever the Fates deign.

* * * *

How can time be wasted if there is truly no such thing?
Only vanity contrives the illusion of meaning and purpose.

* * * *

Truly, the seers, the mystics, the sages across all geographies, all times,
Are the most earnest, the most devout, the most real wandering tribeless.

* * * *

The mystery, the unknowable, the unfathomalble,
Is both in front of You, and around-the-world behind You.
Or perhaps, right behind You, around-the-world in front of You.

* * * *

There are times for war, there are times for peace.
There are times for strategy, there are times for tactics.
There are times for argument, there are times for diplomacy.
There are times for replenishment, there are times for scarcity.
There are times for maneuver, there are times for extermination.
There are times to press forward, there are times to withdraw.
There are times to lay seige, there are times to move around.
There are times for order, there are times for mayhem.
There are times for victory, there are times for loss.
There are times to die, there are times to renew.

* * * *

Asleep or drowsy or indolent or awake,
It is all the same quantum pointlessness,
It is all the same quantum unfathomability.
It is all the same quantum unborn-undying.
It is all the same quantum unknowability.
It is all the same quantum indivisibility.
It is all the same quantum dreamtime.
It is all the same quantum mystery.

* * * *

… greed …
… greed … greed …
… greed … more … greed …
… greed … more … more … greed …
… greed … more … more … more … greed …
… greed … more … more … greed …
… greed … more … greed …
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* * * *

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* * * *

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… greed …

* * * *

Vanity, vanity, all is vanity.
The only way to be free of it is to imbed in the moment,
Ever motionless, ever aware, ever indivisible, ever indelible, ever unborn, ever undying.

* * * *

A frame of reference is a stew, a blend, a fusion, a union, a brew, a mélange,
A double-double-toil-and-trouble-fire-burn-and-caldron-bubble,
That the fate, the destiny, the kismet, the nature-nurture,
Has through happenstance-happenchance,
In imagination played.

* * * *

We are well beyond turning back from the precipice we have created.
Too many problems to even attempt changing course in any meaningful way.
The species is as captive to its narcissistic-hedonistic self-absorption as it has ever been.
And all accelerating exponentially in every way, every shape, every form, imagination has to offer.
The hungry monkey is not letting go of that tasty bait in the coconut snare anytime ever.
In Darwinian reckoning, greed may not always be the best survival strategy.

* * * *

What is a prison?
A small locked room with bars?
A mass of mind and body and sensory intrigue?
Or a cosmos of stars too far to ever more than imagine grasping?

* * * *

It is in the awareness of awareness,
Not the ownership of awareness,
Not the doctrine of awareness,
Not the space of awareness,
Not the time of awareness,
That You will find truth.

* * * *

There will likely always be exceptions to any rule,
Any law, any instruction, any regulation, any decree, any imperative,
Any statute, any canon, any tenet, any ruling, any directive.
Oh well, so it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.

* * * *

What is any modification of strategies and tactics,
But Darwinian adaptation to changing circumstance.

* * * *

The expert is someone who has studied something so much,
That s/he really truly believes they actually know something.

* * * *

… Creation … Preservation … Destruction …
… Creation … Preservation … Destruction … Creation … Preservation … Destruction …
… Creation … Preservation … Destruction …

* * * *

So many years You have spent giving into every sort of calculation and impulse this way and that.
So many things You thought You needed, so many things You thought You wanted.
And now, finally, little if any interest in such dilettantish pursuits.
A contemplative, anonymous endgame, serenely beckons from the shoals.

* * * *

… awareness …

… the namelsss name …
… the worldless world …
… the lightless light …
… the soundless sound …
… the cosmicless cosmos …
… the quantumless quantum …
… the nothingless nothing …

* * * *

Erasing the scars from the traces of existence is not an easy undertaking.
Even the most persevering can tumble back into their imaginary cosmos.

* * * *

Senses, organs, glands, bones, muscles, nerves, tissue, skin, hair,
Blood, saliva, snot, sweat, piss, shit, gas, and other fluids.
Is that really You? Is that really what You truly are?
Or is the mind-body just the only practical way
The mystery could manifest a touchy-feely dream?

* * * *

Down one road or trail or another, You will long and winding wander,
Partaking whatever the dreamtime offers, as the nature-nurture allows.

* * * *

Odds are the awareness before You were born or after You die,
Is very much the same alertness, the same watchfulness,
As the awareness You are right here, right now.

* * * *

Who-what-where-when-why-how is the past?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is the future?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is the moment?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is anything?
Will any answer ever entirely satisfy You?

* * * *

God is all the creation, all the preservation, all the destruction.
God is all the You's there are, have ever been, will ever be.
There is not, has never been, will never be, any other.

* * * *

How would You suppose any supreme being worth its brackish salt,
Would, could, witness your world, your cosmos,
But through your eyes?

* * * *

All self-imagery is based on the blend, on the fusion, on the synergy,
Of all the patterning, all the molding, all the conditioning, of the given nature-nurture,
Including all the cultural, political, religious, racial, linguistic, educational,
Gender, socio-economic, emotional, et cetera, influences.

* * * *

As much as You might believe it to be more,
As much as You might achingly yearn for it to be more,
It is not more, nor has it ever been more, nor will it ever be more.
Nor is it less, nor has it ever been less, nor will it ever be less.
Oh well, so it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.

* * * *

Did some sculptor sculpt the sculpture?
Or did the sculpture sculpt itself?
Who knows? Who cares?
Exact same difference, anyway.

* * * *

The vanity of Jesus was witnessed by the same awareness,
Witnessing yours and every other critter's across critterdom.

* * * *

Giving to receive is not giving.
Giving out of fear is not giving.
Giving out of guilt is not giving,
Giving out of shame is not giving.
Giving out of obligation is not giving.
Giving out of capitulation is not giving.
True generosity is the most virtuous heart.

* * * *

Regarding Covid-19,
Or any other pandemic,
It is not a political issue.
It is not an economic issue.
It is not a religious issue.
It is not a macho issue.
It is a health issue.

* * * *

Gameboards and such are just the start of strategic and tactical thinking.
Real war is only limited by rules of engagement, if there is such a thing.

* * * *

You may not have lived by a sword in the literal sense,
But You most assuredly will perish by the synergistic consequences

Of the whoever-whatever-wherever-whenever-whyever-however You have lived.
It is not a metaphorical, allegorical, figurative, symbolic, abstract, emblematical, rhetorical issue.

* * * *

Did You begin growing old, did You start dying, the moment You were conceived?
Did You begin growing old, did You start dying, the moment You departed the womb?
Or did You begin growing old, did You start dying, when all life kicked off,
In that long, long, long ago, unborn-undying, puddle of origin?

* * * *

If You could travel back in space-time to a variety of life events, would You see them the same?
Would they seem fairly similar to your vague memories, or be almost entirely rewritten?
And how different would they be if You were to re-watch them every decade or so?
Memory being what it is, frame of reference being what it is, chances are good,
That your perspective, your assessment, might well be different each and every time.

* * * *

What happens to the insatiable mind when the more-more-more,
Dissipates, downgrades, devolves, disperses, diminishes, diffuses, dissolves, disappears,
Into the contentment, the satisfaction, the serenity, of need-only?

* * * *

Perhaps someday You will really, no longer care about this world or any other,
When it finally-finally-finally does not even occur to You, does not even cross your mind,
That You no longer sincerely, repeatedly, all too often, tell yourself that You do not.
Like an injury, like an insult, that You have entirely forgotten to remember.

* * * *

Before the advent of humankind, this garden pearl was akin to a finely-tuned continuum.
As eternally precise as its Darwinian nature could possibly be.
And then humankind learned of fire,
And history streamed into absurdity beyond all pales.

* * * *

Very likely history will not shine a bright light on the United States of Amerika.
Assuming, of course, humankind manages to survive its absurdities,
Long enough to contemplate the how-we-got-here thing.

* * * *

Speakers and writers are conductors of the minds,
Of those who listen, of those who read, with total openness,
In ways that no orchestra, nor any other artistic congregation, ever can.

* * * *

The only love worth its salt is the agape sort,
And that is for the most part absolutely unattainable,
Unless You are truly dead in the figurative sense.

* * * *

Despite all assertions, all contentions, all declarations, all proclamations to the contrary,
Rest assured that any given middlemen, even the so-called ‘spiritual’ ones,
Are really only interested in what your treasury has in store.

* * * *

If You make it about any person or place or thing,
Then You have missed the whole point and purpose.

* * * *

You are what You are, You do what You do, You give what You give, You take what You take,
Others will just have to … oh well … so it goes … deal with it … get over it … stay or move on.

* * * *

What reason, what point, what advantage, is more absurd mind gorp,
When You likely already know many or most things far much more than necessary.
After all, how many times does the same recording need be uploaded?

* * * *

How big You are, how tiny You are.
How wise You are, how foolish You are.
How everything You are, how nothing You are.
The irony, the paradox, home turf for the student of life.

* * * *

The so much that You believe You know, is infinitely dwarfed by all that You do not.
And what, pray tell, do You really know of anything, but the huff ‘n puff of imagination?

* * * *

Good and evil, like and dislike, love and hate, great and small, black and white.
All conceptions of manifest consciousness, of imagination.
Awareness, ever aloof, untouched.

* * * *

You may be mistaken about all this, but do not see how.
In every way truth can be comprehended: from rational to irrational,
From absolute to relative, from to realistic to delusional, from infinite to infinitesimal,
From sensible to absurd, from ironic to paradoxical, from black to white,
It all melds into a unified certainty, that cannot be undone.
It is this acuity, both deliberated and intuited,
That doubts all other contenders.

* * * *

A secular response to how all religion is sustained. is akin to The Emperor's New Clothes folktale.
A story about vanity, and how others play along for fear of embarrassment being found out.
It is a collective narrative, a miasma, seemingly built into humankind’s genetic coding.

* * * *

Do not fuck with Mother Nature.
Mother Nature does not take prisoners,
And is not shy about every torture imaginable.
Not a good brain fart to place bets against her, either.

* * * *

To understand what is actually being spoken or written in most any context,
Requires an astute mind's eye capable of nuanced, critical thinking,
And a wide-ranging, nature-nurtured frame of reference,
All marinated in a wholesome fusion of absurdism infinitum.

* * * *

Like any other pleasure, curiosity should be tempered.
The quest for truth is not an exercise in trivial pursuit.

* * * *

Is there anything more vile,
Than a foul-mouthed, yellow-bellied, shady-laced,
Two-faced, plagiarizing, double-dealing, double-crossing, back-stabbing,
Lyin', thievin', cheatin', molestin', murderin', play-acting, sanctimonious-on-Sundays, hypocrite?

* * * *

No one can ever know what anybody or anything else,
Sees or hears or tastes or smells or feels, or any other sensory feed.
Perception is a nature-nurture quantum phenomenon, boggling to the nth degree.
All things great to small, are very much all alone together.

* * * *

The human species is a creation of this quantum garden world.
It evolved simultaneously alongside all the other life forms,
Each and every one developing its own sensory reality,
In unmitigated harmony with its given environment.
Naturally selected or intelligently designed, what matter?
Speculation is the irrefutable bailiwick of ineffectual thinking.

* * * *

Somehow this universe was created.
Somehow this world was created.
Somehow sentient forms were created.
Somehow the human species was created.
All speculation about the somehow is pointless.
Here You are, here we are, creating our future-past.

* * * *

Unimagine, You are this mind-body.
Unimagine, You are this existence.
Unimagine, You are this world.
Unimagine, You are this cosmos.

Unimagine, You are this dreamtime.
Unimagine, that You are this moment.
Unimagine even, that You are this awareness.

* * * *

The incessant recording the inner voice plays over and over in your mind,
Is the conditioning of your frame of reference, your nature-nurture programming.
Naught but an algorithm born of genetic design … nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

Does any who really matter?
Does any what really matter?
Does any where really matter?
Does any when really matter?
Does any why really matter?
Does any how really matter?
Does anything really matter?

* * * *

The cosmos is an ever-changing perception; motionlessness is not even possible.
Naught but an abstract construct, never to discern light of day, nor dark of night.
Only in the stillness of awareness, can this manifest theater be seen for what it is.

* * * *

More creation, oh boy.
More waking, oh boy.
More laundry, oh boy.
More cleaning, oh boy.
More preening, oh boy.
More car washing, oh boy.
More exercising, oh boy.
More working, oh boy.
More errands, oh boy.
More chores, oh boy.
More sleeping, oh boy.
More shopping, oh boy.
More pleasure, oh boy.
More reading, oh boy.
More movies, oh boy.
More games, oh boy.
More wine, oh boy.
More song, oh boy.
More sex, oh boy.
More eating, oh boy.
More drinking, oh boy.
More wandering, oh boy.
More mindfulness, oh boy.
More preservation, oh boy.

More destruction, oh boy.
More breathing, oh boy.
More bother, oh boy.
More pain, oh boy.
More bills, oh boy.
More taxes, oh boy.
More peeing, oh boy.
More pooping, oh boy.
More indigestion, oh boy.
More Hallmark Holidaze, oh boy.
More anthropological events, oh boy.
More, more, more, more, more, more, more …

* * * *

Consciousness is ever-changing; awareness, ever-changeless.
In every moment, You are as close to nothing as awareness is.

* * * *

The mystery, the indelible, the absolute, the unborn-undying,
Spontaneously plays every form, every part, for the very first time.
Always an ingenuous beginner, performing every blueprint the best it can.

* * * *

Stop imagining You are the same character You were yesterday,
And all the unborn-undying yesterdaze before that.
Infinity hath no bounds, including You.

* * * *

Imagine your body in flames like a marshmallow over a campfire.
The eternal awareness observing, thoroughly detached, thoroughly indifferent,
As the body screams and writhes, until there is nothing left about which to scream or writhe.

* * * *

For those who seek that beyond all doubt, the world, the universe,
Gradually loses its hold over the intelligence prior to consciousness.

* * * *

As long as You believe You are the sensory body,
You will suffer its perpetual potpourri of agonies and ecstasies,
As You meander all the sights and sounds and tastes and smells and touches,
That the mind's cosmos has to offer in its nature-nurture realm.
To be liberated is to surrender without reservation,
To the awareness prior to consciousness.

* * * *

Hallmark holidays, birthday parties, graduations, weddings, anniversaries, parades,
Street festivals, county fairs, church services, bar mitzvahs, social gatherings, soap operas …
Et cetera, et cetera, et cetera, et cetera, et cetera, ad infinitum … Booooooring.

* * * *

The very young have little or no sense of time's passing.
For the aged, it becomes a calendar-watching countdown.

* * * *

What cosmos does any creature perceive?
What cosmos does an aardvark perceive?
What cosmos does a cockroach perceive?
What cosmos does an octopus perceive?
What cosmos does a sparrow perceive?
What cosmos does a buffalo perceive?
What cosmos does a giraffe perceive?
What cosmos does a turtle perceive?
What cosmos does a trout perceive?
What cosmos does a tiger perceive?
What cosmos does a dog perceive?
What cosmos does a tree perceive?
What cosmos does a frog perceive?
What cosmos does a seal perceive?
What cosmos does a clam perceive?
What cosmos does an ant perceive?
What cosmos does a bush perceive?
What cosmos does a hawk perceive?
What cosmos does a whale perceive?
What cosmos does a shark perceive?
What cosmos does bacteria perceive?
What cosmos does a human perceive?
What cosmos does a lobster perceive?
What cosmos does an oyster perceive?
What cosmos does a dolphin perceive?
What cosmos does a penguin perceive?
What cosmos does a scorpion perceive?
What cosmos does a kangaroo perceive?
What cosmos does any creature perceive?
Perception is a nature-nurture phenomenon.
All things great to small, very much alone together.

* * * *

Money is not the root of all evil, any more than guns or other weapons are the root of death.
It is greed, and the vanity, the self-absorption, the narcissism, that is the root of that called evil.
And it is the quantum mind … it is consciousness … it is imagination … that is its neural playground.
Ecclesiastes 1:2 … "Vanity of vanities," saith the Preacher, "Vanity of vanities. All is vanity."

* * * *

The only way anyone can ever know everything, can ever have all their questions answered,
Is to become God, and that, of course, assumes God has all the answers.
It is also possible that he/she/it is as clueless as You.

Or that he/she/it has no need for all our endless trivial pursuits.
Or that he/she/it has no questions need answering, nor problems need solving.

* * * *

Agony is the teacher, agony is the lesson.
And some have more than a few teachers, more than a few lessons.
Some learn from observing others, some from a thrashing, but more than a few endure the rack.

* * * *

Existence is only as viable as the neuron matrix,
Which enables consciousness (a.k.a., imagination),
To dance away, to whirl and twirl in eternal awareness.

* * * *

The quantum holodeck in the quantum holomind,
Is always ready and waiting for the quantum holobody,
To come wandering through the quantum holoether,
All witnessed by the unborn-undying awareness.

* * * *

For human consciousness to evolve, and survive, and thrive,
Required naturally-selected delusion, fostered by quantum illusion.
A hypnotizing algorithm, a sculpting of mind and body,
In the puddles and jungles of Eden long ago.

* * * *

Love and friendship, hate and animosity, such tenuous intrigues,
About which the human paradigm ceaselessly contorts and distorts.

* * * *

How challenging it is to be in this garden, and not of it.
To be with family, friends, co-workers, adversaries,
Or merely wandering through the day-to-day,
Acutely aware that You are the awareness,
While consciousness frolics about the mind,
Has never been easy for any of the myriad seers,
Who in all future-pasts, have discerned it but illusion.

* * * *

Writers write, pundits speculate, scientists inquire,
Every conceivably possible much ado about nothing.

* * * *

There is little denying humankind is a species that deserves extinction.
Alas for Mother Nature that she has not come up with the final solution quickly enough,
To preserve all the other life forms her mystery has in dreamtime spawned.

* * * *

All anyone can know about the mystery, about the awareness,
Is all the speculations that traditions around the world have contrived.
Stories, stories, and more stories, none more valid than any other.
Not authentic knowing, in any way, any shape, any form.

* * * *

You pee what You drink, You shit what You eat.
Just another organism adapting its way from dust to dust.
Only magnificent in your own, very subjective, very vain, narrative.
Chances are You are already forgotten by practically all.

* * * *

What is won is lost.
What is created is lost.
What is learned is lost.
What is built is lost.
Sooner or later.

* * * *

The genetic lottery spins a matrix, in which the dreaming You imagine real and true,
Will witness the ecstasy and agony, of each and every moment, destiny has in store.

* * * *

The mystery is all, the mystery is one, including You,
In the creation of all beginnings, in the destruction of all endings,
And the process in all the befores, in all the betweens, in all the afters, as well.

* * * *

What good is power if You have not the health to exercise it?
What good is fame if You have not the health to glory in it?
What good is fortune if You have not the health to spend it?
What good is existence if You have not the health to enjoy it?

* * * *

Have You ever beheld even one moment of awareness,
Where ethics or any other imaginary notion or sentiment,
Had any say, any validity, any reality, any truth, whatsoever?
The eternal mystery does not give a flying hooey about anything.
Oh well, so it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.
Irony and paradox and absurdity rule.
Practice detachment.

* * * *

Eyeless eyes.
Earless ears.
Noseless nose.
Tongueless tongue.
Touchless touch.

Maskless mask.
Mindless mind.

* * * *

Awareness on the outside, awareness on the inside, makes for awareness everywhere.
Quantum on the outside, quantum on the inside, makes for quantum everywhere.
Mystery on the outside, mystery on the inside, makes for mystery everywhere.

* * * *

Infinite and infinitesimal.
Both imply space and time, neither of which are ultimately real.
So, neither are infinite nor infinitesimal.
Undo the math.

* * * *

We call it space, we call it time, we call it so many things.
But in actuality, it is but awareness witnessing a quantum dream.
A friggin' boggling mystery … nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

It is in the timeless perception of awareness in the given moment,
That the true kingdom, the true heaven, the true singularity, is discerned.
It is not, it has never been, it will never be, anything articulated by consciousness.

* * * *

It is only in the given moment, it is only in the awareness, that You exist.
Everything else is but a dream of consciousness, of imagination,
Nothing more than a kaleidoscoping quantum theater.
And the nature of that so-called existence,
Is but a subjective assumption.
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

How could awareness witness its quantum creation,
In omniscient-omnipresent-omnipotent fashion,
But through the eye of every sentient being,
All equally born of the same indelible mystery.

* * * *

Social animals that human beings are genetically programmed to be,
Plumbing the immeasurable depths of the great aloneness, is an arduous task.
It requires great fortitude to stand alone against the winds of mind.

* * * *

What can the so-called soul be but pure, unadulterated awareness?
The same awareness that is equally in all things infinitely great to infinitesimally small.
All absolute, all unfathomable, all indivisible, all inexplicable, all indelible,
All unborn, all undying, all impenetrable, all mysterious.

There is no other; how could there be?

* * * *

The soul You quest, is your awareness.
The same awareness that is equally in all things, across all creation.
It is not your awareness, it is not my awareness, it is not our awareness; it is simply awareness.
There is only one soul, some call it god, and it is one and all … including You.

* * * *

What are the gluttonous? What are the narcissistic? What are the hedonistic?
If not insatiably rapacious in their efforts to fill the void that can never be filled.

* * * *

It was not some deity who created man and woman in his or hers or its image.
It was man and woman who invented deities in their imagination,
And the result is a great swath of the human story.

* * * *

Awareness is the bastion of serenity.
Vanity is the source of all hells, of all purgatories.
Eternity has been right here, right now, every moment, all along.
Time and space are but quantum illusions choregraphed by the sensory mind.
It is through the self-absorption of consciousness, of imagination,
That we have become blind to the timeless presence.
Still the mind-body, abide in awareness,
Discern the mystery You are.

* * * *

You did not choose your birth.
You did not choose your body.
You did not choose your mind.
You did not choose your family.
You did not choose your gender.
You did not choose your culture.
You did not choose your tradition.
You did not choose your language.
You did not choose your geography.
You did not choose your education.
You did not choose your ethnicity.
You did not choose your customs.
You did not choose your politics.
You did not choose your history.
You did not choose your mores.
You did not choose your creed.
You did not choose your status.
You did not choose your caste.
You did not choose your time.
You did not choose your space.

Have You ever really had any choice,
In your long and winding journey to destiny?

* * * *

Awareness is all: indelible, unsullied, indivisible, unfathomable.
Practically any way consciousness plays it, is laced with vanity.

* * * *

The essential Biblical narrative
Is that Satan separated from God and left the Garden.
Wait, is that not what humankind has done?
Is that not what You have done?
So, who is Satan?

* * * *

Just like snowflakes and fingerprints and chromosomes,
We will always be different; we will always be limited editions.
We will always perceive the world, the cosmos, in our own unique ways.
We will always be one of a kind, no matter how much we pretend to be the same.
We are all walking the same stage in different universes.

* * * *

The only way to undo the patterning of mind and body, is to become very still in every way.
Only in pure, unadulterated, absolute awareness, can You be free of all claims.
And then, alas, only for as long as You manage to remain there.

* * * *

No matter how You meditate or breath or practice asanas or whatever else,
If it is not your destiny to wake up, then so it goes and oh well,
To all the revelry and whoring You missed out on.

* * * *

The choices You every cause-and-effect, yes-no-maybe moment make,
Will impact every tomorrow your timeline has yet to celebrate or lament.
Being as mindful, as attentive, as possible, is rarely a bad part of those choices.
No one gets out of this dream without at least a notion of the price of consequences.

* * * *

There is no yoke, no millstone, no chains, no shackles, in seeing, in being, the mystery You ever are.
No idolatries, no tribes, no traditions, no dogmas, no symbols, no rituals, no rewards, no punishments.
Just You, pristine awareness, the eternal eye, the mystery itself, witnessing the ever-present moment.

* * * *

The unborn-undying moment is where awareness timelessly resides.
Consciousness (a.k.a., imagination) is anything else, is everything else.

* * * *

Guaranteed, somewhere along any given bell curve,

Any given probability, any given possibility, any given whatever,
Will happen in one standard deviation or another.

* * * *

The human paradigm,
Fueled by imagination,
Snared in space and time,
The roaring falls ahead.

* * * *

Living or non-living, organic or inorganic, animate or inanimate,
It is ever the same unborn-undying, indivisible quantum mystery.

* * * *

… remember … forget …
… remember … forget … remember … forget …
… remember … forget … remember … forget …… remember … forget …
… remember … forget … remember … forget … remember … forget … remember … forget …
… remember … forget … remember … forget …… remember … forget …
… remember … forget … remember … forget …
… remember … forget …

… remember …

* * * *

What goes up, must come down.
What rises, falls; what flows, ebbs; what starts, ends; what lightens, darkens.
Statistics has a certainty about it, which cannot be denied.

* * * *

Tribe, family, clan, kin, community,
Society, culture, tradition, faction, company, congress,
Council, assembly, convention, conference, meeting, circle, crew, force, corps,
Troop, unit, troupe, party, bloc, team, band, set, clique, cadre, coterie, herd, flock, drove, pack, group.
All signifying the highly social, uniquely cooperative keystone of the human paradigm.

* * * *

Ze-Dong Mao, Adolf Hitler,
Leopold II, Jozef Stalin, Hideki Tojo, Ismail Enver,
Pol Pot, Yakubu Gowon, Leonid Brezhnev, Jean Kambanda, Saddam Hussein,
Tito, Suharto, Fumimaro Konoe, Menghistu, Kim Il Sung,
Jonas Savimbi, Mullah Omar, Idi Amin,
And any other mass killer,
Were all the same mystery as You.
The difference is, they missed their chance.
Nature-nurture is a wonder, indeed.

* * * *

… too late …
… too late … too late …
… too late … too late … too late …
… too late … too late … too late … too late …
… too late … too late … too late … too late … too late …
… too late … too late … too late … too late … too late … too late …
… too late … too late … too late … too late … too late … too late … too late …
… too late … too late … too late … too late … too late … too late … too late … too late …
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… too late … too late … too late … too late … too late …
… too late … too late … too late … too late …
… too late … too late … too late …
… too late … too late …
… too late …

* * * *

A neural network of memories, of perceptions,
Is all You are, have ever been, will ever be.
Space-time is but a quantum illusion.
Consciousness, but temporal theater.
Clouds drifting in the eternal awareness.
Unborn, undying, indivisible, unfathomable.

* * * *

Every other tribe, every other group, every other culture,
Is barbaric, brutish, bestial, savage, inhuman,
And yours, the same to them.

* * * *

What is there to be egocentric about, once You are truly detached,
Once You are truly naught but the awareness prior to consciousness.

* * * *

Whoever.
Whatever.
Wherever.
Whenever.
Whyever.
However.
Forever.
Ifever.

* * * *

What is remembered is forgotten.
What is remembered is remembered.

What is forgotten is remembered.
What is forgotten is forgotten.

* * * *

Awareness is ever untouched, indifferent, uncorrupted, untainted, unblemished, immaculate, flawless.
Awareness is indelible, changeless, indivisible, unfathomable, absolute, unborn, undying.
Whatever happened any moment ago, whatever happens any moment hence,
Have absolutely no relationship with any right here, right now,
But through the imaginary, illusory, time-bound notions of consciousness.

* * * *

If there was a Jesus, it is not at all likely he was the one You imagine.
Same with Buddha, Lao Tzu, or any other brigands your mind harbors.

* * * *

Perhaps it will be your fate, your destiny, that words such as these,
Will foster unlocking your mind into the freedom of the unknown.

* * * *

When referring to the relationship between awareness and consciousness,
How to articulate it? … prior to consciousness? … or … beyond consciousness?
Both have been equally used in these many thoughts as suits the aphoristic construction.

* * * *

The mind-body has its fate, the imaginary persona has its fate,
But the real You, the awareness, the moment, Self, itself,
What fate can there possibly be, but all and none.

* * * *

This garden world is quite capable of creating it all on its own.
It is a quantum algorithm, no aliens required, only imagination.

* * * *

By the time any given mind realizes something happened,
Awareness has already moved on any number of instants.

* * * *

All expressions, all narratives, all illustrations, all constructs of consciousness,
Become inconsequential in the hereness, the nowness, of pure, timeless awareness.
That which is totality – often called by one deific name or another -- in all its mystery.

* * * *

Groupthink has often proven to be a two-way street.
History is chock-full of followers who have pressured those they follow,
To do and say things they otherwise would not do or say, were they left to their own device.
The road less traveled may well best be wandered in solitary fashion,
As anonymously as time and circumstances allow.

* * * *

For those who seek truth, awareness of awareness,
Awareness of the eternal moment, is all that it is required.
You are the truth, the life, the way; the challenge is just to be it.

* * * *

In the stillness of awareness, there is no self.
In the stillness of awareness, there is no birth.
In the stillness of awareness, there is no death.
In the stillness of awareness, there is no vanity.
In the stillness of awareness, there is no duality.
In the stillness of awareness, there is only here.
In the stillness of awareness, there is only now.
In the stillness of awareness, there is only Self.
In the stillness of awareness, there is only You.

* * * *

From birth to death, from first breath to last, from first moment to last,
The mystery of awareness is sovereign witness to the play of consciousness.

* * * *

Awareness does not require faith.
Awareness does not require belief.
Awareness does not require dogma.
Awareness does not require anything.

* * * *

For those not inquiring deeply, for those with misguided intent,
The destiny of any teachings, any writings, risk becoming dogma.

* * * *

The mystery, the moment, the awareness, can never know itself,
But through the reflections of consciousness, the reflections of the illusory other.
Therefore, creation and preservation and destruction,
Rife with agony and ecstasy.

* * * *

If it is belief, it is false.
Nothing more than an invention born of consciousness.
Seeing is not believing.

* * * *

Awareness is the one and only true eye of the mystery.
Indelible, indivisible, unfathomable, unborn-undying.

* * * *

Roads less traveled often start out many shades of gray,
Until they become rainbows of light and opuses of sound.

* * * *

Neither lead nor follow, wander quietly, anonymously.
Listening and speaking as moment and circumstances call.
And then wander on, with as little display or fanfare as possible.

* * * *

True believers lack the wit to grasp the subtleties of irony and paradox,
And the nuances required for deep refection in the earnest quest for truth.

* * * *

Submerging the mind in self-pity can be a long and troublesome trial.
Try not allow little self to wallow in superfluous misery.
Awareness does not break or bleed or burn.

* * * *

So many ways to view history:
First that come to mind: politics, economics,
Science, culture, language, art, music, architecture, war …
But one onscreen academic source has come up with twelve branches:
Military history, history of religion, social history, cultural history, diplomatic history,
Economic history, environmental history, world history, universal history,
Intellectual history, gender history, and public history.
The steepings of imagination are many,
And not far between.

* * * *

The eternal moment is the nexus, the ether, the heaven, the oblivion,
Through which all creation, through which all destruction, all that is unborn, all that is undying,
Kaleidoscope in the immeasurable, indivisible, indelible awareness,
Witness to all that is, witness to all that is not.

* * * *

Can any ever really more than visit as guest, as outsider, as stranger, as recluse,
Once they have wandered outside their cave of origin, and its wall of shadows.

* * * *

If a tree falls in a forest and no one is around to hear it, does it make a sound?
But for consciousness, would space, would time, would light, would sound, exist?

* * * *

Consciousness is the great divider.
The source of all dualistic perception.
The source of all dualistic misconception.

* * * *

Awareness is the ether of consciousness.
Consciousness is the engine of will.

Will is the engine of vanity.
Vanity is the engine of greed.

* * * *

An imaginary universe, an imaginary world, an imaginary self.
How can that which has never been more than the vapor of consciousness,
That which has never been real, has never been tangible, ever be more than a dream?

* * * *

The motivations of any middleman between You and truth can be more than a little dubious.
Speculation is not truth, and many if not most who consider themselves religious-slash-spiritual,
Are spellbound by, ensnared by, blinded by, the time-bound catechisms of their cultural assumptions.
Add to that the three vanities of power and fame and fortune, fueled by greed,
And truth becomes but a usurped ways and means.

* * * *

How can time ever touch the timeless?
How can space ever touch the spaceless?
How can imagination ever possess reality?

* * * *

The reality of mortality.
The quantum of mortality.
The awareness of mortality.
The absurdity of mortality.
The paradox of mortality.
The irony of mortality.

* * * *

Absolutely beyond-the-pale astounding,
How so many cling, to the ignorance, to the misconceptions,
To the superstitions, to the fantasies, to the falsehoods, to the fallacies, to the delusions,
Conceived thousands of cycles of sun and moon so long ago.

* * * *

Only the impoverished seek wealth.
Only the powerless seek control.
Only the desolate seek fame.

* * * *

If Big You has discerned,
Who-what-where-when-why-how You are, and are not,
Then why is little you still here?

* * * *

Give up on trying to figure out how all this is happening.
Even the primal source, the absolute, the ultimate, can never know how it came to be.
It is a mystery, it has always been a mystery, it will ever be a mystery.

Oh well, so it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.

* * * *

Nowhere to run, nowhere to hide, from the ever-present moment.
From the unborn-undying, immeasurable, indivisible, indelible, interminable awareness.
The one and only inexplicable witness, You are, have ever been, will ever be.

* * * *

Regarding the fate of the human paradigm, is there really any point in saying anything,
When the species is careening full bore towards the edge of the Petri dish,
And not more than the barest squeal of brakes to be heard.
All hopeful endeavors are destined to fail.

* * * *

If You see your Self as the mind-body, if You are attached to the world,
Imagination will take You through every possible agony.
Ecstasy is the plight of the detached.

* * * *

A political issue is a political issue.
An economic issue is an economic issue.
A religious issue is a religious issue.
A health issue is a health issue.
Try not to confuse them.

* * * *

Being born has proven to be fatal in every case thus far known,
Except for vampires, and other characters of a fictional nature.

* * * *

So many names for it.
Source or mystery are simplest.
Deities and dogma only muddy the water.

* * * *

Are You, arrogant hare? Or humble tortoise?
Or both or neither, depending on circumstance?

* * * *

Whether it is just a case of not remembering to remember,
Or forgetting to remember, is easy to say, but hard to do.
Or is it hard for some to say, and easy for others to do?
Forgetting, remembering, it really all seems the same.
Or is it really not the same, and only seems the same?
Or is it really all the same, and we only just think it different?
Or maybe we just should perchance simply just cease thinking so much,
Even though there seem to be a goodly number of things about which to cogitate,
If You spend an unwarranted amount of time and effort cogitating so many things, that is.

It is especially expedient because it gives You something inconsequential to do,
If You do not have much else of even less consequence to do, that is.

* * * *

You may have more power, You may have more fame, You may have more fortune,
Be we will all be equally worm's meat in a relatively short instant.
Vanity, vanity, all is vanity, over and over again.

* * * *

When it comes to all the quantum dynamics,
That Mother Nature is arraying against human arrogance,
Will we deal with it, or it deal with us? Will we survive it, or it survive us?

* * * *

Whether in agony or ecstasy or equilibrium, awareness is always still witness.
But who-what-where-when-why-how does the mind-body go,
When awareness becomes witness unto its Self?

* * * *

One-dimensional.
Two-dimensional.
Three-dimensional.
Four-dimensional.
No-dimensional.
All and none.

* * * *

You are the moment, You are the awareness, You are the unfathomable, You are the mystery.
The challenge is not allowing the mind to take it any further into the imaginary realm.
There is no need for more irrationality, more absurdity, than there already is.
Just be, right here, right now, free of all the limitations spawned by imagination.

* * * *

Stilling the ever-churning mind requires an alertness, an attentiveness, a vigilance,
That few mortal spirits have the inclination, the resolve, the diligence, to muster.

* * * *

Neither need nor want.
Labor hard enough to provide the essential needs,
But not to such a degree that the rapacious 'more' dominates the given existence.
Midas and the Golden Touch is an ancient cautionary tale,
Well worth remembering in any time.

* * * *

The world will find many ways to beat You back into dust.
Mindfulness is your only defense, and that only for so long.

* * * *

This garden world is a most excellent purgatory.
Whether it gets better or worse after demise,
Only the dilettantes of speculation know.

* * * *

All mythologies, all legends, all folklores, all traditions, all customs,
Are nothing more than human-created, fear-based, greed-laced,
Egocentric-ethnocentric-geocentric-heliocentric mind gorp.
When they are not imparting pearls of wisdom, that is.

* * * *

No matter how tainted, no matter how corrupt, no matter how vile, no matter how despicable,
The imaginary, the make-believe, the fictitious, the pretend, the illusory role You play,
The You that is real, the You that is true, the You that is eternal, is immaculate.
Free of all that the ever-ebbing-ever-flowing currents of consciousness are capable.

* * * *

So many roles to choose from in imagination's infinity.
Creator or destroyer, saint or sinner, sage or fool.
Which mask, which costume, to wear today?

* * * *

Water, source of life.
… vapor … liquid … solid …
Back and forth with indivisible ease.
Too boggling for words.

* * * *

That now, now.
That now, then.
That now, when.
Ever all the same.

* * * *

From dust to dust.
From null to null.
From void to void.
From sleep to sleep.
From abyss to abyss.
From silence to silence.
From stillness to stillness.
From nonbeing to nonbeing.
From extinction to extinction.
From nothingness to nothingness.
From nonexistence to nonexistence.
From insignificant to insignificant.
From indivisibility to indivisibility.
From annihilation to annihilation.

From detachment to detachment.
From insentience to insentience.
From unconcern to unconcern.
From emptiness to emptiness.
From obscurity to obscurity.
From quantum to quantum.
From inertness to inertness.
From oblivion to oblivion.

* * * *

There appears to be no inanity, no absurdity,
That will not be explored to its fullest potential.

* * * *

How is it possible to prove existence or nonexistence?
Perception is the invention of imagination; knowledge its deception.
From all beginnings to all ends, the intuition of awareness is the candle in the abyss.

* * * *

As huge as huge is, as small as small is, You are.
As strong as strong is, as weak as weak is, You are.
As kind as kind is, as merciless as merciless is, You are.
As virtuous as virtuous is, as corrupt as corrupt is, You are.
As illustrious as illustrious is, as ordinary as ordinary is, You are.
As something as something is, as nothing as nothing is, You are.
As abundant as abundant is, as scarce as scarce is, You are.
As aware as aware is, as ignorant as ignorant is, You are.
As infinite as infinite is, as finite as finite is, You are.
As true as true is, as untrue as untrue is, You are.
As real as real is, as unreal as unreal is, You are.
As all things are, as all things are not, You are.

* * * *

What happens when your imaginary universe ceases?
When family, friends, work, events, things, memories, no longer rolodex through your thoughts.
When the busy-busy mind stills, when timeless awareness reigns.
Some call it dying while living.

* * * *

Imaginary universe.
Imaginary world.
Imaginary you.

* * * *

What is so much, what was so much, what will ever be so much, of the human architype,
But dreadfully orchestrated theater played out in boorishly repetitive minds.
Exceptions that prove the rule are too few and too far between.
Greatness is relative when fueled by mindlessness.

* * * *

Human beings abide in a world of discontent.
Power and fame and fortune are all that matter.

Too much is not enough.
Live for what others think.
Nothing is ever satisfactory.
Success is ever out of reach.
Contentment is failure.

* * * *

The narrative has many facets.
What is real and true is all that is relevant.
Dispel all creations, all forgeries, all fictions, all stories,
That are mythical, legendary, contrived, fictional, whimsical, symbolic,
Theatrical, melodramatic, allegorical, figurative, metaphoric, rhetorical, characteristic,
Emblematic, fabulous, unreal, hyperbolic, inflated, exaggerated,
Abstract, invented, illusory, and imaginary,
In the quest for truth.

* * * *

What is ambition but vanity's hungry cry for more, more, more.
For imagination's insatiable craving to be renowned, celebrated, notorious,
Through whatever combination of power and fame and fortune the Fates condescend.

* * * *

The mind is drawn to silence, to stillness, to eternity, but churns on and on.
Despite all assertions to the contrary, consciousness does not really want to let go,
Of its imaginary, of its illusory, of its ever-kaleidoscoping quantum space-time creation.

* * * *

Challenging not to make mountains out of molehills, with all this seeking and finding.
The question always boils down on whether to be, or not to be.
We are all ultimately on our own,
And that aloneliness is not an easy place,
For the hurly-burly of imagination to long abide.

* * * *

No one can travel any faster than the dreamtime of momentary awareness allows
In their touchy-feely, three-dimensional, very mortal, quantum space-time machine.

* * * *

Do You really believe every group, every culture, across the human experience
Was not, is not, very much the same in their own very unique, very distinct way?
How much all humans have in common is far more defining than all the differences.

* * * *

The sun spins round and round this spinning orb,
The cosmos about so huge as to make the head spin, too.
What a boggling thing it is to exist, even for the shortest while.

* * * *

A very long, long moment ago, one of our ancestors picked up a rock …
And now it is every conceivable bludgeon, and more daily, launching every which way.
It is likely going be far more lethal in very mortal ways being a target of any category before it is over.

* * * *

The quantum mirage of time and space is but a biological-neurological phenomenon.
Nothing more than the mind-body's imaginary perceptions wafting along neuron trails.

* * * *

Imagination swells larger and larger in the matrix of space and time,
But the moment, the awareness in which it transpires, is ever the same.

* * * *

Actions have consequences, actions ripple.
Cause becomes effect becomes cause becomes effect … on down the line.
Be mindful, if You are lucky enough to be so wise.

* * * *

… and then what happens? …
… and then what happens? … and then what happens? …
… and then what happens? … and then what happens? … and then what happens? …
… and then what happens? … and then what happens? …
… and then what happens? …

… in eternity's never-beginning-never-ending story …

* * * *

What to do with the uncarved block once it is sculpted.
No rewind button once the tabula rasa has been ravished.

* * * *

Awareness is totality.
Awareness is indelible.
Awareness is sovereign.
Awareness is enigmatic.
Awareness is indivisible.
Awareness is inscrutable.
Awareness is inexplicable.
Awareness is unknowable.
Awareness is unfathomable.
Awareness is incomprehensible.
Awareness is indecipherable.
Awareness is unexplainable.

Awareness is inconceivable.
Awareness is immeasurable.
Awareness is impenetrable.
Awareness is indescribable.
Awareness is interminable.
Awareness is immaculate.
Awareness is everything.
Awareness is nothing.

* * * *

If timeless awareness is all that is, and is not,
Then how can it hold on to anything, or anything hold on to it?
How would reincarnation, heavens or hells or purgatories, or any other afterlives,
Be even remotely possible as anything more than imaginary, illusory, fictional, make-believe identities,
As unreal as all to which humankind has so steadfastly clung through all its history?

* * * *

Eternity is the timeless, spaceless, right-here, right-now, every-where,
For every ever that has ever been, for every ever that will ever be.
That all this is happening, that this world and cosmos transpire,
Is as mysterious a mystery as any mystery could ever chance to be.
The challenge is not attempting to name it; the challenge is just being it.

* * * *

The human species is a cancer, and the only curiosity remaining
Is whether Mother Nature will put us down before we destroy her.

* * * *

Ruling out what is not real and true requires a steadfast inner eye.
It is through your own vanity and corruption, all your narrowing limitations,
That You see clearly that which is genuine, that which is indisputable.

* * * *

There is no god but awareness: inexplicable, indivisible, indelible.
All else is but the dream; the illusion born of consciousness.
Clouds drifting across the sky are as real and lasting.

* * * *

Boxes within boxes within boxes within boxes.
Such is the predicament of human consciousness within all.
Only in pure awareness do all evaporate into the oblivion of true nature.

* * * *

Those playing the vast, intricate chess game of these our modern times,
Have roots in all times and geographies hundreds to thousands of years long past.
Call yourself worker, servant, or slave, your subservient role in the hierarchy is ever the same.
The one-percenters are in charge, always have been, always will be.
The other ninety-nine find their place.

* * * *

Why feel obligated to believe in, to idolize, to fear, any deity or deities,
Or any other so-called spiritual notions formulated by imagination, human or otherwise?
Being the awareness, being the moment, is the matchless state of existence.
No need for faith, no need for prayer, no need for doctrine.

* * * *

Being awareness, being the moment, is eternal life.
To want more is to be ensnared in the maze of imagination,
The dreamtime of the sensory mind given over to quantum illusion.

* * * *

Heavens and hells and purgatories and reincarnation,
How can the quantum wind of vanity possibly be carried on,
Through the timeless awareness of the unborn-undying moment?
It is the game of consciousness, nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

To inquire into truth … without goal, without effort, is the challenge.
To have in mind what You are seeking only impedes the quest.
As Yoda said, "Try not. Do, or do not. There is no try."
Stay true, stay sharp, stay open, stay unknowing.
It is far more unworldly than the mind can ever know.

* * * *

Aloneness is without vanity … without point, without purpose, without meaning,
But the voyage into the unfathomable enigma begets every distraction imaginable.

* * * *

It was likely 'Upstairs, Downstairs',
Or more accurately, 'Upclimb, Downclimb',
Long before our ancestors left the jungles of long ago.

* * * *

Mystery is a far more suitable word for that which is ultimate, that which is true,
That which the human species has all too often corrupted into one idol or many.

* * * *

Your degree of intrigue in the human paradigm,
Depends on where You landed in the genetic lottery,
And on how invested You are in your vanity and appetite.

* * * *

To bask in the awareness of eternal unborn-undying moment,
Some call it nirvana, some satori, some rapture, some joy, some harmony, some ecstasy,
Some paradise, some heaven, some bliss, some contentment.
This mind calls it home, sweet home.

* * * *

Asserting a lie over and over again never makes it true,
No matter how many sheeple follow the marching band.

* * * *

You must look very closely, to discern that which cannot be seen.
You must listen very closely, to discern that which cannot be heard.
You must smell very closely, to discern that which cannot be smelled.
You must taste very closely, to discern that which cannot be tasted.
You must feel very closely, to discern that which cannot be felt.
Reason very closely, to discern that which cannot be known.

* * * *

And through all creation, no matter how many there may have been,
With every quantum point and particle churning this way and that,
The awareness, the ever-present moment, untarnished by any of it.

* * * *

Hard to imagine something that has never played out
Sometime, somewhere, somehow, in the human theater.

* * * *

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Cause and effect, timeless as it is, is the road down which all dreams journey.

* * * *

How can there be any more meaning and purpose to existence,
Than giving complete attention and right response,
To the passing moment, ever the same?

* * * *

Awareness is eternal witness to the omnipresent, kaleidoscoping quantum theater.

All identity, all personality, is but the conditioned response of imagination,
To all the causes, to all the effects, played out in each and every dream.
The You, You suppose You are, the You, You imagine You are,
Is but an electromagnetically-induced chemical perception.
An illusion, a delusion, a deception, born of a mystery,
Whose immeasurable truth can never be known,
But by those rare seekers who become it.

* * * *

Regarding reincarnation, which so many belief systems endlessly speculate,
What exactly is it that can be reborn other than an imaginary notion?
How can spaceless awareness, how can timeless awareness,
Ever be blemished by any imaginary attribute?
Any given seed is but a one-ride-only space-time machine,
Playing out the nature-nurture patterning, into which it is spawned.

* * * *

The moment is awareness; awareness, the moment.
An inextricable, indelible, indivisible, perpetual fact.

* * * *

There is no time in awareness, there is no space in awareness.
There is no cause in awareness, there is no effect in awareness.
There is no beginning in awareness, there is no end in awareness.
There is no purpose in awareness, there is no meaning in awareness.
There is only the indelible moment, to which awareness is witness.

* * * *

Consciousness, cognizance, knowledge, memory, deliberation,
Thinking, recollection, recall, remembrance, retention, reminiscence, rumination,
Contemplation, reflection, meditation, pondering, musing, dreaming,
Merely different words for the same play of imagination.

* * * *

Push that button, flip that switch, as many times as You want,
It will never do more or less, than what it was programmed to do.

* * * *

What is any culture but a dynamic stew of agreements and disagreements,
All playing out their groupthink over their given duration of time and space.

* * * *

There are no consequences in awareness.
The relationship between cause and effect,
Does not in any way encumber awareness,
Does not in any way disturb awareness,
Does not in any way taint awareness.

* * * *

It is a quantum theater.
You are not the quantum theater.
You are the unborn-undying eternal moment.
You are the awareness infusing the quantum theater.
You are the awareness perceiving the quantum theater.
You are the awareness witnessing the quantum theater.

* * * *

Tradition inevitably binds a culture to such a degree,
That it becomes terminally inflexible to the ever-changing moment.
The world is strewn with the carcasses of peoples and civilizations come and gone,
Because they could not discard the history, the mindset, that bore them.
They could not surrender to the changes required for survival.

* * * *

Awareness is the eternal moment.
It is without time, without space.
It is without cause, without effect.
It is without beginning, without end.
It is without purpose, without meaning.
It is absolute aloneness, unborn, undying.

* * * *

Everyone has a conditioned mindset,
A worldview that can, only with great discrimination,
Be only partially undone, redirected into something just as habitual,
But perhaps more enlightened, and a tad freer to carry on the long and arduous trek,
Down the long and winding road less traveled.

* * * *

We are really nothing more than etchings,
Of memories of an existence, we imagine we have lived.
Key moments, that we visualize and re-visualize, over and over again.
Amorphous perceptions, forever unborn, forever undying,
Each and every moment, in the sands of time.

* * * *

In each and every single moment of awareness,
Every decision, every choice, every cause, every effect,
Tacks and jibes the future its inescapable direction.

* * * *

What is the human paradigm but individuals and groups,
Vying for supremacy in all of vanity's imaginary cuisines.

* * * *

Awareness is the indivisible, impenetrable moment.

Awareness is prior to consciousness; there is no prior to awareness.
It is the inexplicable, immutable, indelible, omnipresent, faceless witness of eternity.
Label it, whatever sound or symbol mind deigns, no paradigm can ever own its unborn-undying nature.

* * * *

All religions are just a way for middlemen to control the masses.
The gold lining the streets of heaven is as enticing as the worldly variety.
All nothing more than vanity clutching at the swag of imagination.
The sheeple so many human beings are, are so easily herded.

* * * *

The imaginary you, believes you exist, that you were born, that you will one day die.
That time, that space, are real, that the mind and senses distinguish the universe.
That the rise of humankind and all its civilizations, all its countless creations,
Is somehow ordained by deities on high, machinating with demons below.
And if not that, perhaps some grand, all-encompassing, scientific theory.
Or perhaps the guileless nature of the fool too oblivious to even question.
Wake up, wake up, wherever You are, 'tis all but illusion; You, its mystery.

* * * *

Why be at all concerned about heavens or hells or purgatories?
Or reincarnation, or any other mind-made, time-bound conception?
Of past lives You have no memory; of future lives You have no certainty.
All that is relevant is this very right-here-right-now eternal moment.
As it would have been, or will be, in any future-past ever created.
Be in this very singular moment, wherever, whenever, You are,
And all theaters will play out as the sands of time prescribe.

* * * *

… Stop believing …
… Stop believing all You know …
… Stop believing in the world …
… Stop believing in the universe …
… Stop believing in deities and demons …
… Stop believing You are a human being …
… Stop believing You are alive …
… Stop believing You will die …
… Stop believing You were ever born …
… Stop believing You are more than awareness …
… Stop believing You are even awareness …
… Just stop …

* * * *

What is, is the only moment that counts.
What will someday be, will have its moment.
What was, has already disappeared into the sands.

* * * *

Human beings are very adaptive,
And can even get used to inordinate torture,
If it does not manage to kill them first.

* * * *

Despite imagination's interminable penchant for make-believe,
There is no other time, there is no other space, that You can possibly be,
But this very right-here-right-now, unborn-undying, eternally absolute moment.

* * * *

Some women blame men for the state of the world,
But the choices in their wombs have incubated it all.

* * * *

No matter the migratory path across the globe,
The human paradigm is about stories in all their many different forms.
Call them whatever You will: histories, accounts, chronicles, parables, narratives, folklores, legends,
Myths, sagas, fables, fairytales, tall tales, fish stories, jokes, puns, yarns, anecdotes, witticisms,
Memoirs, journals, diaries, records, annuls, aphorisms, descriptions, maxims, proverbs.
Whether fictional or non-fictional, whether prose, poetry, drama, or some hybrid.
No matter the genre: literary fiction, historical, mystery, magical realism,
Thriller, fantasy, horror, romance, science fiction, bildungsroman,
Dystopian, western, speculative fiction, or realist literature,
Or some other slice and dice of the mind-built pie,
The storytellers sculpt our world, our epoch,
Into whatever form imagination allows.

* * * *

For all real-world purpose, vanity is hardwired into the human genome.
Some religious folk like to call it original sin, for their own pious reasonings,
But it is really nothing more, than the long and arduous path of natural selection.
The morphing evolution of breeding choices, in the brewing stews of cultural theaters,
As the species gradually migrated every direction, out of the African jungles of so long ago.
It is much less about sin, than the inevitable outcome of all the dynamics this mystery has coined.
And awareness, the eternal, indivisible, unborn-undying witness in every sentient creation.

* * * *

The challenge is not making such a challenge of it.
Learn to endure the rises and falls, the ebbs and flows, of the given mind.
As much as imagination would like to believe, nothing You do really ultimately matters even one iota.
Look for yourself; let go all the propaganda endlessly contrived for selfish purpose,
By all the parasitic middlemen throughout the human epoch.
You are it, it is You, it is that simple.

* * * *

When it comes to eliminating all the cravings born of mind,
One way to do it is to eat all the chocolate You can until You puke.

So much that the yearning just drops away of its own accord.

* * * *

What is ego but little self's identification with, little self's attachment to,
All the assumptions, all the habituation, that consciousness has imagined.

* * * *

Another meal, another drink, another shit, another piss.
On and on, over and over, again and again.
What's to be vain about?

* * * *

All the histories, all the sciences, all the mathematics,
All the liberal studies, all the arts, all the music, all the whatever,
Are naught but the living-dying of imagination imagining.
Awareness is the unborn-undying witness to all.

* * * *

Awareness is prior to consciousness and all the dimensions it imagines.
All are but temporal creations, time-based perceptions of one theater or another.
No matter how vast or small, how complex or simple, all are naught but quantum illusion.

* * * *

The deities, singular or plural, were all fabricated by the mind of humankind.
They are vanity's narcissistic-hedonistic need for meaning and purpose.
For some raison d'etre for this often banal, often painful existence.
For validation of the unquenchable craving for the unattainable more.

* * * *

A scarcity of self-importance is not necessarily a great weakness.
It can be a judicious realization of the nature of reality,
And the indivisible equality of all creation.
True humility is the ultimate state of beingness.

* * * *

The awareness is neither alive nor dead.
Only consciousness conceives existence.
Only consciousness imagines itself real.

* * * *

It is a good day to die.
Tomorrow would be better.
A day or so after that, even better.

* * * *

We have only put off the Darwinian nature of this garden for a brief while.
Malthus was not wrong, just unaware of the many changes on the road ahead.
How long can the tool-making genius of humankind shore up the leaking seawall,

Before it shatters, and natural selection resumes, and the fittest again reign supreme.

* * * *

Lesson learned, maybe.
Lesson unlearned, maybe.

* * * *

The ethereal, sensory dream of quantum existence,
Is nothing more than time-bound memory, even as it is happening.
The unborn-undying nature of awareness is not touched,
By the willy-nilly of any imaginary construct.

* * * *

Ethics and aesthetics are so vainly subjective in any given mind,
As to warrant little more than a token sidebar of serious discussion.

* * * *

The human species is a cancer, and the only question,
Is whether or not we will destroy our Mother,
Before she comes up with an antidote.

* * * *

Calling it a life, implies something much more than it is, and can ever be.
Calling it a dream, fits the narrative much more accurately.
Imagination being the root of the collusion,
To which the human species is so inherently attached.

* * * *

Punctuation is the means, by which an author's intent, is further clarified,
For the reader wandering through, whatever handiwork has been set down.

* * * *

Was Jesus really the Jesus, You think he was?
Was Moses really the Moses, You think he was?
Was Lao Tzu really the Lao Tzu, You think he was?
Was Shankara really the Shankara, You think he was?
Was Muhammed really the Muhammed, You think he was?
Was Zoroaster really the Zoroaster, You think he was?
Was Krishna really the Krishna, You think he was?
Was Buddha really the Buddha, You think he was?
Was anyone really the anyone, You think he was?

* * * *

Everything comes and goes, ebbs and flows, rises and falls, appears and disappears.
Everything is ever-changing in every possible way.
Cling to nothing.

* * * *

What is the mindful state given over to absolute awareness of the unborn-undying nature?
That which is prior to all imaginary notions evolved of the mind's quantum dream.
That which is eternally right here, right now, without past, without future.
That which is all You really are; that which is all You really are not.
That which is the omniscient, omnipresent, omnipotence, that is truly God.

* * * *

To abide in the eternal awareness is to live in an existential state,
Ever anew, flawless, pristine, impeccable, untarnished, immaculate.

* * * *

Where does inner begin and the outer end?
Where does the inner end and the outer begin?
All boundaries are the handiwork of imagination;
A sea of metaphors born of linguistic aptitude.

* * * *

Religion is a shell game,
In which truth is veiled from the masses,
Who are mindlessly satisfied with titillating make-believe.
The endlessly absurd bunk of all their deities and dogmas and superstitions,
Would, were it possible, be chucked into the trash heap of history, and forever more forgotten.

* * * *

An 80-year existence as a human being, not including 20-ish leap years, is:
960 months; 4160 weeks; 29,200 days; 700,800 hours; 42,049,000 minutes; 2,522,880,000 seconds.
What have You done with you moment in your preordained eternal dream?

* * * *

The ultimate solution to the human malignance is extinction.
Meanwhile, more of the same, inevitable, cancerous mundane.

* * * *

What will your existence manifest if You are irrational?
Unwise, silly, senseless, wild, cracked, stupid, outrageous, unrealistic,
Outlandish, ridiculous, bizarre, peculiar, useless, eccentric, odd, zany, daft, hollow,
Passionate, fanatical, mad, extreme, preposterous, absurd, unreasonable, incredible, nonsensical,
Crazy, zealous, foolish, nutty, dippy, rash, reckless, foolhardy, lacking, wacky, screwy, futile,
Unconventional, preposterous, vain, futile, meaningless, fantastical, eccentric, illogical,
Capricious, implausible, farfetched, empty, unlikely, unbelievable, preposterous,
Strange, weird, whimsical, incongruous, ludicrous, pointless, offbeat, odd,
Farcical, idiotic, purposeless, fanciful, wacked out, off your head.
Generally, just jam-packed with every assortment of magical thinking?
What will it manifest, what will it convey, if You are at least reasonably rational?

* * * *

How can You discern the eternal but by observing very lucidly,
By observing beneath the shallows of consciousness at the timeless awareness,

The moment in which the world, the universe, all creation, kaleidoscopes unborn-undying.

* * * *

The awareness of the eternal moment neither creates nor destroys.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither favors nor opposes.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither leads nor follows.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither covets nor limits.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither moves nor stills.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither gives nor takes.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither ebbs nor flows.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither rises nor sinks.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither wins nor loses.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither loves nor hates.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither comes nor goes.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither thinks nor acts.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither begins nor ends.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither profits nor loses.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither grasps nor frees.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither lives nor perishes.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither succeeds nor fails.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither accepts nor denies.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither grows nor shrinks,
The awareness of the eternal moment neither attacks nor defends.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither reveals nor conceals.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither obsesses nor ignores.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither harshens nor softens.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither indulges nor abstains.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither brightens nor darkens.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither increases nor decreases.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither appears nor disappears.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither conquers nor surrenders.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither consumes nor preserves.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither condemns nor absolves.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither ascends nor descends.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither hopes nor despairs.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither seeks nor finds.

* * * *

Humankind venerates what it sees, what it feels, what it conceives,
Rather than the timeless indivisibility that can never be known.
Rather than the eternal moment that is ever unfathomable.
Rather than the timeless here now, ever unborn, ever undying.

* * * *

The existence, the world, the universe, that your sensory mind daily perceives,
Will be forever undone at the imaginary mind-body's most guaranteed demise.

* * * *

Only this very moment is true, and awareness, its witness.
All else is the huff and puff of consciousness,
And all its imaginary fictions.

* * * *

Only consciousness conceives.
Only consciousness believes.
Only consciousness judges.
Only consciousness cares.
Only consciousness loves.
Only consciousness hates.
Only consciousness wants.
Only consciousness creates.
Only consciousness preserves.
Only consciousness destroys.

* * * *

Consciousness is a clingy thing, always wanting more, and more never enough.
Contentment is ever just out of grasp, and even if it could be grasped,
More would sooner than later raise its dissatisfied head.
Only the rarest of the rare can gaze mindfully joyful at a wall.

* * * *

Seek and You shall find, is not true for all who doubt.
The perpetual seekers crisscross every mountain pathless,
Never discerning that there is no mountain, there is no seeker.

* * * *

All ideas, all theories, all beliefs, all opinions,
Are conceptual frameworks concocted by imagination.
Awareness is the moment prior to all movements of consciousness.

* * * *

Whether total detachment is even possible for more than brief moments,
Is one of those 'needs research' questions every mind must itself fathom.

* * * *

The only thing worse than being bored, is being more bored.
And the only thing worse than being more bored
Is being even more bored.

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* * * *

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Who how's?
Who exists?
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Who sees?
Who hears?

Who smells?
Who tastes?
Who feels?
Who sleeps?
Who wakes?
Who sits?
Who walks?
Who runs?
Who longs?
Who mates?
Who cares?
Who likes?
Who loves?
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Who dreams?
Who works?
Who owns?
Who saves?
Who spends?
Who consumes?
Who pays?
Who knows?
Who wonders?
Who, who, who, are You?

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The kaleidoscoping quantum theater, is but a mirage of the sensory mind.

And no mirage, no concept, no dream, no matter how real and true it may seem,
Is ever ultimately more than an assumption, an invention, a falsehood, a hoax, a lie.
It is all but a reverie to be taken only as seriously as the given witness is inclined.
Laugh if You can, cry if You must, what are joy and sorrow but secular states.

* * * *

Every moment, You, unborn; every moment, You, undying.
Unborn-undying each and every moment, why hold fast to anything?
Unborn-undying each and every moment, why be troubled about anything?
Unborn-undying each and every moment, why believe in anything?

* * * *

The deities, most fabricate and worship, are of a limited mindscape.
What God truly is, is so beyond the naked eye, that the naked mind,
Cannot even begin to comprehend the infinitesimal infinity of it all.

* * * *

What we call heaven and hell, and everything between,
Are what You concoct, what You endure, in the here now.
State of mind, attitude, outlook, stance, bearing, is all.

* * * *

All things – animate or inanimate – are always in the quantum here now.
All forms small to great are but notions given reality by the sensory mind.
The eternal moment, the timeless awareness, is all there truly is, and is not.

* * * *

How to say it?

There is only the moment, and the awareness in which it resides.
or
There is only the awareness, and the moment in which it resides.

Can there be the awareness without the moment?
Can there be the moment without the awareness?

Is their separation, severance, partition, divorce, duality,
In any way or shape or form, even remotely possible?

And why would You even bother asking?

Move on, Pilgrim.

* * * *

“How astounding so many across all times, all geographies,
Have been born in the land of the one true religion,”
He said in a voice laden with ironic mockery.

* * * *

Space-time is a quantum illusion, an unfathomable theater,
Created by the magic of evolution, playing out in the mystery of awareness.
There is really only the inexplicable, intangible, immeasurable, unknowable, timeless moment,
Through which dreamtime streams, unfolds, unfurls, displays, kaleidoscopes,
In the mind-body patterning of each and every sentient being,
All extemporaneously interacting together,
All very much alone.

* * * *

In the immaculate awareness of the timeless unborn-undying moment, You do not exist.
Only in consciousness, only in the time-bound notions of imagination,
Does the me and myself and I, come into being.

* * * *

What is to get ecstatic or concerned or depressed about?
You have been doing this since the beginning of all beginnings,
And will be, until the end of all endings, and before and after that, too.

* * * *

Awareness does not give a gnat's ass about your vanity.
All your narcissistic-hedonistic gamesmanship.
It will carry on with or without You.
Always has, always will.

* * * *

Mind-bodies too dynamic to keep still, have concocted everything imaginable under the human sun.
Culture, religion, commerce, industry, art, music, writing, architecture, war …
Even the most still, rarely hold fast for all that long.
The order of chaos rules.

* * * *

If this moment of immaculate awareness is all there is, how can any measurement,
Any assumption, any play of consciousness, whatsoever, ultimately mean anything?

* * * *

You are You, I am I, and we are all but limited mortal elements in this quantum dreamtime,
All together playing out every ecstasy, every agony, every narcissistic-hedonistic spin of the dice,
And not the remotest chance, not the vaguest possibility, of surviving all that long in the relative sense.

* * * *

Another moment slips seamlessly into another,
Into another and another and another and another, forever another.
All one in the same.

* * * *

Look behind those eyes, You think that awareness peering out, is really not You?
We are all the same timeless mystery, in every form quantum can spin into being.

* * * *

Science, philosophy, religion, spirituality, belief, superstition,
Dogma, worship, exaltation, glorification, adulation, conviction, respect,
Idolization, praise, veneration, reverence, devotion, ceremony, sacrament, adoration,
Commandment, law, creed, canon, doctrine, principle, theory, code, rule, ritual, formula, model,
Speculation, conjecture, estimation, inference, intuition, fantasy, guess, notion …
What use does awareness have, what use does the moment have,
For any arbitrary invention of consciousness?

* * * *

Space-time is a quantum illusion,
A three-dimensional dream of consciousness,
An evolutionary collusion, an ever-kaleidoscoping mirage,
An inexplicable magician's trick extraordinaire.

* * * *

Whether many deities or just one, all religions, all mythologies,
Are nothing more than human vanity's superstitious, delusional need,
To pretend it is of first and foremost relevance to the inexplicable unknown.
Only path-less-followed minds see through the make-believe,
And stand alone, clear and unknowing.

* * * *

If it is a story, a myth, a legend, a tale, a chronicle,
A narrative, an anecdote, a description,
An account, a yarn, a fairytale,
Then it is not real.

* * * *

What we call reality starts unraveling pretty quickly,
Once You start really looking with a detached eye.

* * * *

How long will imagination allow You to reside in the immaculate serenity of awareness,
Totally alone, unbound by the tethers of the world and all its hullaballoo?
Why come back ever again, to that which is not at all real,
In any way or shape or form, whatsoever?
'Tis a razor's edge.

* * * *

All the problems, the mistakes, the bungles, the panics, the boo-boos, the miscalculations,
The complications, the faults, the errors, the catches, the slip-ups, the bruises, the oversights,
The inaccuracies, the disquiets, the bloopers, the gaffes, the muddles, the obstacles, the dilemmas,
The cuts, the lapses, the tears, the rips, the strains, the riddles, the missteps, the pains, the questions,
The dreads, the delays, the hitches, the lengths, the tortures, the glitches, the strivings, the nightmares,
The struggles, the stings, the distresses, the cruelties, the twinges, the anguishes, the slips, the concerns,
The inconveniences, the setbacks, the drawbacks, the stains, the hiccups, the stoppages, the intricacies,

The exertions, the adversities, the indiscretions, the horrors, the fears, the fretfulnesses, the nuisances,
The conundrums, the challenges, the posers, the enigmas, the cautions, the sufferings, the calamities,
The errors, the bloomers, the misprints, the faux pas, the howlers, the hurts, the aches, the sweats,
The worries, the anxieties, the strains, the griefs, the predicaments, the quandaries, the frights,
The phobias, the toils, the alarms, the brainteasers, the angsts, the troubles, the tribulations,
The apprehensions, the punishments, the afflictions, the snags, the troubles, the blights,
The obstructions, the difficulties, the blindsides, the bottlenecks, the hindrances,
The anomalies, the efforts, the trips, the oopsies, the oh-my-gods, the boobs,
The snafus, the blunders, the botch-ups, the cockups, the fuckups …
You just have to wrap your head around living with them.

* * * *

To cease cloaking awareness with time and space and its ever-kaleidoscoping quantum attributes,
Is a conceptual awakening that humanity is having considerable difficulty achieving.
Even in light of the vast amount of scientific evidence to the contrary,
Lethargic minds are far more attached to every imaginable category of absurdity.
Peering behind the mask of the many-faced mystery, is a solitary task, to which few incline.

* * * *

Awareness is all there is … In its ever-present moment, You always are.
There is no 'have always been' … There is no 'will always be.'
Time and space are naught but quantum illusions,
In which imagination takes flight in every notion imaginable.

* * * *

If You treat going to sleep as if it were a mini-death,
The real thing will not be all that different,
But without the alarm going off.

* * * *

The human species does not appear capable of awakening to a grander vision of its Self.
So, it will slumber on, and eventually perish, in the ruins of whatever is left,
As ignorant, as foolish, as when it exited the jungles of long ago.

* * * *

Everything is unequivocally relative to everything else.
Every mind-body, every frame of reference, is a cosmos unto its Self.
No two are ever alike, and none will ever envision any others, but through their own.

* * * *

The mind-body is the only way You can ever travel the space-time of this eternal quantum mystery.
And it will ever be at a one-breath-at-a-time, one-step-at-a-time, one-moment-at-a-time, kind of pace.

* * * *

Who wrote this?
Who do You think? And why would it matter?
All that matters, is that You have the keenness to read it, and unlock the given mind,
From the shackles of a conditioned nature-nurture dream.

Awareness is all, all is awareness.

* * * *

There is no forward, there is no back, there is no right nor left nor oblique.
There is only this very right-here-right-now quantum dreamtime,
For whatever moment the mystery of awareness allows.

* * * *

What is the meaning, what is the purpose, of human existence?
Well, it certainly seems to be, everyone unremittingly telling everyone else,
What they should think and do and believe and proselytize, obviously.

* * * *

A time machine would be great fun, if time truly existed.
Alas, imagination is the one and only contraption on hand.

* * * *

Despite all words, all concepts, all notions, to the contrary,
All philosophies must ultimately boil down to nothing,
Else the philosophers have not made the final unknowing leap,
And are instead snared, by the metaphors of their own imaginary design.

* * * *

Beneath the eyes, beneath the ears, beneath the nose, beneath the tongue, beneath the skin,
You, the timeless awareness, ever attentive to whatever moment the quantum mystery presents.

* * * *

Something may seem strange or wrong now, but obviously did not in whatever when.
What point judging history, and all the numberless values, the times of mind did ordain?

* * * *

The quickest, easiest way, to put any given true believer behind you,
Is to listen for a bit, nod a few times, offer thanks, and then meander on.
To discuss, to argue further, hazards squandering who knows how much time,
More than likely, better spent wandering alone in your own sovereignty.

* * * *

… game face on, game face off …
… game face on, game face off … game face on, game face off …
… game face on, game face off … game face on, game face off … game face on, game face off …
… game face on, game face off … game face on, game face off …
… game face on, game face off …

* * * *

… human pap …
… human tripe …
… human dreck …
… human bunkum …

… human nonsense …
… human foolishness …
… human poppycock …
… human hogwash …
… human claptrap …
… human garbage …
… human twaddle …
… human rubbish …
… human drivel …
… human idiocy …
… human trash …
… human dross …
… human tosh …
… human rot …

* * * *

All sentient life forms small to great gaze out upon their unique universe,
Each and every one, the same indivisible, ubiquitous awareness,
The same indivisible source, the same indivisible mystery.
Declare the awareness to be one god or many,
By whatever deific-sounding sounds comes to mind,
The inscrutable that humankind ever aspires to penetrate,
Is eternally indifferent to, unaffected by, all conscious endeavors.

* * * *

What creature can resist, a free meal or free deal or safe harbor?
Even the wildest things, can be tamed with the right enticement.

* * * *

How passionately, love can so easily morph, into resentment and hate.
It may be eternal in the ultimate, indelibly, excruciatingly idealistic sense,
But the vanities are more than capable of adulterating anything and everything.

* * * *

The only way to suppress human corruption, is to build hedges and dikes against it,
And then perpetually maintain them, against the unceasing greed that powers its engine.

* * * *

And how could any other speculated dimension,
Maneuver with a different set of rules, a separate set of laws,
Than that crafted by the electromagnetic spectrum (a.k.a., quantum matrix),
And the ethereal, indivisible awareness, in which it plays out?

* * * *

What is death but the ending, of the need to think, to breathe, to move, to eat, to drink, to poop and pee.
The end of ever-kaleidoscoping ecstasies and agonies, played out in the dream of time and space.
The end of power, fame, wealth, and all the narcissistic and hedonistic vanities they serve.
The end of the Seven Deadly Sins: pride, envy, gluttony, lust, wrath, greed, sloth.

The end of knowledge and wisdom and foolishness, and all the effort to maintain them.
Death offers such peace, such quietude, the heaven of non-existence, no imagination required.

* * * *

Here it all is, right here, right now.
Awareness, allotted to an imaginary existence.
The You that You imagine, is not, was not, will never be.
You are the nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.
A mystery, the time-bound mind can never grasp.

* * * *

It is really, quite astounding, to contemplate,
How all the sounds, we daily use to communicate,
Slowly evolved, from across all human history.
And English, the most dogged mutt to date.

* * * *

Celibacy can be a mindful, redemptive alternative,
If You wish to avoid buckets of vexation with the opposite sex,
And any roll-of-the-dice progeny, if seeds should bake to fruition in a womb.
Love is an enticing mirage, that can quickly morph into limitless forms of hellish enterprise.
Suffer on if You choose, but it is not mandatory, if you are resilient enough to resist the cultural pressures.

* * * *

It is all nothing more than the make-believe-pretend,
Of the electromagnetic spectrum (a.k.a., quantum matrix),
Kaleidoscoping in the ethereality of the mystery of awareness.

* * * *

What is the feminine mystique,
But an infatuation with much ado about nothing,
Often resulting in nothing more than a harvest of unremitting vexation.

* * * *

When it comes to being prepared for the ever-changing elements,
Remember it is far easier to take off something,
Than it is to add on nothing.

* * * *

Delve into the ultimate, definitive, supreme reality of your timeless, sovereign, absolute aloneness.
Your essence, your core, your gist, your crux, your root, your marrow, your beingness,
Your kernel, your lifeblood, your substance, your immortality, your soul.
The one and only truth You are, have ever been, will ever be.

* * * *

Applause, limelight, fame, celebrity, stardom,
Recognition, reputation, distinction, eminence, renown, praise,
Appreciation, approval, sanction, prominence, acclaim, popularity, glory, standing,

Status, notoriety, infamy, disrepute, ignominy, dishonor, legend, myth,
Or even obscurity, insignificance, irrelevance, anonymity.
What are they, for whom Self is all there is?

* * * *

The Axis of Evil

Nepotism
the practice among those with power or influence
of favoring relatives or friends, esp. by giving them jobs.

Cronyism
the appointment of friends and associates to positions of authority,
without proper regard to their qualifications.

Favoritism
the practice of giving unfair preferential treatment
to one person or group at the expense of another.

* * * *

Everything happens with or without your perception.
Everything happens with or without your permission.
Everything happens with or without your acceptance.

* * * *

What is this phenomenon we call existence?
A long and winding yellow brick road,
A deep and cavernous rabbit hole,
A reverie of timeless perception,
A collection of memories called real.
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

To be born is akin to the tabula rasa of unworked wood,
Destined to experience an unknown duration of every whittle existence offers.
Cut, carved, sliced, chiseled, chopped, shaved, trimmed, peeled, shaped, molded, formed, fashioned;
A mind-body-nature-nurture sculpture from first gasping breath to last wheezing one.

* * * *

Everything You think, is a record of your nature-nurture habituation,
The conditioning that plays over and over and over, until death do You part.
Understand the difference, between believing the record, and witnessing the record.

* * * *

Every life, a dream of its own, until death, it does forever part.
The same quantum mystery, the same awareness, all the while.

* * * *

Why is it that magical thinking is so crucial for so many?
How is it that the quantum theater is not magical enough?

* * * *

For the seer, the challenge of the ever-changing consciousness,
Is in the remembering and forgetting of its imaginary creation.

* * * *

All creation is but a simultaneous blip of imagination.
Ergo, time and space to play it out in grand theater form.

* * * *

Death is a dispassionate reaper.
The powerful and the weak,
The wealthy and the poor,
The famous and the unknown,
All find their way to the same grave.

* * * *

Despite all evidence, all beliefs, all theories, all assumptions to the contrary,
It is nothing more than a manifest dream, a touchy-feely mirage,
That has no ultimate meaning or purpose, whatsoever.
Only vanity ever make-believes it more.

* * * *

What concern have You for any heavens and hells,
For reincarnation, karma, or any other time-bound conception?
Of past lives, You have no memory; of future lives, You have no certainty.
All that matters, is this very right-here-right-now timeless moment.
As it would have been, will be, in any future-past ever coined.

* * * *

If You are perusing philosophical thoughts such as these,
Then You have to some degree, realized You are a witness to the mystery.
You are seer, mystic, oracle, hierophant, eye of the unknown, peering out upon creation.
Perhaps You will even become a scribe, a future-past fellow of the Dead Poets Society,
Or an artist of some other genre, who may well impart a vision, in a way no other has.

Soundbites

We are all walking the same stage in different universes.

* * * *

Choose war, choose peace, You every moment decide.

* * * *

Stare at more walls, breath more mindfully, become the mystery You are.

* * * *

Different parts of the jungle have always been off-limits to different dreams.

* * * *

How much of the angst and travail of the human drama is about oxygen mismanagement?

* * * *

Tradition losing its grip on the future, would that be such a bad thing?

* * * *

If not now, when?

* * * *

The Dittohead Syndrome strikes again.

* * * *

When You find that enlightenment thing, be sure to let us know what it is.

* * * *

Unplugging is not as easy as it might sound.

* * * *

How much more mysterious it truly is than your puny, vain vision can ever devise.

* * * *

The decline of entitlement is underway.

* * * *

Everyone places their bets sooner or later.

* * * *

False gods are a mockery to truth.

* * * *

Makest thy Self whole.

* * * *

When cultures collide, sometimes they meld; sometimes they decline and forever disappear.

* * * *

Try not to pretend to know what You can never know.

* * * *

Another day in the Great Usurpation.

* * * *

Everything is a bell curve, and we're all playing in different parts of the field.

* * * *

Pleasing a master is what slaves and dogs do.

* * * *

Natural selection; unnatural selection.

* * * *

Eternity and infinity are not units of space and/or time.

* * * *

Realize it or not, You are a witness to the mystery.

* * * *

What goes up, must come down.

* * * *

The lies of imagination are many and without end.

* * * *

Just more crap to remember, and forget.

* * * *

Consciousness, imagination, dreaming, all the same time-bound movement of mind.

* * * *

Where do people come up with this gibberish.

* * * *

Alliances have their collective purpose, but alone, You are free.

* * * *

As well-intended as any teacher may be, there is always room for doubt.

* * * *

As perfect as perfect can be.

* * * *

The success rate of best guesses can be exceedingly dubious.

* * * *

Doubt requires no belief.

* * * *

Impromptu theater is all it is.

* * * *

Love your Self, if You can find it.

* * * *

Any translation is an outcome of the translator's frame of reference.

* * * *

So long ago, so far away.

* * * *

Another day in Webland.

* * * *

What a thing, to be all creaky and cranky, and otherwise out of sorts.

* * * *

Much more serene to simply ignore your thought, whenever You can manage it.

* * * *

Speed is relative in the spectrum between a rock and a light beam.

* * * *

You soul is mine, and mine, yours, in the most literal sense.

* * * *

Do for your children what You would want done, or not want done, for yourself.

* * * *

The brush, the quill, the chisel, the bow, the hammer, the mouse, all have their magic.

* * * *

To approach the moment without the taint of memory, that is the challenge.

* * * *

Gotta stop sometime, somewhere.

* * * *

Sometimes the only way to face the day is to roll over and go back to sleep.

* * * *

Same You, no matter the mask.

* * * *

Now I am become Death, the destroyer of worlds.

* * * *

A leaf's fall is as predetermined as your own.

* * * *

Always a fine line.

* * * *

The Hydra of Entitlement pops out another head.

* * * *

Imagine all it took for these words to evolve into what You now read.

* * * *

Frame of reference, rolodex of reference.

* * * *

Another day in the Grand Théâtre.

* * * *

You are this.

* * * *

Ask any tortoise: Slow, little steps will get You there if fast, big ones are not an option.

* * * *

Sometimes You have to go through it to see through it.

* * * *

How can You not question? How can You not explore?

* * * *

Nothing ever begins, nothing ever ends, each and every moment.

* * * *

Effortlessness that is forced is not effortlessness.

* * * *

Life is the bother between naps.

* * * *

It is a big assumption there is a Santa Claus at the helm, much less one that loves anyone.

* * * *

Who is not a mix of contradictions?

* * * *

The dread of death, the attachment to life, is about not wanting the story to end.

* * * *

Nobody will know; nobody will care.

* * * *

Is existence really anything more than a bag of chemistry given over to imagination?

* * * *

The end of history … is the end of his story, her story, our story, their story, my story, all stories.

* * * *

You claim to be this or that, but what You are without the story, is the real story.

* * * *

Play out until You pan out.

* * * *

Sheeples abound; look in the mirror.

* * * *

Name that story.

* * * *

The barbarians own the gates.

* * * *

If there is nothing to do, do nothing.

* * * *

Awareness has no story to be or tell; what story can long hold its attention?

* * * *

It was hard to imagine that would be the case.

* * * *

Erase the story, and what have You got?

* * * *

Not likely anyone is going to care more than You, whether You are alive or dead.

* * * *

What is history but stories rippling through minds in ways the storytellers can never imagine.

* * * *

All sense of self is a fabrication of imagination, nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

God is much more, God is much less, than any word, any play of light and sound.

* * * *

The dearth of seers is patently obvious.

* * * *

God is never born. God never dies.

* * * *

It is in imagination that self is created and vanity rules.

* * * *

Discern within and without, and see it all for what it is and is not.

* * * *

There is no happy ending.

* * * *

The difference between humans and all other creatures small to great, is the lack of a sense of self.

* * * *

There is only awareness, through which imagination dreams.

* * * *

There is no God but You.

* * * *

Can the sense of self, the sense of separation, born of consciousness, ever be sane?

* * * *

Humankind takes and takes and takes, and then wants more.

* * * *

Existence is a blip, nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

Wake the fuck up.

* * * *

Awareness, even asleep, is eternally awake.

* * * *

Getting old, like it or not, is a journey into the solitude of awareness.

* * * *

The only thing personal about the dream is You.

* * * *

It is consciousness that moves, not Soul.

* * * *

Don’t do Santa Claus.

* * * *

Sweet oblivion.

* * * *

God is dead, long live God.

* * * *

The quantum matrix offers whatever draws, whatever distracts, the churning monkey-mind.

* * * *

So that’s your fate: Both unpredictable and predictable.

* * * *

Every strength has its weakness, every weakness, its strength.

* * * *

Enjoy that youth thing.

* * * *

Isn’t that special?

* * * *

Consciousness: Oh well, so it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.

* * * *

It is for the future-past to tell.

* * * *

That participation trophy really fooled You, didn’t it?

* * * *

Both believer and atheist assume they know something they do not, never could, never will.

* * * *

Poof given substance is still poof.

* * * *

Whose agenda do You play? Yours or another’s?

* * * *

There You go, lying to your Self again.

* * * *

Trust greed to twist anything and everything it touches.

* * * *

Doubt is the key ingredient.

* * * *

Would You have remembered that without a photograph or some other coaxing?

* * * *

How can an empty sky be pointed out to clouds caught up in the dreams clouds dream?

* * * *

But isn't that the way they say it goes?

* * * *

Bow to it, become it.

* * * *

The aloneness of the mystery is all-pervading.

* * * *

Decisions, decisions.

* * * *

Even wisdom is imaginary.

* * * *

This cannot be taught.

* * * *

Critics are akin to remora fish hanging on, sucking on shark shit.

* * * *

Walking the line.

The delusional permutations of imagination are without end.

* * * *

You could just tell.

* * * *

Every moment remembered, every moment forgotten.

* * * *

Laugh while You can, Peter Pan … Wendy is on the hunt … Be afraid … Be very afraid.

* * * *

Another day wandering down Trope Lane.

* * * *

A man, in all his foolishness, weaves many a price; a man, in all his wisdom, pays many a debt.

* * * *

Even Atlas cannot shrug it all off.

* * * *

The truth of history is never what You think.

* * * *

Men are pack mules for the womb.

* * * *

The key to nirvana is forgetting everything; easier said than done.

* * * *

The perfect crime is no one knowing it even happened.

* * * *

Got so much and still so hungry.

* * * *

How flat is flat? How round is round?

* * * *

Awareness is the presence through which all dreams abide.

* * * *

Be ye keen observer, or dull regurgitator?

* * * *

Becoming old and invisible is rough on all.

* * * *

It is all figurative.

* * * *

The universe is very much alive, such as it is.

* * * *

A sage and his fool are not easily parted.

* * * *

Pretty hard not to play along in some capacity.

* * * *

Does anyone really care about others past what is in it for them?

* * * *

Honored among demons; harped among angels.

* * * *

Eternity is like that.

* * * *

There goes a cluster.

* * * *

Awareness, witness to all, bound by none.

* * * *

For the lack of a historian, another inglorious moment left un-scribed.

* * * *

No creator instantly creates; process is all.

* * * *

And the little boy cried wolf no more.

* * * *

And will You go to the bitter end, or take the matter into your own hands?

* * * *

Everything takes practice.

* * * *

It seems real enough at the time.

* * * *

What is prior to consciousness? Awareness. What is prior to awareness? Nothing.

* * * *

It has no name.

* * * *

Best be sure before You open or shut a door.

* * * *

Any story only exists for as long as it is remembered.

* * * *

Smart phones that are not.

* * * *

Hope is akin to believing You can win in Las Vegas.

* * * *

Cut to the chase.

* * * *

Content, or not content, You decide.

* * * *

All evolutionary roads lead to slime.

* * * *

Intention is all.

* * * *

Always check your work.

* * * *

Is anything ever quite the way You think it is.

* * * *

Why You have never seen your face is both question and the answer.

* * * *

Anonymity can be a harsh judge.

* * * *

Troll world.

* * * *

The spirit of the pharisee harbors in all times, all geographies, all religions.

* * * *

Even tyranny has its justice.

* * * *

Books wait patiently detached for any minds seeking to feast on whatever it is they offer.

* * * *

Shit happens, and pee and gas, too.

* * * *

Your tribe, not your tribe.

* * * *

The great hunger paves the road to many a consequence.

* * * *

No life to live.

* * * *

So full as to be empty, so empty as to be full.

* * * *

Another round of the Santa Claus games.

* * * *

Tomorrow is never enough for more than a few.

* * * *

Another round of collateral damage hits the headlines.

* * * *

Will the real Jesus please stand up?

* * * *

Desperation is a hardy brew.

* * * *

What You were trying to say …

* * * *

As amazing as the cosmos is, the mind that created it, is even more so.

* * * *

Everyone is on their own, is the ultimate truth.

* * * *

"If" ... Amazing how big such a little word can be.

* * * *

To join, or not to join, that is the question.

* * * *

Have You seen your face today?

* * * *

Process is the goal and the reward.

* * * *

A book without plot, without goal, without purpose, without meaning, what is that about?

* * * *

Plenty of snake oil salesmen always ready and waiting to give You whatever truth You will swallow.

* * * *

In the mirror, in the photograph, in the video, the face You will never see.

* * * *

Another day in the war between science and ignorance.

* * * *

Keep working on caring less.

* * * *

Only vanity believes there is a problem; only vanity believes there is an answer.

* * * *

“Will somebody get this guy offstage? He’s killing me.”

* * * *

Sometimes You just need to tear it all down and start over.

* * * *

Do not stop with just one book; there are plenty more, and maybe written better.

* * * *

Can You ever really do more than flail at your fate?

* * * *

The vanity in the halls of academia is no less rancid than any other genre collared white or blue.

* * * *

Odds are your Jesus is not even close to whoever/ifever he really was.

* * * *

Do not make this your only book.

* * * *

The eternal space does not care whether it is aligned left, right, or center.

* * * *

What is all this babble about but to get You to think, until You are no longer inclined.

* * * *

What is an ending but a beginning; what is a beginning but and ending.

* * * *

The Holy Trinity: Santa Claus, Easter Bunny, Tooth Fairy

* * * *

More of the same old same old.

* * * *

You are not what You imagine your Self to be, have never been, will never be.

* * * *

Nope, nope, nope, just ain't going to happen.

* * * *

When did that inner voice get started?

* * * *

Meeting the world, the cosmos, the mystery, as it is, is the simplest, most pragmatic way.

* * * *

No teaching can happen if the student is not ready, if the ground is not prepared.

* * * *

Innocence inevitably loses its way to survival of the mind-body.

* * * *

Observe the matrix about You with the same detachment You would any stage or screen play.

* * * *

There is no higher power moving You around some chessboard.

* * * *

The vanity of time is the realm of any given mind.

* * * *

Chances are it is not going to happen unless You make it happen.

* * * *

You are it, it is You, there is no other.

* * * *

The truth will set You free, if You let it.

* * * *

Do not make any metaphor more that it is not, has never been, will never be.

* * * *

What is any human existence but a collection of vague traces of a future-past.

* * * *

Right here, right now, ever and ever ceaselessly kaleidoscoping in consciousness.

* * * *

No, vanity is not all; how can the patter of imagination ever really amount to anything?

* * * *

It always comes back to that breath.

* * * *

The rabbit hole of consequences can be very deep, very dark, and impossible to escape.

* * * *

History is not a reliable source, history is not a reliable judge.

* * * *

To chatter, or not to chatter, that is the question.

* * * *

How many will You judge today?

* * * *

Let it be.

* * * *

Life longs for life, as does death.

* * * *

Save the world? How? Why?

* * * *

It is but vanity that believes its self or anything else matters.

* * * *

Thinkers think, dreamers dream, philosophers philosophize, it is what we do.

* * * *

Another day begins; into the rabbit hole You go, You go.

* * * *

Enjoy your one shot at existence; it is an act of futility be greedy for more.

* * * *

From the mystery, to the mystery, take it, leave it, what matter either way?

* * * *

What has any other got to do with it?

* * * *

Time and space, clouds and sky, consciousness and awareness, where is the separation?

* * * *

Yet another false hope to inspire the masses.

* * * *

History is replete with characters who take the human story down many a rabbit hole.

* * * *

All You hunger for, long for, lust for, ache for, pine for, is but an empty banquet.

* * * *

Yet another imaginary feat.

* * * *

The serenity of oblivion comes to those who discern it. s

* * * *

Aloneness quenches a thirst loneliness never can, never has, never will.

* * * *

The rabbit hole of consequences leaves no carrot untasted, however sweet or bitter.

* * * *

From the mystery, to the mystery, take it, leave it, what matter either way?

* * * *

To be eternally awake is to be that which has no bounds, to be that which is god.

* * * *

Another day of anarchy.

* * * *

What story is ever completely objective? Is it even possible?

* * * *

The Piper is coming; the Piper is here.

* * * *

Who's to judge?

* * * *

How can awareness, how can the moment, ever be known?

* * * *

Science is not without horror.

* * * *

The challenge is to embrace the mystery without the limitations of imagination.

* * * *

Yet another lab rat for science bites the dust.

* * * *

Do not confuse the vanity of consciousness with the sentience of awareness.

* * * *

Truth trumps all.

* * * *

Vanity is nothing more than imagination gone askew.

* * * *

So many universes from which to reckon oblivion.

* * * *

Are You really the one to accuse?

* * * *

The great unknowing is a wonderous state of mindless.

* * * *

Just one more.

* * * *

Every one perceives, every one judges, every one abides, their cosmos, in their own unique way.

* * * *

Another mountain to climb … (sigh) … (yawn).

* * * *

To view anything though a small-minded lens … Why would You? … How could You?

* * * *

Hemmed in by the sages of the ages, we are, we are.

* * * *

What profit in wisdom?

* * * *

Yet another horror story with which the future shall have to contend.

* * * *

Another day of cleaning house.

* * * *

What matters most is that something is done right, not how long it takes.

* * * *

Funny the things we remember.

* * * *

Hang tough, little dogie.

* * * *

Always a good idea to check the links and other editables.

* * * *

All that struggle, for what?

* * * *

Easier to see it than it is to live it.

* * * *

Another mountain to climb … first the first step … then the second … then the third … then the …

* * * *

Curious how easily, how quickly, guardianship gave way to greed.

* * * *

Science is a house of horrors.

* * * *

Here comes the judge.

* * * *

Are You That I Am? Or, This I Am?

* * * *

The sovereignty of solitude is one without other, one without rival.

* * * *

Who trusts a traitor once the foul deed is accomplished?

* * * *

Nature-nurture is a dynamic, a synergy, not one versus another.

* * * *

Mind and body and world and cosmos are a simultaneous meld.

* * * *

A moving mind is a rote mind.

* * * *

You are not your name.

* * * *

Any given mind-body and its universe are one in the same.

* * * *

What is the common core of this nebulous thing called mental illness, but overwrought self-absorption.

* * * *

The hungry monkey is not letting go of that tasty bait in the coconut snare anytime ever.

* * * *

Everything changes, nothing changes.

* * * *

Your Jesus is a fabrication of your imagination, as is any historical characterization.

* * * *

Old School will rise again.

* * * *

Another day of lawlessness.

* * * *

Breathe in awareness, breathe out awareness.

* * * *

Even if only one mind grasped the mystery for what it truly is, that would be one more than enough.

* * * *

Being crazy does not make You wrong.

* * * *

Don’t quit now.

* * * *

What need of deities when imaginary is all they ever are, have ever been, will ever be.

* * * *

So many perches from which to gaze out upon the reaches near and far.

* * * *

Welcome to Carnivàle Earth.

* * * *

One book, many titles.

* * * *

Neither a disciple nor prophet be.

* * * *

Things were said that never should be said.

* * * *

Very inconvenient being born.

* * * *

Earn it.

* * * *

Not a good time for cowards.

* * * *

You are, until You are not.

* * * *

Go ask Darwin.

* * * *

What would Darwin say?

* * * *

The perfect disguise above.

* * * *

Yet another gold rush looking for losers.

* * * *

Where would time be without manifestation to carry it out?

* * * *

Drive out the other.

* * * *

The best policy may often be: Get out while the getting's good.

* * * *

A correction is necessary; will it be heard, will it be abided, is another matter.

* * * *

How can someone You dislike or fear ever be a true friend?

* * * *

Refining the search.

* * * *

Everyone – family, friends, acquaintances, foes – is a potential neck for a vampire's greed.

* * * *

To spend your brief existence overly concerned what other think of You, what a waste.

* * * *

Free the now.

* * * *

Hard to believe how stupid, how insane, how absurd, so many can be.

* * * *

Logical or arbitrary, or both, or neither?

* * * *

Awareness … namelsss name, worldless world, lightless light, soundless sound, quantumless quantum.

* * * *

Eternity or bust

* * * *

Holodeck … Holoworld … Holoverse …

* * * *

And You did not think of that before, because?

* * * *

What You think or do does not need to make sense to anyone.

* * * *

The song of godness, the song of awareness, the song of mystery.

* * * *

Futility or bust.

* * * *

What conclusion can there be, but that there is no conclusion.

* * * *

Well, it sort of made sense at the time.

* * * *

Are You really the best your ancestors had to offer?

* * * *

What calls You?

* * * *

How about trying to throw some more gas on that fire?

* * * *

Sometimes one, sometimes another, sometimes neither, it does not really matter.

* * * *

Everything changes; nothing stays the same.

* * * *

Always good policy to re-read it a time or so before You send it.

* * * *

Corollaries abound.

* * * *

Creation … Preservation … Destruction … everything, nothing, all the while.

* * * *

For that which You truly are, there is no name.

* * * *

If You are quibbling over details, You may well be missing the point.

* * * *

Your end of time is near, and nearer every moment.

* * * *

For that which You have greatest passion, time loses meaning.

* * * *

Many a talking head is a great spewer of polarization.

* * * *

Godness, awareness, mystery … same thing.

* * * *

No rules in a knife fight, so why should there be any in the mystery?

* * * *

So many ways to suffer in this mortal existence.

* * * *

You want this, I want that; different minds, different universes.

* * * *

Born of illusion, born into illusion; the trick is not to stay there.

* * * *

Mother Nature does not take prisoners; at least not until You are born.

* * * *

Only vanity could come up with a concept like forever.

* * * *

It is all in the mind … those eyes, those ears, that tongue, that nose, that flesh.

* * * *

What world, what universe, would there be, without You as witness?

* * * *

All assertion is relative.

* * * *

The solution will come; You just need to provide the space.

* * * *

Who's the who, who chooses? Consciousness? Or awareness? Or both and neither?

* * * *

Nothing calls.

* * * *

Same difference, or lack thereof.

* * * *

The vanity of science is believing all its measurements count for something.

* * * *

Generosity of the miserly sort, of the stingy sort, of the tax-deductions sort, is not generosity.

* * * *

The indivisible pie lets You play your illusion however You please.

* * * *

Oh, the things You wish You had said, or not.

* * * *

Life has certainly proven to be pretty darned dangerous.

* * * *

Imagine the world without You in it.

* * * *

Can anyone be an island early in life?

* * * *

Holding out for hope is not the best of strategies.

* * * *

You mean, You thought about that already?

* * * *

What would Orwell write now?

* * * *

Shoulda-coulda-woulda been more; shoulda-coulda-woulda been less.

* * * *

Arrogance and ignorance walk hand-in-hand.

* * * *

Prior to awareness? 'Tain't no such person nor place nor thing.

* * * *

Easier to conquer the universe than it is your Self.

* * * *

Can’t save what can't be saved.

* * * *

How can nowness of the moment possibly be differentiated?

* * * *

So much forgotten, and the day ain’t over yet.

* * * *

So, are You ever going to forgive others for your vanity, for your greed?

* * * *

Every moment streams You closer and closer to your final fate.

* * * *

The universe is but a grain of sand.

* * * *

What is so appealing in low light is often far less so in a full glare.

* * * *

Only vanity believes anything matters.

* * * *

Life, dreamy, touch-feely, three-dimensional illusion that it is, it ain’t all literal, it ain’t all figurative.

* * * *

Day ain’t over yet.

* * * *

Ain’t no rewind button for the shoulda-coulda-wouldas.

* * * *

Mommy, make it go away!

* * * *

Ain’t no bargaining with the Reaper.

* * * *

Anonymity is the first line of defense; don't be a target.

* * * *

Enjoying what You do is meaning and purpose enough.

* * * *

War is the Midas touch if ever there was one.

* * * *

Saving the world one ass-kicking at a time.

* * * *

From perch to perch, all life wanders.

* * * *

Hoping against hope generally ain't a winning strategy.

* * * *

Aging is about the body getting weaker and weaker, and the mind getting vaguer and vaguer.

* * * *

Through the looking glass, again You wander.

* * * *

A piece of paper does not for a lick of sense make.

* * * *

Changing the world? No, just playing your part.

* * * *

The commonality of all mental illnesses is an overconsumption, an overabundance, of self-absorption.

* * * *

Awareness without dimension is the ultimate solitude of eternity.

* * * *

Survive the daze.

* * * *

Neither borrower nor lender be.

* * * *

How much easier, how much more efficient, any problem, any project, with the right tools in hand.

* * * *

Know the ground, know the context.

* * * *

Play the odds of any given game, or walk away and spend your priceless elsewhere.

* * * *

What relationship is without politics?

* * * *

The mystery, solved, sort of.

* * * *

What would our ancestors think of our entitled lives, that we wrap ourselves in so much drivel?

* * * *

Life, a continuous conversation with your Self.

* * * *

Those who awaken risk being burned at the stake or being entombed in a garden statue.

* * * *

How quickly so many rush to judgment.

* * * *

Quantum gives, quantum takes.

* * * *

How is it that just being the still awareness of the moment is not enough?

* * * *

Note to Self: Self, I was thinking ...

* * * *

Time and space are imaginary constructs inspired by the illusory world built by the sensory mind.

* * * *

Is it really necessary think about most the things You continuously, repeatedly, think about?

* * * *

Not your motivation.

* * * *

A mind that is coddled will have more trouble in Darwinian fare.

* * * *

Moving down the timeline in flowchart fashion.

* * * *

In the figurative v. literal game, wit and witlessness get equal billing.

* * * *

Awareness is the only constant eternity has to offer.

* * * *

Abandon the problem-solving-problem-making, passion-seeking, trivial pursuit mind.

* * * *

Grok it.

* * * *

Life values life, life endures; death values nothing.

* * * *

The ego mind does not easily give over to oblivion.

* * * *

Disengage as the moment allows.

* * * *

Embrace absurdity.

* * * *

What others think of You, why does it matter so?

* * * *

The karmas of consequence are the hydras of future-past.

* * * *

Try not to make other people's issues your own.

* * * *

Taking on other people's problems, making them personal, is a sure road to one perdition or another.

* * * *

Are You able to totally detach, totally disengage, or is it just more words?

* * * *

What is your most priceless wealth? … The next breath.

* * * *

That You are alive as anything more than an imaginary figment, is an imaginary assumption.

* * * *

Cynicism is a shield of righteousness against the absurdities of human consciousness.

* * * *

Who will be the last historian? The last scientist? The last mathematician? The last anything?

* * * *

A good-natured rogue is always a draw.

* * * *

Rational irrationality or irrational rationality, same difference.

* * * *

What more-more-more do You still insatiably thirst for?

* * * *

A higher level of faith is required.

* * * *

Spending your existence jousting windmills of the world and mind, eh?

* * * *

The leader is the one willing to do and say what others cannot or will not.

* * * *

Planning for debacles seems to be a lost art.

* * * *

The leader is the one willing to be and do and say what others cannot or will not.

* * * *

Who the heck thought up that?

* * * *

Identifying with the mind-body is what lost Eden.

* * * *

Another brick in the wall.

* * * *

Haven't You been lied to enough to know when it's happening yet again?

* * * *

You really believe that!?

* * * *

The good die young, and the rest ain't far behind.

* * * *

How we got here, nobody really knows.

* * * *

No questions, no answers, no purpose, no reason, why would there be?

* * * *

Not a good idea to fuck with Mother Nature; she does not take prisoners.

* * * *

Domino by domino, the house of cards falls.

* * * *

The quest for truth is not an exercise in trivial pursuit.

* * * *

Yesterdaze news.

* * * *

Before they were monkeys, your ancestors were slime.

* * * *

Different substances alter in different ways, allowing awareness to witness many facets of one mind.

* * * *

Like any other pleasure, curiosity should be tempered.

* * * *

Consciousness is ever-changing; awareness, ever-changeless.

* * * *

What is language but sound given meaning.

* * * *

Imagine the imagination.

* * * *

Too bad You didn't think of that first.

* * * *

May as well have never happened.

* * * *

Awareness is eternity, eternity is awareness, the one and only real You.

* * * *

Do the science.

* * * *

There is only now; nothing else really matters for long.

* * * *

Perception is a nature-nurture phenomenon.

* * * *

Think for your Self.

* * * *

Across the world, ignorance is regaining lost ground.

* * * *

In every moment, You are as close to nothing as awareness gets.

* * * *

A good candidate for a Reaper pick-up.

* * * *

Death is an end to something that was just a blip anyway.

* * * *

Why believe in anything?

* * * *

Undo the math.

* * * *

No effort required.

* * * *

Infinity hath no bounds, including You.

* * * *

Speculation is the irrefutable bailiwick of ineffectual thinking.

* * * *

The new normal awakens to another day.

* * * *

Do or die.

* * * *

It is not possible for the mystery to be separate from its creation.

* * * *

How far to wander downrange is the question.

* * * *

Practice effortlessness.

* * * *

The blame game is a predicable outcome to any clusterfuck.

* * * *

In the mind's great dread, the insecurity of mortal fare.

* * * *

Let go.

* * * *

If there is effort, You are not there yet.

* * * *

Believing your thoughts real and true is the first and last delusion.

* * * *

Industry and technology have done little to make humankind more civilized.

* * * *

Far easier not to gain it than it is to lose it.

* * * *

What is will, what is drive, what is resolve, but primal instinct coated in consciousness.

* * * *

Consciousness … imagination … is the usurper of eternity.

* * * *

How can awareness be involved with or concerned about anything?

* * * *

Love and friendship, hate and animosity, can be such tenuous intrigues.

* * * *

Where is the mind that is without care or concern?

* * * *

A temporal guise.

* * * *

Best not to take yourself too seriously, and your Self, as well.

* * * *

Another taste, another sight, another smell, another taste, another touch … Meh

* * * *

The group mind is a synergy, potentially everything from dark to light, join at your own risk.

* * * *

Read it in a book, heard it in a song, saw it in a movie.

* * * *

Why You keep doing this to your Self is the real mystery.

* * * *

You will look good in a casket.

* * * *

The simpler, the better, usually proves true.

* * * *

Call it what You please; it is only sound, it is only vibration, it is only quantum.

* * * *

Chew your liquids, drink your solids.

* * * *

End times! Yee-hah!

* * * *

Enjoy what You have today; it may not be here tomorrow.

* * * *

Just another lie.

* * * *

Why so curious?

* * * *

How do You stay clean in a muddy stream?

* * * *

Predator may be prey, and prey, predator, in any given circumstance.

* * * *

The ever-accelerating exponential is accelerating exponentially.

* * * *

Keep it absurd.

* * * *

What is the point of this insatiable need to know?

* * * *

To be truly forgiving is to not take offense in the first place.

* * * *

And the band played into the night.

* * * *

Slog on.

* * * *

Gonna be a bloodbath.

* * * *

Don’t fuck with Mother Nature.

* * * *

How is it so many rich people are so impoverished within?

* * * *

Where the tire hits the road.

* * * *

Destiny is dust.

* * * *

That fits.

* * * *

Eyeless eye, earless ears, noseless nose, tongueless tongue, touchless touch, mindless mind.

* * * *

Embrace your fate, or resist it, your destiny will happen just the same.

* * * *

Imagination only dreams it is alive.

* * * *

In the world, and not of it; or in the world, less and less of it.

* * * *

Become your universe, become your awareness, become your absolute.

* * * *

Existence, however it is parsed, is nothing more than a stretch of imagination.

* * * *

Irony and paradox and absurdity rule.

* * * *

Every moment, You are surrounded by countless things You will never know, can never know.

* * * *

You will know.

* * * *

In perfect detachment, You are as free as You can be locked in a mortal shell.

* * * *

Another lesson learned; another lesson forgotten.

* * * *

Remembering the good old daze.

* * * *

They are in your head, and You may perchance be in theirs, too.

* * * *

You are wasting time, and time is wasting You.

* * * *

Imagination is but a swirl of the electromagnetic spectrum (a.k.a., The Great Quantum).

* * * *

Imagination only imagines it is alive.

* * * *

Fate is like an asshole, everyone has one.

* * * *

In that moment of unknowing, who-what-where-when-why-how are You?

* * * *

Atlas shrugged; You can, too.

* * * *

The centerless center and the pointless point are one in the same.

* * * *

Fifty-thousand-year-old-plus-or-minus software, still churning out jungle persuasion.

* * * *

Can You really help your Self?

* * * *

Life is exploring-wandering-pacing the cage in which your nature-nurture lands.

* * * *

Who, pray tell, is the gold standard for sanity?

* * * *

Another round of the bureaucratic nightmare that the so-called civilized life has become.

* * * *

Remember and forget, back and forth, forth and back.

* * * *

The future-past of human history is the culmination of all destinies.

* * * *

You are both human and divine, both limited and unlimited, both mundane and immaculate.

* * * *

How can You see-hear-touch-taste-feel a dream but through imagination?

* * * *

Truth is truth by any name You care to call it.

* * * *

How can You waste time? How can You waste what does not exist?

* * * *

Life is one very long conversation with your Self.

* * * *

Suffer on, Pilgrim, suffer on.

* * * *

Hell is in the details; heaven, their absence.

* * * *

Imagination only thinks it is alive.

* * * *

Embrace the Dark Side, and it loses its power over You.

* * * *

Curiosity can take You down many a long-and-winding road.

* * * *

You cannot outwit a destiny that cannot be changed.

* * * *

What's good? What's bad? What's worse?

* * * *

Death trumps destiny yet again.

* * * *

There is only one soul, some call it god, and it is one and all … including You.

* * * *

When You dive into a rabbit hole, always a good idea to stay within sight of the entrance.

* * * *

Wisdom percolates from a hankering for truth.

* * * *

How can You prove nothing exists? How can You prove nothing does not exist?

* * * *

Your real wealth is your health; spend it wisely.

* * * *

Whatever You think happened likely did not.

* * * *

There goes another one of them ironic paradoxes, like shots across the bow.

* * * *

It is the concept of god that needs changing.

* * * *

Blue Pill, Red Pill, what is the difference, really, but degrees of vanity?

* * * *

There is nothing to prove, nothing to be, nothing to not be.

* * * *

Another thing You will never know.

* * * *

Think about it.

* * * *

Ignorance is bliss, until it is not.

* * * *

Life, it can be heaven, it can be hell.

* * * *

So full as to be empty; so empty as to be full.

* * * *

Suicide is fate interrupted.

* * * *

Good agnostic that You are, treat aliens like You do God, believe in ‘em when You sees ‘em.

* * * *

The mind is both problem-solver and problem-maker; the challenge is to minimize the latter.

* * * *

Wisdom is the distillation of experiences good to bad, happy to sad, sane to mad.

* * * *

Brainwashing, there ain’t nothing cleansing about it.

* * * *

Some decisions, some doors in the maze, are far more fateful than others.

* * * *

How I see it, how You see it, can never be the same.

* * * *

Esoteric’s the word.

* * * *

It takes great skill to be a successful failure in this world.

* * * *

Very arbitrary, indeed.

* * * *

There is nothing to fathom.

* * * *

Can't win for losing.

* * * *

Become eternity.

* * * *

To be inwardly free of all claims is the challenge.

* * * *

Consciousness (a.k.a., imagination) is about becoming; awareness, being.

* * * *

Being adept with a bludgeon does not make anyone a superior being.

* * * *

There is no yoke in being the mystery You are.

* * * *

Rest assured your first breath will find a way to the last.

* * * *

Dust to dust, unborn, undying, space and time naught but quantum illusion.

* * * *

Aloneness, dive into it.

* * * *

The nature-nurture algorithm cannot be undone.

* * * *

Life, a fatal disease.

* * * *

Whatever the knot is, just cut it.

* * * *

Same old tired feeling.

* * * *

Eternity is your residence.

* * * *

Ditch the yoke.

* * * *

Leave judgment to God.

* * * *

Anything and everything.

* * * *

All there is to know is that You are the mystery of awareness; everything else is imaginary.

* * * *

Much easier to fabricate deities and demons than it is to take personal responsibility.

* * * *

History is only as real as it is remembered.

* * * *

There are no limits to human absurdity.

* * * *

The boat leaking, the rudder broken, the oar lost, and the roaring falls every moment louder.

* * * *

Your destiny is the ever-present moment.

* * * *

Enjoy your own company, be your best friend, even your lover if it suits You.

* * * *

Mother Nature does not take prisoners.

* * * *

The limits to human absurdity have not yet been fathomed.

* * * *

The key to nirvana is the end of You.

* * * *

You must choose to free your Self; no one else can do it for You.

* * * *

The moment happens; only vanity gives it reason and purpose.

* * * *

The fat lady is singing.

* * * *

Numbers were as huge back in the finger-counting daze.

* * * *

It only takes a moment to wipe a smirk off any pride-filled face.

* * * *

You will be forgotten; it will be forgotten.

* * * *

No memory, no imaginary notion, has ever been real.

* * * *

The faces and names change, but the patterns ever remain the same.

* * * *

You know a lot, and know You do not know a lot more.

* * * *

How can You possibly be at all separate from anything?

* * * *

Problem-solvers … Toolmakers … Playmakers … the axis of good and evil, indeed.

* * * *

Self-pity, try not to go there.

* * * *

Wee bullets and bugs can take down any Goliath.

* * * *

What the Fates have in store can never be more than speculated.

* * * *

Wisdom is a form of jet lag.

* * * *

Fulfilling one's destiny can be filled with agony or ecstasy, You decide.

* * * *

One destiny, all.

* * * *

Who? What? Where? When? Why? How? … For vanity's sake, of course.

* * * *

In the world … sometimes of it, sometimes not … no worries.

* * * *

There is nothing to know.

* * * *

Imagination is the usurper of eternity.

* * * *

Wrapping your head around self-pity can be a great challenge.

* * * *

Humankind did not have to imagine it the way it has.

* * * *

Awareness is not the third eye; it is the one and only true eye.

* * * *

The future of the human paradigm only grows more absurd by the day.

* * * *

History is only as real as it is given attention.

* * * *

Take it personal, and You will suffer and cause suffering long and hard.

* * * *

All are quantum mechanics of the biological sort.

* * * *

There is where You want it to go, and there is where it is really going.

* * * *

Seeing is not believing.

* * * *

Awareness does not require anything.

* * * *

Other than being witness, the real has no relationship with the imaginary context.

* * * *

Awareness is the one true eye.

* * * *

Be true to your Self.

* * * *

Awareness does not scratch or bleed or burn.

* * * *

Which hook, line, and sinker have You bought into today?

* * * *

How can even one grain of sand not be in compliance with the whole?

* * * *

The mystery is an insoluble mystery, even for the mystery.

* * * *

How can even one grain of sand not be in compliance, in synchronicity, with the whole?

* * * *

You were never born, You will never die, get over it.

* * * *

Universe … Omniverse … Quantaverse.

* * * *

The Roman Way: I See, I Want, I Take.

* * * *

Poor widdle You.

* * * *

Wax on, wax off.

* * * *

And there You are again, imagining yourself real.

* * * *

Strategy and tactics are sharpened through many errors.

* * * *

Accept no premise laced with falsehood or fallacy or absurdity, and You are home, scot-free.

* * * *

How to balance all the perceived unfairness that existence has dealt all.

* * * *

Extremism, whatever the genre, is always inexplicable to the moderate spirit.

* * * *

Human beings do not easily abide differences.

* * * *

One-dimensional, two-dimensional, three-dimensional, four-dimensional, no-dimensional.

* * * *

Vanity, vanity, all is vanity, over and over again.

* * * *

You are the perfect You.

* * * *

How many times have You wished your life away?

* * * *

However You glean the universe about You, accurate information makes for better decisions.

* * * *

Giving attention only to what You want to hear, can be dangerous ground.

* * * *

INFINITE MOTIVATION for only $10! Step right up, folks! Step right up!

* * * *

Different day, same monkey.

* * * *

Better a dream than nothing? Or nothing than a dream? Hmm …

* * * *

Time is yours to spend wisely or wastes foolishly as the given dream ordains.

* * * *

Pretenders all.

* * * *

Creator's remorse.

* * * *

Neither need nor want.

* * * *

What need for respect from dilettantes or fools?

* * * *

Going through the motions, are we?

* * * *

Hope cannot save You.

* * * *

Arrogance is dangerous ground.

* * * *

So many things do not really matter; perhaps none of it if You are of a nihilistic bent.

* * * *

Tough luck being born.

* * * *

Arrogance is very blinding; it digs a shallow grave.

* * * *

Only speculation knows.

* * * *

Guardians have hearts too big not to share with all.

* * * *

As effortless as the mind allows.

* * * *

Breathe away those cares.

* * * *

There You are – right here, right now – fulfilling this imaginary fate.

* * * *

There is only the indelible moment, to which awareness is constant witness.

* * * *

You are forever here now, whatever forever is, whatever here is, whatever now is.

* * * *

The perceptions of the sensory mind-body are all.

* * * *

Your nose looks best on your own face; try keeping it there.

* * * *

Truth: Yours or mine? Hers or his? Theirs or ours?

* * * *

What is history but the play of patterns.

* * * *

Perception is the invention of imagination; speculation, the jester of delusion.

* * * *

To which You are You referring? The imaginary you, or the real You?

* * * *

Patterns within patterns within patterns within patterns within pattern within patterns …

* * * *

Perhaps at some point, it will become less about accumulating than it is about letting go.

* * * *

Both ends of the river are the same river.

* * * *

Don't worry, be happy … may sound somewhat trite ... but is sound advice if You can manage it.

* * * *

As far as words can take it.

* * * *

Nothing is ever all; all is ever nothing.

* * * *

Yet another day to rape and pillage the garden to our wallet's content.

* * * *

Imaginary universe, imaginary world, imaginary you.

* * * *

Greatness is relative when fueled by mindlessness.

* * * *

Recording history accurately is an endless, somewhat futile quest.

* * * *

The trilogy of consciousness is me, myself, and I.

* * * *

A very long, long time ago, one of our ancestors picked up a rock …

* * * *

This is where imagination gets You.

* * * *

When You just timelessly are, nothing is done, nothing is undone.

* * * *

Why keep filling that noggin with trivia You are going to forget or not remember well.

* * * *

Sometimes, not always.

* * * *

Kick away the ladder.

* * * *

Another day in the Genitalia Wars.

* * * *

It is all talking heads until the pudding is served.

* * * *

Some call it living.

* * * *

Just warm from the kill.

* * * *

To our heart's content, to our wallet's content, You mean there is a difference?

* * * *

Everything is nothing, nothing is everything.

* * * *

Naming it only puts off the beingness.

* * * *

Value is in the mind of the beholder; one man's sand is another's gold.

* * * *

In any battle, always better to choose the ground if possible.

* * * *

And then what happens?

* * * *

Problems stare You in the face until You see their solutions.

* * * *

Why write a story when the moral is the point and purpose?

* * * *

What a condescending thing it is to label the mystery in any way; even calling it a mystery is vanity.

* * * *

The quantum mirage of time and space is but a neurological phenomenon.

* * * *

In every gold rush, new powers arise.

* * * *

If dallying with imagination is your calling, You likely will not dally long here.

* * * *

Everything is a trade-off.

* * * *

That wasn't the plan, but oh well and c'est la vie.

* * * *

Unintended consequences are a whack-a-mole reality in the cause-and-effect game.

* * * *

So many rewinds, were it possible.

* * * *

To observe without desire, without passion, is the challenge of the ever-hungry mind.

* * * *

Yet another wander down memory lane.

* * * *

Truth was trampled in the scuffle a long, long time ago.

* * * *

Never go shopping with a pinky ring.

* * * *

Whether a world, a universe, or a dimension, all are of the same quantum dream.

* * * *

Awareness is all and none; what more to say?

* * * *

Break through the fog of conditioned thinking.

* * * *

Breaking through the fog of conditional thinking is easier than You think.

* * * *

Awareness is the intelligence of eternity.

* * * *

Too many straws in the milkshake.

* * * *

Ruling out what is not true requires a steadfast inner eye.

* * * *

Perfect beingness is the mind-body given over to the eternal awareness of the given moment.

* * * *

Too late is too late.

* * * *

It is through your own vanity, corruption, and limitation, that You discern clearly what is true.

* * * *

What book or journal or movie or memory can ever catch any historical event accurately?

* * * *

What is conquest but home invasion with flags and marching to the beat of drums.

* * * *

Save the world? Hah! Don't waste your time.

* * * *

Let time tell someone else.

* * * *

Regarding blubber: Harder to lose it than it is not to gain it in the first place.

* * * *

The space-time continuum is but an illusion of the electromagnetic spectrum.

* * * *

Only imagination gets interested or bored.

* * * *

Even Jesus cannot save You from yourself.

* * * *

So much effort into that which is effortlessness itself.

* * * *

What is death but the end to vanity.

* * * *

All good times, all bad times, come to an end sooner or later.

* * * *

Break the rocks, or they will break You.

* * * *

You own nothing, least of all your own face.

* * * *

Health is your only wealth, and all become paupers sooner or later.

* * * *

Absurdity in, absurdity out; logic in, logic out.

* * * *

How insatiable is your hunger?

* * * *

Doubt is the fuel that drives the engine down the road less traveled.

* * * *

You do not have to do anything.

* * * *

Family is only sometimes what it is cracked up to be.

* * * *

The greatest moments of creation and destruction are while the iron is hot.

* * * *

And what of it?

* * * *

There You go, thinking again.

* * * *

Prior to all the passions of consciousness, You, awareness, are.

* * * *

Even the greatest writings are only ladders to be kicked away.

* * * *

The end to seeking comes when insight empties the cup.

* * * *

Discern that in which even wisdom loses its hold.

* * * *

You can always count on the next moment being very different very much the same.

* * * *

Whatever You imagine it to be, it is and is not.

* * * *

Life is chock-full of bad decisions with resounding consequences.

* * * *

Double-check, always double-check.

* * * *

Imagination is just imagination no matter how well-imagined it may be.

* * * *

So many people, so many places, so many adventures.

* * * *

What's the word?

* * * *

Be ever watchful, ever detached, ever fearless, ever open, both without and within.

* * * *

Back to where it all started.

* * * *

Humankind reveres its stories; their wisdom, only so much.

* * * *

It is all gossip.

* * * *

Wisdom is the harvest of attention; serenity, the fruit of awareness.

* * * *

Perhaps try it the other way around.

* * * *

The story's in the muse.

* * * *

The human paradigm is a collusion of imaginary scale.

* * * *

Even the most determined seekers are often beguiled by one distraction or another.

* * * *

It all comes together sooner or later, sort of.

* * * *

Adventures happen.

* * * *

Just another day in the human debacle.

* * * *

What is left that can sate the incessant craving of a weary mind?

* * * *

Tomorrow never comes but as today.

* * * *

Another opportunity for a little home time.

* * * *

And the drop tarried.

* * * *

Idolatry is not, has never been, will never be, truth.

* * * *

And awareness stirred.

* * * *

You are the unborn-undying awareness prior to consciousness and all its imaginary whims.

* * * *

If there is nothing to do, do it well.

* * * *

In every moment, are You born and dying? Or unborn and undying? Who's looking?

* * * *

Eternal life, eternal death, same thing, same moment.

* * * *

Awareness is the sentience in all things animate; the potential in all things inanimate.

* * * *

The world You have created is your own very much alone.

* * * *

Gone before You know it.

* * * *

Cause and effect, timeless as it is, is the road down which all journey.

* * * *

Speculation is not truth; it is all speculation.

* * * *

Look where your dick landed You this time.

* * * *

There is neither time nor space enough in awareness for You to exist.

* * * *

Let the critics debate the details; it is their wannabe hell.

* * * *

Awareness is prior to consciousness; there is no prior to awareness.

* * * *

It is all the make-believe of vanity, the whole shebang, the whole enchilada.

* * * *

Trading one catechism for another is not a liberating path.

* * * *

Your play of identity, your vanity, is but a ruse of consciousness.

* * * *

Is it eternal life? Or eternal unborn-undying awareness?

* * * *

Give it up.

* * * *

Awareness is this moment; nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

There is nothing to achieve; eternity is all.

* * * *

Why postpone the inevitable?

* * * *

Better to be speculated a fool than open your mouth and confirm it.

* * * *

What more do You want?

* * * *

Growing old is about all the things You used to be able to do.

* * * *

Just another distracting detour.

* * * *

He who is first is not necessarily best.

* * * *

There are no consequences in awareness.

* * * *

Women are tied to the world, to the mundane, to the illusion, by their wombs.

* * * *

A busy mind is not a free mind.

* * * * *

All is not lost until it is lost.

* * * *

Awareness is the first and the last, the most and least it can ever be.

* * * *

How determined, how obligated, how curious are You, to witness tomorrow's sunrise?

* * * *

No one can really know more than they can imagine remembering.

* * * *

Sand and gold, what difference, really?

* * * *

It is less about wrapping your head around it, than it is unwrapping your head in it.

* * * *

Is it really your mind? Your body? Your soul? Who's the who, who owns anything?

* * * *

The end of desire is the end of sorrow.

* * * *

Whether or not, You accurately translate what was written, is not the author’s burden.

* * * *

It is all talk until it is not.

* * * *

Hard to remember how You did all that.

* * * *

A good day to live, a good day to die, what, pray tell, is the difference?

* * * *

Pregnant words are prone to miscarriage.

* * * *

Knowledge is trivial pursuit without the critical thinking that connects the dots.

* * * *

Problem solved.

* * * *

Is happiness any more than a pleasant blend of chemistry?

* * * *

There is no before awareness, there is no after awareness, there is only awareness.

* * * *

Commitment is a trap of a voluntary nature.

* * * *

And what has any critic created that would withstand the claw and fang of the parasitic brethren?

* * * *

What a load of crap.

* * * *

Where would humankind be without its storytellers?

* * * *

Freedom beckons those with eyes that see and ears that hear.

* * * *

So many things we wish had said; so many things we wish we had not.

* * * *

Let it all go.

* * * *

Imagination can only take You so far.

* * * *

In the aging process, so many things that were once of interest turn into once-upon-a-time.

* * * *

Yet another tire-kicking, looky-loo seeker.

* * * *

Hard to remember; hard to forget.

* * * *

We are all limited by, bound up, trapped in, our words.

* * * *

Talk is cheap, and many if not most are misers.

* * * *

A busy mind deflects eternity.

* * * *

Yet another unanchored assumption.

* * * *

Where knowledge ends, awareness reigns absolute.

* * * *

The plight of humankind was in play long before we were scrambling in the tree-tops.

* * * *

Is there anyone without an agenda?

* * * *

Rediscover the eyes You had before imagination took root.

* * * *

You can kill the mind-body, but You cannot kill your unborn-undying Self.

* * * *

It is a mystery, nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

The challenge is letting go of everything; do it now, or at death's door, no matter.

* * * *

Awareness trumps all idolatry.

* * * *

How often no answer can be the best answer.

* * * *

Putter on.

* * * *

There is no need for a supreme being; the mystery is quite capable on its own.

* * * *

Speculation is not knowledge.

* * * *

No need to keep seeking that which You have already found.

* * * *

Do You abide in whatever existence You are cast, or whatever existence calls You?

* * * *

Good health is your only real wealth.

* * * *

Everything born dies; the only question is who will bury who?

* * * *

Imagination believes it lives; imagination believes it dies.

* * * *

You are eternity cloaked in vanity.

* * * *

So many things You cannot know; no point giving yourself a headache over it all.

* * * *

Awareness is the omniscient voyeur.

* * * *

And when has rushing about willy-nilly really ever gotten You anywhere?

* * * *

You are the mystery You seek; discern it and the quest ends.

* * * *

The pain of existence just does not let up, and detachment only offers so much salve.

* * * *

So much suffering everywhere, and when it comes to giving, all have different causes that call them.

* * * *

You are it, it is You, it is that simple.

* * * *

What we have done to our garden is a horror story, and the future will be forever disfigured by it.

* * * *

We cannot stop ourselves from killing off the host any more than any cancer can.

* * * *

Too late to fake that one.

* * * *

More willy-nilly time ahead.

* * * *

More was not necessary.

* * * *

Who would ever come up with all this religious mumbo-jumbo gobbledygook on their own?

* * * *

No fun looking down the tunnel ahead watching the lights dim.

* * * *

Ever mind its own climate.

* * * *

What is old age but spending more and more time just trying to stay alive and pain-free.

* * * *

Still the mind, and what questions, what answers, matter?

* * * *

In time, You cannot go back, You can only stream on.

* * * *

Seeking who-what-where-when-why-how answers runs the gamut, the gauntlet, of speculation.

* * * *

Nothing to become, everything to unbecome.

* * * *

How long can any desire hold fast if You totally give yourself over to it?

* * * *

The vanity trap has been the burden of human consciousness since little self took root.

* * * *

How it was before is but nostalgia filled with reminiscence, wistfulness, longing, and melancholy.

* * * *

No place to arrive, no goal to achieve, no chore to complete, no glory to gain, awareness is.

* * * *

Existence as it is known is nothing more than memory, even as it is happening.

* * * *

How can You fill an empty cup?

* * * *

Eternity rules.

* * * *

The human paradigm is a delusional infatuation with its own imagination.

* * * *

Judge as You will, your vanity matters not.

* * * *

Ethics and aesthetics are so subjective as to not be worth more than trifling discourse.

* * * *

The mind is imagination's playground.

* * * *

Prior to sight, prior to sound, prior to taste, prior to smell, prior to touch, awareness is.

* * * *

Ever-aging body, ever-aging mind, never-aging mystery.

* * * *

Words, words, words … Sounds given meaning … All signifying nothing.

* * * *

Nature is nature, nobody owns it, nobody owns anything.

* * * *

Vengeance is vanity's cold delight; justice is a jury's revenge.

* * * *

All religion is just as vain, just as narcissistic, just as hedonistic, as any other human enterprise.

* * * *

The facade of civility daily grows more brittle.

* * * *

Watch your words.

* * * *

The many are not without the one; the one is just fine all alone.

* * * *

Many things can be perceived many ways; quick conclusions are prone to error.

* * * *

Speculation abounds.

* * * *

Is it possible to feel happiness or sorrow or any other passion if You are totally present?

* * * *

Take a break, figure it out another day.

* * * *

Consciousness is born and dies; awareness is unborn-undying.

* * * *

Imaginary worlds, imaginary minds.

* * * *

Scientists measure, philosophers describe, monks meditate, so many ways to explore the mystery.

* * * *

Do not burn bridges if You do not need to.

* * * *

So many guises to this mystery.

* * * *

Awareness is prior to consciousness, prior to all quantum dimensions, all electromagnetic creations.

* * * *

You are bound by nothing but imagination.

* * * *

The sun does not care.

* * * *

Just do it ... Don't ask, don't tell.

* * * *

Natural Law supersedes any and all human concoctions.

* * * *

And the glint of a Nobel Peace Prize in their greedy little eyes.

* * * *

How rich the one who wants little; how poor the one who never has enough.

* * * *

It is consciousness that suffers, it is imagination that suffers, not awareness.

* * * *

A collusion of imaginary proportion.

* * * *

What is vanity but narcissism and hedonism running amok in the playground of greed.

* * * *

Depression is a hole well worth exiting as quickly as possible.

* * * *

Now, see if You can find another way to read it.

* * * *

Neither deities nor demons have much use for philosophers.

* * * *

Are You astute enough, worthy enough, to be conscious container, conscious witness, of all creation?

* * * *

To live without thought oi yesterday or tomorrow, is not as easy as You might wish.

* * * *

All lives are death sentences, really, some a tad shorter, some a tad longer.

* * * *

Is your cup overflowing or empty?

* * * *

You are the unborn-undying awareness; everything else is imaginary.

* * * *

If it requires belief, it is not truth.

* * * *

A disease called life.

* * * *

Less a belief system, than a seeing dynamic.

* * * *

Consciousness ponders, consciousness wants, consciousness cares; awareness, not so much.

* * * *

Curiosity don't just kill cats.

* * * *

Another day of in the world, and not of it.

* * * *

Each moment is its own reckoning.

* * * *

Do not for a moment think any creature has ever, or will ever, see the quantum mystery the same.

* * * *

All good times must end sometime, as must the bad ones, as well.

* * * *

Hear! Hear!

* * * *

Who's savage? Who's civilized? Answers vary according to circumstance.

* * * *

Just do it.

* * * *

Don't ask, don't tell.

* * * *

The Great Quantum strikes again.

* * * *

No need to make it more than it is.

* * * *

You are your own student, your own teacher, in this Don Quixote inquiry into irony and paradox.

* * * *

Finally figured it out, eh?

* * * *

The state of the world is but a dreamer's dream.

* * * *

Every life departed likely full of unfinished projects, not all neatly wrapped.

* * * *

It is all about context.

* * * *

World weariness is a trap of its own, not an easy one to leave behind.

* * * *

Good or evil, modest or vain, rich or poor, sage or fool, fate holds none aloft.

* * * *

You never know who is ready to awaken, or to what degree.

* * * *

You cannot change your fate, You cannot avoid your fate.

* * * *

The sum of humankind adds up to nothing.

* * * *

Life offers many adventures for You to accept or decline as the moment allows.

* * * *

What possible point is there in You knowing that?

* * * *

Clocks may go round and round, but eternity is ever still.

* * * *

Life is tough in the slow lane.

* * * *

What is eternal life but a mind given over to the awareness prior to consciousness.

* * * *

Live and learn, die anyway.

* * * *

Who is master? Awareness or imagination? Eternity or consciousness?

* * * *

There are a lot worse places to live.

* * * *

This ain’t no melting pot, this is an uncooked stew.

* * * *

You are the center of your world, your universe.

* * * *

Metaphors abound.

* * * *

Assumptions can kill ya.

* * * *

The path of least resistance is a harbor of its own.

* * * *

Imagination takes itself so seriously.

* * * *

A temporal affair.

* * * *

Why would You praise any god that did this to You?

* * * *

A different bittersweet

* * * *

Happy daze.

* * * *

Does time really go any direction?

* * * *

Curiosity is not easily abated; consciousness ever yearns for more.

* * * *

Can’t prove a thing, really.

* * * *

That which was so strong and vibrant in youth, becomes but a scarred and listless thing in old age.

* * * *

Gotta be born somewhere.

* * * *

Suicide is less about killing your Self than it is removing the mask and all it pretends.

* * * *

Statistics can never skip a beat weaving both great truths and great untruths.

* * * *

It is only as real as You believe it.

* * * *

War always needs cannon fodder.

* * * *

It is a litigious cover your ass world.

* * * *

If your sense of god does not include You, best look again, Pilgrim.

* * * *

Wandering a dream.

* * * *

Do You conquer the mountain, or does the mountain conquer You?

* * * *

Religion is what middlemen and followers do.

* * * *

Solutions generally become apparent when problems are seen clearly.

* * * *

Just because You did something yesterday does not mean You have to do it today or next year.

* * * *

Laugh if You can, cry if You must, what are joy and sorrow but secular states.

* * * *

Who sleeps? Who wakes? Who knows?

* * * *

It is tough being born; it is even tougher if You are a cartoon.

* * * *

Little self, Big Self, which are You here now?

* * * *

How to say it?

* * * *

The intensity of self-absorption is the suffering.

* * * *

Santa Claus need not apply.

* * * *

Do You know enough to know how little You know?

* * * *

Your Mommy doesn't live here.

* * * *

When just being is not enough, when more is not enough, ambition and greed rule.

* * * *

The insanity of humanity.

* * * *

Who who's? Who what's? Who where's? Who when's? Who why's? Who how's?

* * * *

In the moment, in pure awareness, You do not exist.

* * * *

Just because billions of people believe something delusional, does not make it any less absurd.

* * * *

Die, and the whole world, the whole cosmos, dies with You.

* * * *

Brainwashing, nothing cleansing about it.

* * * *

Humankind's genetic fascination with flesh and bodily fluids makes for every variety of delusion.

* * * *

Regarding inquiry into this mystery, only the courageous need apply.

* * * *

To forget or not to forget, that is the question.

* * * *

The order of chaos rules.

* * * *

Nothing has ever touched the real You; only that which is consciousness thinks and feels.

* * * *

Not easy to win in this game.

* * * *

The source of vanity is imagining self to be real.

* * * *

Discern that awareness in the dream-weaving mind where time ceases and space dissolves.

* * * *

Lots and lots of memories; let them all go in one fell swoop.

* * * *

The vanity to which all cling, despite all speculations to the contrary, is a one-shot deal.

* * * *

A poor memory is not necessarily a bad thing.

* * * *

This is a boggling mystery, why give it a name?

* * * *

The wind of imagination is the weaver of the delusion.

* * * *

Better late than never, better now than forever.

* * * *

Prayer, the ultimate insult to real faith.

* * * *

The vanity of religion is unending and without respite.

* * * *

Well, wrongo-bongo, Kiddo.

* * * *

Guaranteed, your version of self-importance is not.

* * * *

Death while living is what seers across time have called the ecstatic union.

* * * *

Go where everything is forgotten.

* * * *

Those who consider themselves religious authorities are charlatans upon the podium of absurdity.

* * * *

Rest assured You will be forgotten like all the rest; anonymity is eternity's guarantee.

* * * *

No persuasion is required in the perception of truth.

* * * *

How is it any more or less vain to commend something than it is to condemn it?

* * * *

Existence is the time machine of eternity.

* * * *

Another curse.

* * * *

Lose the whiney voice.

* * * *

Postponing the inevitable one breath at a time.

* * * *

Subtleties within subtleties are the order of any given moment.

* * * *

Yet another day in Perdition.

* * * *

Any given life is chock-full of miscalculations that lend themselves to the fated endgame.

* * * *

Enjoy in as much joy as You can muster.

* * * *

As old as old is.

* * * *

If You cannot do something, do nothing.

* * * *

Are You really any more than a lifetime's collection of habits?

* * * *

Pleasure is the absence of pain; peace, the absence of detail.

* * * *

May as well stop talking to your Self; You know what You are going to say.

* * * *

Why debate the obvious?

* * * *

What is young, what is old, in the realm of the quantum enigma?

* * * *

Prior to consciousness, prior to memory, prior to imagination, prior to pride, You are.

* * * *

All sense of obligation is the creation of the other, to which You daily choose to subscribe, or not.

* * * *

Only imagination exists, You do not.

* * * *

Attached to self, to tribe, to geography, to history? Why?

* * * *

Another day in the race against futility.

* * * *

Taking metaphors literally is the trap into which superstitious minds inevitably fall.

* * * *

What would You do if all your questions were answered?

* * * *

Challenging to feel heroic all the time.

* * * *

Superior, eh? We shall see.

* * * *

Sentimentality, what a snare.

* * * *

What is called existence is really nothing more than the past tense of imagination fueled by pride.

* * * *

What's your treasure?

* * * *

The mountain is rife with paths of every variety imaginable.

* * * *

Wallowing in despair, as tempting as it is, gets You nowhere all too quickly.

* * * *

More is not enough, enough is not more.

* * * *

Sage this.

* * * *

Every mind-body has its own cross to bear.

* * * *

Dispatch all notions of deities, of superstitious and magical thinking, and live free.

* * * *

Awareness is all, all is awareness.

* * * *

Consciousness is imagination is dreamtime.

* * * *

No word matters in the realm of eternal awareness to which You are sovereign.

* * * *

Do You really want to go there?

* * * *

Abide in the awareness where contentment reigns.

* * * *

The mind is easily astray in the metaphorical dance.

* * * *

Just enough.

* * * *

Lying to your Self again, are we?

* * * *

The ebb and flow of pride is the human paradigm in a nutshell.

* * * *

Assume 42 is the answer, and get on with it.

* * * *

Do not allow the delusions of others to sway or cloud your clarity.

* * * *

There are neither sages nor seekers in the realm of awareness.

* * * *

Yes, it is all one, but only religious dogmas bother to name and wage war over it.

* * * *

The bliss of travel is leaving behind the day-to-day weights and measures.

* * * *

Living a long life is nothing to write home about.

* * * *

So, You are still a seeker seeking the mystery right behind your eyes.

* * * *

Picture, picture, on the wall, who's the baddest enemy of all?

* * * *

There goes another real moment that can never be known.

* * * *

The freezer door is open.

* * * *

How's the race with dirt doing this fine day?

* * * *

How many things You have done that You never need to do again.

* * * *

It works well enough for plebeian fare.

* * * *

Is it grim if it is true?

* * * *

Another moment imagination can only pretend to know.

* * * *

So, what are You up to this fine day in your dream of time?

* * * *

Yup, that's where You put it.

* * * *

Imaginary notion is the drivetrain of every human mind.

* * * *

Seeing things as they are what a challenge.

* * * *

History is awash in every conceivable variety of imaginary notion.

* * * *

Going through the motions.

* * * *

Toga or three-piece suit, the patterns are the same.

* * * *

There are no rights; life itself is an entitlement.

* * * *

No frames, no boundaries.

* * * *

What is the bad flavor this month?

* * * *

Saving the world one moment at a time.

* * * *

What's happening, Dreamer?

* * * *

Watch and wait, do not anticipate.

* * * *

Pretenders pretend because for the sake of others.

* * * *

All who join any group give themselves over to the delusion of the group mind.

* * * *

Imagination wins out until the simplicity of merely breathing, merely being, carries the moment.

* * * *

Anyone or anything can be thrown under the cart or to the wolves when self-interest comes to bear.

* * * *

Logic and rationality have a tendency to rule only in logical and rational minds.

* * * *

Needs research.

* * * *

Not quite as superior as one; not quite as humble as another, vanity rules.

* * * *

Keeping it real.

* * * *

Death and taxes are only a thin slice of the bother existence offers.

* * * *

Before You can think about it.

* * * *

Fashion any earthling into a beast, and You can do whatever You will to it.

* * * *

The point is there is no point.

* * * *

A few moments, good or ill, is all it takes to change an existence forever.

* * * *

How is it the unpretentious, compassionate, openhanded existence is so undervalued as heroic?

* * * *

And then there was nothing but what nothing could do.

* * * *

Expectations are the root of all disappointment.

* * * *

These modern times.

* * * *

Perhaps it will make sense another day.

* * * *

True science must withstand the influence of politics and funding.

* * * *

Where all futures end.

* * * *

Superstition is a mainstay of the human paradigm, in the face of which science is powerless.

* * * *

Is it possible to exist in this world without vanity? is a question for the ages.

* * * *

Life is what happens between naps.

* * * *

Taking things as they are is one of the greater challenges.

* * * *

Awareness, without concern, without attachment, allows whatever imagination wills.

* * * *

What will You suffer for another breath?

* * * *

The dull blade of mediocrity endures only because it suffers nothing sharper.

* * * *

Likely, a goodly number of people You have known are already dead.

* * * *

If You believe humanity's endless parade of deities and dogmas, really mean anything, guess again.

* * * *

How can You persuade anyone of the truth they refuse to discern?

* * * *

Cause and Effect are a consequential duo.

* * * *

Love is an enticing mirage.

* * * *

There You are.

* * * *

Which tomorrow shall it be?

* * * *

Full enough to be empty, empty enough to be full.

* * * *

Always comparing apples and oranges, why?

* * * *

One thing after another.

* * * *

What hope does nature have once it is designated a resource?

* * * *

What becomes of beehives or ant colonies that cease to work for the greater good?

* * * *

Batten down them hatches.

* * * *

What is old age but dollop after dollop of bother.

* * * *

If there is some sort of supreme deity, then he/she/it has a lot to answer for.

* * * *

The Reaper will show up in a moment very much like this one.

* * * *

The delusions of magical thinking are many and without end.

* * * *

Tied that knot a little too tight, eh?

* * * *

No meeting was ever too short.

* * * *

The dead are free; the living must endure.

* * * *

Somebody else got that dream.

* * * *

It comes and goes without saying.

* * * *

Free at last.

* * * *

There is no accounting for absurdity.

* * * *

A plan, finally!

* * * *

Delve into the aloneness; it is You.

* * * *

Awareness is neither heart nor mind, nor any other imaginary notion.

* * * *

Find your tabula rasa, discern your pu, your unworked wood.

* * * *

What a lucky man he was.

* * * *

Always expect the unexpected.

* * * *

The superstitious mind is a lazy mind.

* * * *

Improvise. Adapt. Overcome.

* * * *

Who could have predicted that?

* * * *

You knew that was going to happen.

* * * *

Loneliness is but a concoction of the mind's unswerving need for more.

* * * *

A thing for things.

* * * *

Education does not for intelligence make.

* * * *

It might have even been intentional.

* * * *

If You are a millennial, no worries, we have learned not to expect too much.

* * * *

All or nothing.

* * * *

How difficult for the imaginary mind to remain still.

* * * *

You are a front and center part of the majesty; no need to create deities and dogma.

* * * *

Yet another way of putting it.

* * * *

Patterns unending.

* * * *

Who could have foreseen that?

* * * *

No point envying another's dream; play out the hand You have been dealt.

* * * *

A meeting has to be awfully worthwhile to be better than no meeting at all.

* * * *

All are first and last who see the unknowable mystery within all things.

* * * *

To be born is to die every moment until the vessel finally gives way to one mortal end or another.

* * * *

The cosmic mind is yours to discover if You are capable of letting everything go.

* * * *

Anatomy and character are the sculptors of destiny.

* * * *

Sometimes You have to take the pain.

* * * *

Why bother?

* * * *

Embrace death, it is life's ever-present companion.

* * * *

What is history but an imaginary context that orchestrates a future.

* * * *

Just another item on a bulletin board.

* * * *

Clinched fist, open hand, circumstance is all.

* * * *

A brand-spanking-new discovery every time.

* * * *

No way to know that.

* * * *

You call this a plan!?

* * * *

Fairytales do not for truth make.

* * * *

History is an indifferent taskmaster.

* * * *

Who is not at many times both best friend and worst enemy.

* * * *

The final vanity is believing You are enlightened.

* * * *

What we endure just to see another day.

* * * *

If You have tasted something once, You have tasted it a thousand times.

* * * *

Good attitude, bad attitude, your choice.

* * * *

Pure laziness.

* * * *

How challenging to perceive a bubble before it bursts.

* * * *

Death is an equal-opportunity reaper.

* * * *

Keeping up with it all, what a chore.

* * * *

Old age is about enduring fellow withereds always complaining about their declining health.

* * * *

Sometimes so huge, sometimes so small.

* * * *

What were You thinking!?

* * * *

The entire human drama is nothing more than mental illness born of genetic engineering.

* * * *

The greatest story ever told? Nah, maybe the greatest scam.

* * * *

No one wants to hear it.

* * * *

All are comrades in quantum.

* * * *

Count your limitations, they are many and not far between.

* * * *

How You end your window of time is the final pattern.

* * * *

Count your blessings, they will end.

* * * *

Nothing You need see, nothing You need do, nothing You need be, oblivion beckons.

* * * *

Who is today's king of the mountain?

* * * *

The Difference Between Black and White is a state of mind.

* * * *

Only the dead know the end of all things imaginary.

* * * *

Yet another example of absurdity infinitum.

* * * *

Imagination frolics willy-nilly in the forebrain theater.

* * * *

Dead is dead, how is for the living to bother about.

* * * *

The bliss of travel is leaving behind the weights and measures of the day-to-day.

* * * *

How much can the world give that the human species will not without hesitation take?

* * * *

The world, the cosmos, is filled with ghosts of your creation.

* * * *

Living a long life is nothing to write home about.

* * * *

History toys with all who believe.

* * * *

The world You know is destroyed each and every moment.

* * * *

A gun in the hand is worth two in the holster.

* * * *

The joys of being a crippled-up old man are few and more than a little far between.

* * * *

"Just one more good day!" the crippled old man whimpered plaintively from his wheelchair.

* * * *

Same old rolodex of imaginary perceptions, none more real than the next.

* * * *

Those were the daze, my friend, we dreamt they would never end.

Breadcrumbs

I may be mistaken about all this, but do not see how.
In every way truth can be comprehended: from rational to irrational,
From absolute to relative, from to realistic to delusional, from infinite to infinitesimal,
From sensible to absurd, from ironic to paradoxical, from black to white,
It all melds into a unified certainty, that cannot be undone.
It is this acuity, both deliberated and intuited,
That doubts all other contenders.

* * * *

I have seen enough, heard enough, tasted enough, smelt enough, touched enough,
And thought and done enough, for all the lifetimes I could have ever imagined.
And if I signed up for this mortal playhouse, I was too stoned to remember.

* * * *

When You find that enlightenment thing, be sure to let me know what it is.

* * * *

What translation can ever fully grasp the scribe's vision,
And the frame of reference from which it was articulated?

* * * *

What a thing to be all creaky and cranky and otherwise out of sorts.

* * * *

If someone is soliciting your wallet for these freely-given words,
Or pretending to represent some spiritual groupthink, that hopefully will never spawn,
Put them behind You, as quickly as them running shoes allow.

* * * *

How will scholars and pundits and critics and adherents,
Praise, condemn, ignore, these many thoughts,
Should they ever gain momentum,
In times this dead poet will never witness.

* * * *

Where this nomadic mind wanders, I can only say, I can only write,
And You can only discern, to the reaches of your frame of reference.

* * * *

No doubt, there are many seers out there, who could play it better, say it better, write it better,
But the pivotal point, is that this mystery is You, right here, right now, this moment,
Doing it, saying it, writing it, as well as your given nature-nurture allows.
And if I have gotten it completely wrong, it will not matter.
If I am not wrong, it will not matter, either.

* * * *

A sycophantic audience would only be a distraction from this hobby.

* * * *

Sweet oblivion.

* * * *

My two cents.

* * * *

Why didn't I speak up louder?
Because I didn't want to lead anybody,
I didn't want to endure endless discussions or debates,
I didn't want followers, I didn't want to create another absurd religion,
I didn't want to endlessly circle the world trying to save a narcissistic, hedonistic species,
Consumed by vanity and greed in a headlong dash towards a great fall.
All I ever really truly wanted was to be my Self by my Self.
Becoming a member of The Dead Poets Society
Was a much more tolerable cup of tea.

* * * *

If You knew where I started, You would understand,
Why I manage not worrying about anything too much.

* * * *

The last project, underway.

* * * *

Another day wandering down Trope Lane.

* * * *

I putter, therefore I think I am.

* * * *

Whoo-hoo for diminishing gray matter.

* * * *

At one point in the early 90's, a Chico friend asked why I was putting my name on writing such as this.
The reply at the time was that it was just how it was done in these modern times.
Shoulda-coulda-woulda given it a bit more pondering.
An anonymous offering to the future-past might have been a bit more intriguing.

* * * *

Books wait patiently detached for any minds seeking to feast on whatever it is they offer.
A book without plot, without goal, without purpose, without meaning, what is that about?

* * * *

Illusion that it is, still I wander to and fro through the ebb and flow.

* * * *

I am no authority, I have no authority.
I am just a Joe Everyman, with an outside-all-boxes slant.
A Joe Everyman with an independent, autodidactic outlook on this mystery.
One that couples nicely with a churning mind, that regularly spews out every category of thought.
One that seamlessly synergizes, with a flair for writing, a knack for word processing,
And a world wide web to launch the entire work across the globe,
In directions and destinations, I can never know.
All with no one at the helm.

* * * *

Talk about tossing a message-in-a-bottle into the sea.

* * * *

I do not believe, expect, or in any way, hope,
These words will have any meaningful impact on the future, at all.
Writing and editing and organizing them on the world wide web for free, was just too hard to resist.
Believe me, when I testify that none of this would have ever happened to the degree it has,
If I had, had to write books, generate a following to buy them, build an ashram,
Sit up on stage having every word be closely judged, maybe filmed,
Pose on some golden throne for hours and hours comforting the miserable,
Or arguing over absurdly meaningless dogmatic details, with true believers of every ilk.

* * * *

Do not make this your only book.

* * * *

“Will somebody get this guy offstage? He’s killing me!”

* * * *

And some day it will be your turn.

* * * *

Well, most the writing and posting is done; now the only question is, will it be read?

* * * *

What I think I meant to say …

* * * *

Explaining this in so many ways is a rather odd hobby, don’t You think?

* * * *

It is a good day to die; yesterday would have been better.

* * * *

Working on caring less every day.

* * * *

All written for a future I will never see.

* * * *

And why again should I be all that interested in your vanity?
I have more than enough of my own, with which to contend.

* * * *

The editing will not end until I am too departed to do it.

* * * *

Am letting You make that call.

* * * *

If it is not written down quickly, likely gone for all eternity.

* * * *

Doubt me, too.

* * * *

Another day begins; into the rabbit hole I go, I go.

* * * *

Thinkers thinking, dreamers dreaming, philosophers philosophizing, it is what we do.

* * * *

Yet another day of dead man walking.

* * * *

So over it.

* * * *

The bubble-popper.

* * * *

This is what comes out, so this is what me does, whoever “me” is.

* * * *

Changed me mind again.

* * * *

Another mountain to climb … sigh … yawn.

* * * *

No, I am not going to kill or harm You, nor will I ever encourage others to kill or harm You,
Simply because You disagree with me, or do not comprehend what I am saying.
I may, however, choose to not spend a great deal of time around You,

Or quietly wander on, in search of some other itinerant,
More inclined to my brand of nonsense.
Oh well, so it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.

* * * *

Glad I am too old to have to bother about it much longer,
And no children or grandkids (that I know of),
To have to agonize about, either.

* * * *

Oh ye of dim wit, please shut the f**k up.

* * * *

Being crazy does not make me wrong.

* * * *

Well, it sort of made sense at the time.

* * * *

Needs never really an issue, I delved into wants, and slowly but surely, found them wanting.

* * * *

Musings of an erstwhile mind.

* * * *

Always good policy to re-read it a time or so before You send it.

* * * *

Awareness is the spirit of totality.

* * * *

My end of time is near, and nearer every moment.

* * * *

My conclusion is there is no conclusion.

* * * *

Refining the search.

* * * *

Things were said that never should be said.

* * * *

So many years spent giving into every calculation and impulse this way and that.
So many things I thought I needed, so many things I thought I wanted.
And now, little if any interest in such dilettantish pursuits.
A contemplative, anonymous endgame, serenely beckons from the shoals.

* * * *

Get out while the getting's good, I say, I say.

* * * *

One book, many titles.

* * * *

It is a curious thing, these many years of so many thoughts coming to mind.
Not sure how they come, how they keep coming, so often, and with such lucidity.
Starts any given time and space, usually with pen a-scribbling, or texting on the phone,
And then on to Microsoft Word on the MacBook Pro, with all its cherished accoutrements:
Google search, spellcheck, dictionary, thesaurus, and a knack for word association.
All the drafting and newspaper layout make for the spatial machinations.

And … Voilà!

* * * *

Life has certainly proven to be pretty darned dangerous by my reckoning.

* * * *

Mother Nature does not take prisoners, I always say, at least not until you're born.

* * * *

Long past caring if anyone ever reads any of this babble; I just likes writing it.

* * * *

My tribe ain't worth a spit.

* * * *

Day ain't over yet.

* * * *

Regarding COVID-19:
It is not a political issue.
It is not an economic issue.
It is not a religious issue.
It is not a macho issue.
It is a health issue.

* * * *

Nothing calls.

* * * *

Oh, the things You wish You had said, or not.

* * * *

Very likely history will not shine a bright light on the United States of Amerika.

Assuming, of course, humankind manages to survive its absurdities,
Long enough to contemplate the how-we-got-here thing.

* * * *

Note to Self: Self, I was thinking ...

* * * *

If You make it about me, You have missed the whole point and purpose.

* * * *

Not my motivation.

* * * *

Yet another babble-on day.

* * * *

Another day in the human debacle, the human contagion, underway.

* * * *

My secular response to how all religion is sustained. is akin to The Emperor's New Clothes folktale.
A story about vanity, and how others play along for fear of embarrassment being found out.
It is a collective narrative, a miasma, seemingly built into humankind's genetic coding.

* * * *

Oh well, so it went, dealt with it, got over it, moved on.

* * * *

A few hours, most every day, sharpening the legacy, imaginary as it is.
It has been absorbing, it has occupied a great deal of time,
But, hear me, hear me, I am well over it.

* * * *

How weary I sometimes am of the intensity of this conditioned mind.

* * * *

A good-natured rogue.

* * * *

Have a fondness for commas; something about that little pause.

* * * *

It would be hard to believe, that most everything yappable,
Has not been yapped about, somewhere in this aphoristic edifice.

* * * *

Have done many foolish and stupid things in this dreamtime.
No need to add more to the list as often as the moment allows.

* * * *

My vocation, my fate, in a nutshell, seems to be to spend many years scribing all sorts of thoughts,
That will more than likely only be read by me; many, more than a few times.
Oh well, so it went, dealt with it, got over it, moved on.

* * * *

Regarding power, regarding fame, regarding fortune,
There is nothing in your world that I need to control,
There is nothing in mine that I need You to applaud,
There is nothing You possess that I in any way covet.

* * * *

This lifetime exploration of consciousness, of imagination,
Has been a long and winding expedition down the road less traveled.
A destiny to which I have been haphazardly, matter-of-factly, irrevocably drawn,
As the world, the universe, gradually lost its hold over the intelligence prior to consciousness.

* * * *

We are a species that deserves extinction.
Unfortunately for Mother Nature, she has not come up with the final solution fast enough,
To save all the other life forms her mystery has spawned.

* * * *

This mind has become like one of those Magic 8-Balls,
The plastic sphere, made to look like an eight ball,
That is used for fortune-telling or seeking advice.
Each thought placidly coming into mind's eye,
Slowly finding its way to those whose fate it is part.

* * * *

In the world, and not of it; or in the world, and less and less of it.

* * * *

Happened upon the Self again today; always a pleasure.

* * * *

I can be any name You want to call me, Honey.

* * * *

Altered states of mind have always been both enlightening and enjoyable in many ways.

* * * *

Mister Whiney.

* * * *

Another respite.

* * * *

Remembering the good old daze.

* * * *

A satisfactory, enjoyable lifetime work, lifetime offering.
Not as edited, not as organized, as might be wished, but time is tick-tick-tick running out.
Oh well, so it goes, dealing with it, getting over it, moving on.

* * * *

It takes great skill to be a successful failure in this world.

* * * *

Dead man walking; a goner not yet gone.

* * * *

Good agnostic that I am, I treats aliens like I do God, I'll believe in ‘em when I sees ‘em.

* * * *

Another thing I will never know.

* * * *

I am a liar, I am a cheat, I am a thief,
And I daily plot murder and rape and pillage and mayhem,
But I ain’t no gol-durned hypocrite, unless of course, the truth don’t bear telling.

* * * *

Problem? What’s a problem?

* * * *

In the world … sometimes of it, sometimes not … no worries.

* * * *

Know that we are all thinking that, too.

* * * *

Poor widdle me.

* * * *

Ramblings of a busy mind.

* * * *

If I must have a title, let it be: The Most Useless Man Alive.

* * * *

How weary I am of nerve endings.

* * * *

From outside the box, I see You.

* * * *

The human paradigm has reached such a level of absurdity for me anymore,
That even just waking up to the bother of getting out of bed,
Is proving more and more a challenge.

* * * *

What men could endure playing out the absurd existence of so many modern women?
A near-endless fascination with hair, nails, eyebrows, make-up, clothes, shaving, waxing, bodily fluids,
Children, cats, rat dogs, parties, flowers, cards, shopping-shopping-and-more shopping,
Romance novels, soap operas, chick flicks, game shows, song and dance shows,
Froufrou drinks, pastries, thighs slowly spreading across the couch,
Insatiably sucking out the soul of the man they bagged,
And ever still wanting more, more, more.
Mind-dulling ad infinitum.

* * * *

Not interested in being a sheep in anyone's flock, nor having a flock of my own.

* * * *

Too sentient to spend it forever tortured.

* * * *

Just warm from the kill.

* * * *

Going through the motions, are we?

* * * *

These hands tango with the pen on paper, and cha-cha with the fingers on the keyboard.

* * * *

It is through my own vanity, corruption, and limitation, that I see clearly what is true.

* * * *

Wasn’t too happy about that one, but there it is.

* * * *

Gone boy.

* * * *

You call me a coward for departing, I call You a fool for staying, suffer well.

* * * *

Not all that interested in traveling the direction this body is heading.

* * * *

What was once new, what was once adventure, is now boredom and bother.

* * * *

To bask in the eternal moment,
Some call it nirvana, some satori, some rapture, some joy, some harmony, some ecstasy,
Some paradise, some heaven, some bliss, some contentment.
I call it home, sweet home.

* * * *

So many people, so many places, so many adventures.

* * * *

The pen and keyboard dance for me.

* * * *

Double-checking, always double-checking.

* * * *

Don’t like it? Don’t read it.

* * * *

Ride it out to the bitter end?
Or abandon ship before the inevitable?
Let the judge, the jury, and the executioner decide.

* * * *

What is left that can sate the incessant craving of this weary mind?

* * * *

Fortunately, I am not a politician, so your vote, for or against, counts for squat.

* * * *

The list of bothers inflicted upon this mortal frame is long and harsh.

* * * *

Did I say I was free?

* * * *

Why postpone the inevitable?

* * * *

Look where your dick landed You this time.

* * * *

What concern have I for heavens and hells,
For reincarnation or any other time-bound conception?
Of past lives, I have no memory; of future lives, I have no certainty.
All that matters is this very right-here-right-now eternal moment.
As it would have been, will be, in any future-past ever coined.

* * * *

I have left You with nothing.

* * * *

Hard to remember how I did all that.

* * * *

Whether or not, You accurately translate what was written, is not the author's burden.

* * * *

Ate plenty, drank plenty, played plenty, worked plenty,
Ran plenty, walked plenty, sat plenty, slept plenty, thought plenty,
Watched plenty, heard plenty, tasted plenty, smelled plenty, touched plenty.
No need to beat a dead dog; enough was enough long ago.

* * * *

Quit you're whining, I have to listen to enough of my own already.

* * * *

This is a haphazard collection of many thoughts set down over many years.
It is up to the earnest reader to separate the wheat from the chaff,
To grade, to sort, any of my subjective, limited thinking,
In their astute quest for the irrefutable truth,
To which all have access, but only the rare few discern.

* * * *

No place to lead You, nothing to teach You,
Except right-here-right-now is the only place to be,
And for that You are most truly on your own.

* * * *

Herein witness the joy of word association.

* * * *

I am glad I am old to endure much longer the even harsher world unfolding.

* * * *

In sleep, every night is a new adventure.

* * * *

Neither deities nor demons have much use for philosophers.

* * * *

Older and more pathetic by the day.

* * * *

If I were to off myself,
Would I be serenely dozing forever?

Or awaken in hades, or some alternative perdition?
Here's hoping, all the true believers and I, are headed for oblivion.

* * * *

It is not like I have not thought about that before.

* * * *

Nomad, wanderer, traveler, sojourner,
Explorer, sanyasi, student, apprentice, pupil, learner,
Adventurer, transient, trailblazer, itinerant, speculator, buccaneer,
Pioneer, migrant, drifter, rover, vagrant, rambler, voyager, trekker, rolling stone,
Dreamer, philosopher, sage … All of the above, and more, I have been.

* * * *

Probably guaranteed I do not want to follow anybody who wants to lead me.

* * * *

Give me street smarts any day, a piece of paper means nothing without it.

* * * *

No grand Nietzsche-esque treatise to be usurped in this body of work.
Hopefully, history will either use these many thoughts to rational ends, or ignore them entirely.
If not, at least hopefully, it will not seize them for abominable purpose,
As it has the writings of far too many other seers.

* * * *

Why would You praise any god that did this to You?

* * * *

Can't prove a thing, really.

* * * *

Worked harder, not smarter.

* * * *

I don't do groupthink

* * * *

Wandering a dream, aloof and free.

* * * *

Just another dusty, all but unread manuscript.

* * * *

"How astounding so many across all times, all geographies,
Have been born in the land of the one true religion,"
He said in a voice laden with ironic mockery.

* * * *

Incautiously cynical.

* * * *

I know enough to know how little I know.

* * * *

Those who will read this, where they might be, I do not know.
It is a snowball, set in motion, to whatever end, I have no clue.
Nor has any other seer, whose allotted time has come and gone.

* * * *

It always makes me laugh that You ever thought there was a point.

* * * *

Why wait to go out on a bad day?

* * * *

Anything but a human being.

* * * *

A poor memory is not necessarily a bad thing.

* * * *

Yet another day in Perdition.

* * * *

Lose the whiney voice.

* * * *

A gun in the hand is worth two in the holster.

* * * *

The joys of being a crippled-up old man are few and more than a little far between.

* * * *

"Just one more good day!" the crippled old man whimpered plaintively from his wheelchair.

* * * *

Same old rolodex of imaginary perceptions, none more real than the next.

* * * *

Those were the daze, my friend, we dreamt they would never end.

* * * *

Life is a marathon, not a sprint.

* * * *

Keeping it real.

* * * *

Free at last.

* * * *

What a lucky man he was.

* * * *

A zen life without the zen.

* * * *

Keeping up with it all, what a chore.

* * * *

What is old age but dollop after dollop of bother.

* * * *

Going through the motions.

* * * *

Applause, limelight, fame, celebrity, stardom,
Recognition, reputation, distinction, eminence, renown, praise,
Appreciation, approval, sanction, prominence, acclaim, popularity, glory, standing,
Status, notoriety, infamy, disrepute, ignominy, dishonor, legend, myth,
Or even obscurity, insignificance, irrelevance, anonymity.
What are they, for whom Self is all there is?

* * * *

By this mind-body, and the cosmos and world it has somehow fashioned,
I, whatever 'I' imagines itself to be, will not much longer be afflicted by this reverie of space and time.
One moment in some relatively near-soon, by, if the fates deign it, this own crippled hand,
This inexplicable awareness shall back into the serenity of oblivion be cast.

* * * *

How's my race with dirt doing this fine day?

* * * *

The prophet who never was.

* * * *

Did a lot of things that I don't never need to do again.

* * * *

It so wearies me to much longer endure the pain and suffering this mind-body has in store.

* * * *

A thing for things.

* * * *

A churning rolodex of memories.

* * * *

I have delved into the aloneness, and it is me.

* * * *

Many times, it begins with just the inkling of a notion, not even close to being fully formed,
And the new ditty takes fuller definition as pen scribbles across paper.
And later, when time is made for the keyboard,
That squiggle of an idea often magnifies even further.
The joys of word association are many and not far between.

* * * *

My little soapbox, off to the side, out of any limelight.
Who knows if anybody is even listening,
And who is left to care?

* * * *

What was I thinking!?

* * * *

Not quite as superior as You.

* * * *

Not quite as humble as You.

* * * *

You call this a plan!?

* * * *

I have been my best friend and worst enemy.

* * * *

How many women always want men to aspire to their limitations?

* * * *

Sun and moon and planets going indivisibly round and round, where's the time in that?

* * * *

Nothing I need see, nothing I need do, nothing I need be, oblivion beckons.

* * * *

Alas, I am prone to making mistakes, but I am never wrong, ha-ha.

Michael's Rabbit Hole

Duality: An Imaginary Notion

You are the immaculate awareness, the immeasurable witness,
Through which nature every moment creates, every moment destroys.
It is a timeless dance, a timeless dream, in which duality is but imaginary notion.

The Limit of All Conceptions

Whatever metaphor, whatever analogy, whatever idiom,
Whatever allegory, whatever simile, whatever image, You might use …
Be it truth, divinity, reality, universe, cosmos, sky, ocean, river, ether, infinity, mystery …
No concept can ever be whatever it is, no concept can ever be whatever it is not.

The Pretense of Idolatry

There is nothing in the right here, right now of the timeless moment,
To hold up or bolster the idolatry of anything or anybody in the mirage of time.
False gods are a pretense to those intent on freeing themselves from imaginary constraints.

The Fluidity of Imagination

Imagination can create and destroy, give and take, ebb and flow, receive and impart,
Learn and ignore, listen and speak, walk and run, retreat and attack, maneuver and fire,
Block and strike, caress and maim, resign and resist, still and wander, yin and yang,
In every conceivable way, at any moment, with equal and unadorned abandon.

Hold That Breath

How much of the universe can You possess,
When You cannot even hold on to one breath?

The Unbounded Awareness

What space, what time, what theater, what dream,
Could ever contact, ever confine, ever control,
The awareness You truly are, and are not.

Your Own Mind, Your Own Voice

The challenge is to become your own mind, to become your own voice.
Follow no one, lead no one, discern what is real for your Self, stay humble.

Walking the Walk, Talking the Talk

If for some ungodly reason there is a Dante-esque hell,
You will likely endure it the same as You have this one.

Like You Thought It Would?

Does it look like You thought it would?
Does it sound like You thought it would?
Does it taste like You thought it would?
Does it smell like You thought it would?
Does it feel like You thought it would?
Or did You even think about it at all?

The Absurdity of Mortal Perfection

Stop, already, with the perfection-conception archetype.
None who play mortality, are that with which perfection would ever align.
All are flawed, imperfect, faulty, defective, damaged, blemished, inconsistent, unsound, weak.
Better to embrace the ultimate reality of this mundane touchy-feely dream,
Than to contort to yet another vain imaginary absurdity.

Witnessing the Usurpation

To keenly perceive the limitations of imagination's usurpation of awareness,
Is the inevitable burden of all who awaken to the illusion of space and time.

The Dance of Imaginary Universes

All those likes, all those dislikes, are really nothing more,
Than imaginary universes ever embracing and colliding.

What Would Your World Be?

What would your world be, what would your universe be, without the eyes to see?
What would your world be, what would your universe be, without the ears to hear?
What would your world be, what would your universe be, without the nose to smell?
What would your world be, what would your universe be, without the tongue to taste?
What would your world be, what would your universe be, without the body to touch?
What would your world be, what would your universe be, without the mind to think?
What would your world be, what would your universe be, without all of the above?

The One and Only Existence

Right here, right now, this very timeless moment,
Is where the one and only existence begins and ends.

The Autodidactic Reality

No matter how many classrooms or lecture halls or laboratories or whatever one attends,
It is always up to the individual to make the effort to learn what there is to learn.
It is always up to the individual to distill what any experience has to offer.
Ultimately, every human being, every creature, is an autodidact.

A Disdain for Doubt

Belief, faith, hope, certainty, conviction,
And other notions of a whimsical nature,
Do not long dwell in the arena of doubt.

Sailing the Winds of Doubt

Great doubt, whether through hesitation or disbelief,
Is the motivation, the momentum, the impetus, the stimulus,
That sets canvas and rudder to whatever parts known and unknown,
Any given wanderer, any given rambler, any given gypsy, any given sailor,
From harbor to harbor, from adventure to adventure, from birth to death, may tack.

How Not to Waste Time

Worshipping false idols, whether in form or concept,
Is not an intelligent use of one's brief window of time.

A Free Offering

If someone is soliciting your wallet for these freely given words,
Or pretending to represent some spiritual groupthink, that hopefully will never spawn,
Put them behind You as quickly as them running shoes allow.

The Un-Dotted Line

Do You remember signing up for this?
Or were You just too drunk to remember?

So Many Lifetimes in Just One

You have seen enough, heard enough, tasted enough, smelt enough, touched enough,
And thought and done enough, for all the lifetimes You could have ever imagined.
If You signed up for this mortal playhouse, You were too stoned to remember.

Walking the Trail of Irony and Paradox

If You think these all nothing more than mad opinions,
You are not yet walking the trail of irony and paradox.

All the Same Mind

Consciousness, judgment, belief, imagery, measurement, inventiveness,
Imagination, visualization, fantasy, hallucination, meditation, contemplation, revelation,
Perception, thought, reflection, deliberation, observation, conception, prescience,
Creativity, understanding, planning, problem-solving, problem-making,
Dreaming, opinion, notion, theory, philosophy, theory, design …
All very much the same time-bound movement of mind.

Who Was the First?

Who was the first to come down from the trees?
Who was the first to walk out into the savanna?
Who was the first to gaze up into the skies?
Who was the first to use a hand signal?
Who was the first to utter a word?
Who was the first to stand?
Who was the first to walk?
Who was the first to run?
Who was the first to pursue?
Who was the first to build a fire?
Who was the first to throw a stone?
Who was the first to make a spear?
Who was the first to make a bowl?
Who was the first to make a basket?
Who was the first to tame a wolf?
Who was the first to tame a cat?
Who was the first to cook a meal?
Who was the first to use fire as a weapon?
Who was the first to write a word?
Who was the first to build a tool?
Who was the first to make a bowl?
Who was the first to make a spoon?
Who was the first to make a fork?
Who was the first to make a cup?
Who was the first to plant a seed?
Who was the first to create many gods?
Who was the first to create one god?

Who was the first to make a canoe?
Who was the first to dig a canal?
Who was the first to make an awl?
Who was the first to make ink?
Who was the first to make a knife?
Who was the first to use a club?
Who was the first to make a needle?
Who was the first to make cloth?
Who was the first to color clothing?
Who was the first to make a sword?
Who was the first to make a slingshot?
Who was the first to solve a math problem?
Who was the first to devise a geometric shape?
Who was the first to draw a line?
Who was the first to draw a square?
Who was the first to draw a triangle?
Who was the first to draw a circle?
Who was the first to make paper?
Who was the first to do a string figure?
Who was the first to make music?
Who was the first to make a flute?
Who was the first to make a drum?
Who was the first to make a harp?
Who was the first to make a harpoon?
Who was the first to make a fishing pole?
Who was the first to build a shield?
Who was the first to devise a currency?
Who was the first to make a bed?
Who was the first to enter a cave?
Who was the first to build a hut?
Who was the first to make a tent?
Who was the first to make a sling?
Who was the first to make a bow?
Who was the first to ride a horse?
Who was the first to form a hunting party?
Who was the first to make a mirror?
Who was the first to make a comb?
Who was the first to make a brush?
Who was the first to use build a home?
Who was the first to build a boat?
Who was the first to name a star?
Who was the first to make first painting?
Who was the first to design first symbol?
Who was the first to create a deity?
Who was the first to conceive good and evil?
Who was the first to create paint?
Who was the first to use a stylus?
Who was the first to make pottery?

Who was the first to devise cuneiform?
Who was the first to conceive numbers?
Who was the first to conceive letters?
Who was the first to conceive language?
Who was the first to awaken to Self?
Who was the first to conceive love?
Who was the first to conceive romance?
Who was the first to kill a beast?
Who was the first to wear clothes?
Who was the first to make a wheel?
Who was the first to make a cart?
Who was the first to make a boat?
Who was the first to make a sail?
Who was the first to barter?
Who was the first to create money?
Who was the first to make paper?
Who was the first to create a business?
Who was the first to chip a stone?
Who was the first to make an awl?
Who was the first to wear jewelry?
Who was the first to dig for metal?
Who was the first to make a forge?
Who was the first to create an explosive?
Who was the first to make a shield?
Who was the first to make a rope?
Who was the first to sew?
Who was the first to make clothes?
Who was the first to write graffiti?
Who was the first to wear a tattoo?
Who was the first to domesticate an animal?
Who was the first to swaddle an infant?
Who was the first to bury a body?
Who was the first to eat fruit?
Who was the first to take a hallucinogen?
Who was the first to make alcohol?
Who was the first to create a currency?
Who was the first to smoke tobacco?
Who was the first to kill another?
Who was the first to use a pillow?
Who was the first to float on a log?
Who was the first to swim across a river?
Who was the first to make sugar?
Who was the first to harvest honey?
Who was the first to kill a tiger?
Who was the first to ride an elephant?
Who was the first to make a saddle?
Who was the first to make a stirrup?
Who was the first to milk a goat?

Who was the first to sow a seed?
Who was the first to create a herd?
Who was the first to make a blanket?
Who was the first to make a coat?
Who was the first to dig a well?
Who were the first to hunt as a band?
Who was the first to dam a river?
Who was the first to discover gold?
Who was the first to walk a beach?
Who was the first to milk a cow?
Who was the first to climb a mountain?
Who was the first to sail on the ocean?
Who was the first to wear a dress?
Who was the first to wear pants?
Who was the first to make a belt?
Who was the first to make glass?
Who was the first to wear underwear?
Who was the first to milk a horse?
Who was the first to make a candle?
Who was the first to make a stairway?
Who was the first to build a house?
Who was the first to make a hammock?
Who was the first to make a tent?
Who was the first to catch a fish?
Who was the first to make a net?
Who was the first to trap an animal?
Who was the first to sing a song?
Who was the first to wear makeup?
Who was the first to get a haircut?
Who was the first to tie a knot?
Who was the first to trim his beard?
Who was the first to breed an animal?
Who was the first to harvest a crop?
Who was the first to rape another?
Who was the first to steal from another?
Who was the first to hoard wealth?
Who was the first to torture another?
Who was the first to fight a battle?
Who was the first to bake bread?
Who was the first to build a castle?
Who was the first to make up a story?
Who was the first to see a reflection of their face?
Who was the first to imagine a sense of self?

And who will be the last?

That Which Is Prior to All Attributes

That reflection in the mirror or window,
That photograph on the mantle or album or screen,
Is not You … it never was, it never will be.
You are prior to all attributes,
No matter the dream.

The Intangibility of Existence

In the grand theater of all and none,
Nothing You do or say, or do not do or say,
Is going to make any tangible difference, whatsoever.

The Unattached Source

It is all this imaginary becoming that wreaks all the many passions,
That generate so much sorrow and suffering in existence.
Awareness is, without concern for any moment,
The human paradigm could ever spin.

The Entirety Reality Is

Why would anyone even begin to believe, to imagine,
The indelible mystery could ever not be whole,
That it could ever separate in any way from its awareness.
You are the mystery, You are the awareness, witness to all and none.

An Imaginary Darkness

Cults and religions come and go, because the multitudes,
Fear suffering and oblivion, fear the unknowable,
And seek salvation from the fires of damnation,
For nothing more than darkness born of imagination.
That which plays all parts, plays all roles, angelic to demonic.
Imagination is solitary usurper of awareness, in all its mind-bound forms.

Un-Imagine

Un-imagine You are this mind-body.
Un-imagine You are this existence.
Un-imagine You are this world.
Un-imagine You are this cosmos.
Un-imagine You are this dreamtime.

The Reality of Space Travel

Even if an intrepid crew of lost-in-spacers managed to reach a reasonably hospitable world,
It would likely turn into a stone-age aboriginal existence more than a little quickly.
Planet Earth would be hard-pressed to ever see or hear from them again.
Odds are the entire troop would be dead within the first year.
And that is assuming they even survived the journey to get there.

No Frame of Reference Alike

Where this nomadic mind wanders, I can only say, I can only write,
And You can only discern to the reaches of your frame of reference.

The Limits of All Concepts

What metaphor, what analogy, what allegory, what simile,
What word, what number, what note, what symbol,
Has ever transcended its conceptual origin?

The Flight of the Inattentive Mind

Imagination will, more than likely,
Very quickly, without warning, without fanfare,
Take flight in the inattentive mind.

The Fate of Democracy

One of our bigger errors, was thinking, believing, expecting, it would be any different.
Giving power to the masses has generally been frowned upon by the bigger club-carriers.
To in any way hope, that might change in these our modern times, was naïve from the get-go.

Home, Sweet Home

Home, sweet home.
Peace, sweet peace.
Silence, sweet silence.
Solitude, sweet solitude.
Obscurity, sweet obscurity.
Awareness, sweet awareness.
Anonymity, sweet anonymity.
Realization, sweet realization.
Emptiness, sweet emptiness.
Rightness, sweet rightness.
Serenity, sweet serenity.
Home, sweet home.

The Truth of Water

What is water? What it is when it is not ice or vapor.
What is ice? What it is when it is not water or vapor.
What is vapor? What it is when it is not water or ice.

The Reality of Being the Unborn-Undying

What You were before You were born? What have You been while alive? What will You be after death?
The unborn-undying before the story is the same unborn-undying after its end,
And during the long and winding tale, as well.

No Escaping the Nature-Nurture

Is humankind really all that different from the panda,
Whose daily-without-fail regimen is ninety-nine percent bamboo?
How probable is it, that any creature can sidestep its nature-nurture patterning,
No matter how apparently complex evolution has sculpted it.

Dying to the Narrative

To die before You die, You must die to the story.
To the narrative, the chronicle, the tale, the fable, the myth, the legend,
You have manufactured and projected unto your universe,
For this relatively brief play of imagination.

Vanity is the Narrative

Vanity plays out the narrative to which You are so attached,
So conditioned by nature-nurture to every moment play out.

Resisting the Vulnerability

Fear and dread are the mind's resistance,
To the vulnerability required to surrender to the mystery,
And its bottomless bag of ineffable intrigues.

The Plight of the Sheeples

Charismatics, charlatans, magicians, quacks,
Boogeymen, and innumerable others,
Make for a careening world.
Sheeples abound.
Look in the mirror.

The Only Place to Be

No place to lead You, nothing to teach You,
Except that right-here-right-now, is the only place to be,
And for that, You are most truly on your own.

History: Snapshots of Perception

Birth is the beginning of any given story; death, its end.
History books are but subjective, loquacious snapshots.

Reality's True Sheen

You have never not been the mystery.
Duality is the polarizing inclination of imagination.
The unblemished indivisibility of nonduality is reality's true sheen.

Evil? Or Twisted Me-Myself-And-I?

Are great brutality and voraciousness truly the actions of some great evil force?
Or merely the predictable me-myself-and-I, playing out extreme tribal notions?

No More, No Less

But for vanity's countless self-absorbed assertions,
You cannot be more than You already are,
Nor less than You already are not.

Those Were the Daze

Those were the days my friend, we thought they'd never end, we'd sing and dance forever and a day.
We'd live the life we choose, we'd fight and never lose, for we were young, and sure to have our way.
… La la la la la la … La la la la la la … La la la la … La la la la la la …

(Mary Hopkin)

Every Culture a Narrative of Perception

Those who control the narrative, shape history's perception,
Down whatever future-past its tenuous nature lays claim.
The routine of tradition is a strong force in the human psyche,
So there is a loyal penchant to cling to whatever story is provided.
How many cultures have played out in humanity's relatively brief epoch,
Is but one of the beyond-countless things that can never be more than speculated.

The Illusions of Perception

All dreams, all worlds, all universes, all dimensions,
Are but illusions You play over and over with your Self,
In every imaginable way, times and spaces beyond counting.

To Be, or Not to Be

To be, or not to be.
To become, or not to become.
To doubt, or not to doubt.
To see, or not to see.
To share, or not to share.
To love, or not to love.
To serenity, or not to serenity.
To taste, or not to taste.
To think, or not to think.
To imbibe, or not to imbibe.
To give, or not to give.
To inquire, or not to inquire.
To hate, or not to hate.
To eat, or not to eat.
To still, or not to still.
To protect, or not to protect.
To smell, or not to smell.
To coexist, or not to coexist.
To kill, or not to kill.
To tranquil, or not to tranquil.
To battle, or not to battle.
To embrace, or not to embrace.
To know, or not to know.
To touch, or not to touch.
To hear, or not to hear.
To resist, or not to resist.

To breathe, or not to breathe.
To revolt, or not to revolt.
To serve, or not to serve.
To take, or not to take.
To live, or not to live.
To instruct, or not to instruct.
To die, or not to die.
To order, or not to order.
To create, or not to create.
To preserve, or not to preserve.
To destroy, or not to destroy.
To pray, or not to pray.
To grok, or not to grok.
To who, or not to who.
To predator, or not to predator.
To try, or not to try.
To wrath, or not to wrath.
To camouflage, or not to camouflage.
To covet, or not to covet.
To repose, or not to repose.
To exist, or not to exist.
To academic, or not to academic.
To boast, or not to boast.
To what, or not to what.
To sow, or not to sow.
To empathy, or not to empathy.
To follow, or not to follow.
To denounce, or not to denounce.
To torture, or not to torture.
To enjoy, or not to enjoy.
To compete, or not to compete.
To waffle, or not to waffle.
To grow, or not to grow.
To ally, or not to ally
To sojourn, or not to sojourn.
Th charge, or not to charge.
To abide, or not to abide.
To beg, or not to beg.
To rebel, or not to rebel.
To permit, or not to permit.
To mold, or not to mold.
To join, or not to join.
To review, or not to review.
To affiliate, or not to affiliate.
To dream, or not to dream.
To waiver, or not to waiver.
To conquer, or not to conquer
To win, or not to win.

To shuffle, or not to shuffle.
To lose, or not to lose.
To surrender, or not to surrender.
To go, or not to go.
To dive, or not to dive.
To write, or not to write.
To discern, or not to discern.
To propagate, or not to propagate.
To stop, or not to stop.
To learn, or not to learn.
To succeed, or not to succeed.
To impede, or not to impede.
To where, or not to where.
To nurture, or not to nurture.
To sympathy, or not to sympathy.
To fail, or not to fail.
To sit, or not to sit.
To prey, or not to prey.
To recline, or not to recline.
To lead, or not to lead.
To victim, or not to victim.
To innovate, or not to innovate.
To wander, or not to wander.
To lie, or not to lie.
To produce, or not to produce.
To idol, or not to idol.
To investigate, or not to investigate.
To when, or not to when.
To fall, or not to fall.
To assert, or not to assert.
To draw, or not to draw.
To sheeple, or not to sheeple.
To understand, or not to understand.
To collaborate, or not to collaborate.
To quest, or not to quest.
To fly, or not to fly.
To increase, or not to increase.
To cease, or not to cease.
To pass, or not to pass.
To observe, or not to observe.
To help, or not to help.
To why, or not to why.
To speak, or not to speak.
To extrapolate, or not to extrapolate.
To symbol, or not to symbol.
To work, or not to work.
To narrate, or not to narrate.
To renounce, or not to renounce.

To play, or not to play.
To invent, or not to invent.
To remind, or not to remind.
To tolerate, or not to tolerate.
To contend, or not to contend.
To feel, or not to feel.
To contort, or not to contort.
To fantasy, or not to fantasy.
To lust, or not to lust.
To mention, or not to mention.
To argue, or not to argue.
To angel, or not to angel.
To own, or not to own.
To decrease, or not to decrease.
To how, or not to how.
To save, or not to save.
To journey, or not to journey.
To trip, or not to trip.
To rhetoric, or not to rhetoric.
To participate, or not to participate.
To allow, or not to allow.
To respond, or not to respond.
To romantic, or not to romantic.
To analyze, or not to analyze.
To act, or not to act.
To complain, or not to complain.
To passion, or not to passion.
To walk, or not to walk.
To challenge, or not to challenge.
To throw, or not to throw.
To desire, or not to desire.
To drudge, or not to drudge.
To berate, or not to berate.
To state, or not to state.
To cast off, or not to cast off.
To tribe, or not to tribe.
To teach, or not to teach.
To true, or not to true.
To achieve, or not to achieve.
To drift, or not to drift.
To maintain, or not to maintain.
To toss, or not to toss.
To start, or not to start.
To rant, or not to rant.
To disdain, or not to disdain.
To inflict, or not to inflict.
To explore, or not to explore.
To quit, or not to quit.

To criticize, or not to criticize.
To spend, or not to spend.
To buy, or not to buy.
To rise, or not to rise.
To sermon, or not to sermon.
To infinite, or not to infinite.
To care, or not to care.
To groupthink, or not to groupthink.
To heal, or not to heal.
To condemn, or not to condemn.
To doublethink, or not to doublethink.
To address, or not to address.
To quantum, or not to quantum.
To extinct, or not to extinct.
To cooperate, or not to cooperate.
To rage, or not to rage.
To party, or not to party.
To pragmatic, or not to pragmatic.
To existential, or not to existential.
To react, or not to react.
To false, or not to false.
To dismiss, or not to dismiss.
To thoughtcrime, or not to thoughtcrime.
To remark, or not to remark.
To grasp, or not to grasp.
To demon, or not to demon.
To superstition, or not to superstition.
To quarrel, or not to quarrel.
To experiential, or not to experiential.
To listen, or not to listen.
To drink, or not to drink.
To comprehend, or not to comprehend.
To harangue, or not to harangue.
To practical, or not to practical.
To one, or not to one.
To fix, or not to fix.
To empirical, or not to empirical.
To critique, or not to critique.
To riot, or not to riot.
To protect, or not to protect.
To sell, or not to sell.
To totality, or not to totality.
To twist, or not to twist.
To flourish, or not to flourish.
To zip, or not to zip.
To cultivate, or not to cultivate.
To hunger, or not to hunger.
To vie, or not to vie.

To paradox, or not to paradox.
To irony, or not to irony.
To hint, or not to hint.
To describe, or not to describe.
To mature, or not to mature.
To newspeak, or not to newspeak.
To zeal, or not to zeal.
To explain, or not to explain.
To fish, or not to fish.
To doublespeak, or not to doublespeak.
To condone, or not to condone.
To run, or not to run.
To reason, or not to reason.
To anarchy, or not to anarchy.
To seek, or not to seek.
To remember, or not to remember.
To repair, or not to repair.
To desecrate, or not to desecrate.
To deride, or not to deride.
To wise, or not to wise.
To comment, or not to comment.
To kneel, or not to kneel.
To nest, or not to nest.
To assist, or not to assist.
To oppose, or not to oppose.
To perceive, or not to perceive.
To defend, or not to defend.
To witness, or not to witness.
To thirst, or not to thirst.
To ask, or not to ask.
To announce, or not to announce.
To shield, or not to shield.
To harvest, or not to harvest.
To delve, or not to delve.
To note, or not to note.
To mayhem, or not to mayhem.
To fathom, or not to fathom.
To delight, or not to delight.
To dig, or not to dig.
To partner, or not to partner.
To sally, or not to sally.
To recall, or not to recall.
To adapt, or not to adapt.
To attack, or not to attack.
To venture, or not to venture.
To evolve, or not to evolve.
To chameleon, or not to chameleon.
To have, or not to have.

To pretend, or not to pretend.
To struggle, or not to struggle.
To endure, or not to endure.
To wonder, or not to wonder.
To question, or not to question.
To be, or not to be.

Those are some questions.

Giving Over to the Serenity of the Eternal Moment

Why is it so enticing, so beguiling, for You to know that which can never be known?
Why is it necessary for You to continue believing whatever imaginary stories your culture has spun?
Or for You to continue believing whatever imaginary narratives You have yourself spun?
Why is it so arduous to be in concord, in harmony, with the mystery You are?
To just serenely be the moment to which awareness is witness.

What Is God? What Is Not God?

God is never born. God never dies.
God is the timelessness prior to all time-bound creations.
God is awareness, unborn, undying, untouched by the vagaries of consciousness.
God is much more, God is much less, than any word.
There is no God but You.

The Perceptions of Manifestation

How can awareness see without eyes?
How can awareness hear without ears?
How can awareness smell without a nose?
How can awareness taste without a tongue?
How can awareness touch without a receptacle?
How can awareness perceive without a mind?
Manifestation is necessary for the mystery,
To perceive, to discover, to experience,
Whatever dreams existence offers.

Awakening to the Moment

One moment You are the dreamer, the conditioned part imagination routinely plays.
And the next, You are the awareness, the one and only You, dreaming.
Dreamer and dreaming, back and forth, forth and back.
Not at all an easy thing to stay awake.

Discerning the Mystery of Awareness

It is consciousness, imagination, that moves, not awareness.
It is not your awareness, it is not my awareness, it is simply awareness.
Forever a mystery – inexplicable, unfathomable, ineffable, indelible, immeasurable.
Only in the timeless present, only in the unborn-undying, immutable moment, can it be discerned.

Discerning True Self

Every sentient being has its own dream, its own world, its own universe.
There is no creator judging; there is only the creation experiencing.
The concoctions of priesthood middlemen are nothing more,
Than means to manipulate masses to their own ends.
The only thing personal about the dream is You,
And You are nothing more than an invention of imagination.
It is in the awareness of the moment that You will discern the true Self.

The Timelessness Prior to All Narratives

Let go all the narratives, even your own, and what is left,
But the pure awareness of a very still, very timeless moment.

Kaleidoscoping Through the Eternal Moment

Consciousness (a.k.a., imagination) starts and stops, ebbs and flows, creaks and groans.
The awareness of the eternal moment, ever is, as the dreamtime kaleidoscopes on and on.

Discerning the Implacable Doubt

There is no imaginary creator on high judging its creation.
There is only the spontaneous creation equally experiencing all dreamtimes.
Heavens and hells and purgatories are the delusional fabrications,
Of those who allow imagination to get the better of them.
Implacable doubt is the means to awakening,
To the awareness witnessing all.

A Cancerous Force

How many fellow earthlings, given the capacity, would not do everything we have?
All organisms small to great, have an opportunistic impetus to survive however they can.
It is the sense of self, and the insatiability of imagination, bodily hunger morphed into avarice,
That has taken instinct, the drive to persevere, to a cancerous level, no web of life can forever endure.

Fate

The fate of the universe is the fate of the universe.
The fate of the world is the fate of the world.
The fate of all life is the fate of all life.
The fate of You is the fate of You.
All just aspects of the same mystery
No need to make anything more than it is.

The Key Ingredient

Doubt is the key ingredient.
Believing anything, assuming anything,
Is the sure road to any and every imaginable delusion.

A Grand Epic

The quantum mystery is a grand epic unto its Self,
Every moment infused by the same timeless awareness.

A Mysterious Dream

Kudos and boos to all those who weave the lie to their own ends.
It is a mysterious dream, well-suited to sociopaths and psychopaths.

The Mystery of the Mystery

It is a mysterious mystery.
It is an absolute mystery.
It is an immeasurable mystery.
It is an immaculate mystery.
It is a sovereign mystery.
It is an indelible mystery.
It is an unadulterated mystery.
It is an indivisible mystery.
It is an inexplicable mystery.
It is an ultimate mystery.
It is an unknowable mystery.
It is a timeless mystery.
It is a quintessential mystery.
It is a spaceless mystery.
It is an imperishable mystery.
It is an unfathomable mystery.
It is a pristine mystery.
It is an indecipherable mystery.
It is a seamless mystery.
It is an interminable mystery.
It is a baffling mystery.
It is an unmitigated mystery.
It is an unspoiled mystery.
It is an impeccable mystery.
It is an enigmatic mystery.
It is an inconceivable mystery.
It is an untainted mystery.
It is an ineffable mystery.
It is an inscrutable mystery.
It is a precise mystery.
It is an impenetrable mystery.
It is an ideal mystery.
It is a flawless mystery.
It is an unborn mystery.
It is an undying mystery.
It is an eternal mystery.
It is an unparalleled mystery.
It is a supreme mystery.

It is an architype mystery.
It is a superlative mystery.
It is an unavoidable mystery.
It is a creative mystery.
It is a destructive mystery.
It is an inventive mystery.
It is an imaginative mystery.
It is an unprecedented mystery.
It is a singular mystery.
It is a spectacular mystery.
It is an unusual mystery.
It is a novel mystery.
It is an innovative mystery.
It is a spontaneous mystery.
It is a kaleidoscoping mystery.
It is a unique mystery.
It is a paradigm mystery.
It is a metaphorical mystery.
It is a adamant mystery.
It is a metaphorical mystery.
It is an inescapable mystery.
It is an unchangeable mystery.
It is a relentless mystery.
It is an inflexible mystery.
It is an ironic mystery.
It is a paradoxical mystery.
It is a boggling mystery.
It is an unrivaled mystery.
It is an unequaled mystery.
It is an unmatched mystery.
It is an unsurpassed mystery.
It is a special mystery.
It is an outstanding mystery.
It is a brilliant mystery.
It is an inexorable mystery.
It is an exclusive mystery.
It is an incomprehensible mystery.
It is a distinctive mystery.
It is an exceptional mystery.
It is an inimitable mystery.
It is a matchless mystery.
It is a one-off mystery.
It is an outstanding mystery.
It is an irreplaceable mystery.
It is a hypothetical mystery.
It is a theoretical mystery.
It is an implausible mystery.
It is a surreptitious mystery.

It is an unsolvable mystery.
It is a cryptic mystery.
It is a puzzling mystery.
It is an extraordinary mystery.
It is a profound mystery.
It is a ruthless mystery.
It is a perplexing mystery.
It is a complex mystery.
It is an incomparable mystery.
It is a peculiar mystery.
It is a weird mystery.
It is an audacious mystery.
It is a cagey mystery.
It is a fearless mystery.
It is an intrepid mystery.
It is a courageous mystery.
It is a puzzling mystery.
It is an obscure mystery.
It is a hidden mystery.
It is an ambiguous mystery.
It is an abyss mystery.
It is an empty mystery.
It is an obtuse mystery.
It is a vacuous mystery.
It is a streaming mystery.
It is a bottomless mystery.
It is a shrewd mystery.
It is a perceptive mystery.
It is a wise mystery.
It is a judicious mystery.
It is an incisive mystery.
It is an intelligent mystery.
It is a sensible mystery.
It is a never-ending mystery.
It is a limitless mystery.
It is a boundless mystery.
It is an effortless mystery.
It is an unpretentious mystery.
It is an artless mystery.
It is an inherent mystery.
It is an actual mystery.
It is a predictable mystery.
It is a foolish mystery.
It is an instinctive mystery.
It is a hollow mystery.
It is a vague mystery.
It is a vibrating mystery.
It is a pointless mystery.

It is a hard-hearted mystery.
It is a methodical mystery.
It is an oscillating mystery.
It is a quantum mystery.
It is a scientific mystery.
It is a logical mystery.
It is a precise mystery.
It is a detached mystery.
It is a forthright mystery.
It is a natural mystery.
It is an exact mystery.
It is a systematic mystery.
It is a complete mystery.
It is a definitive mystery.
It is a state-of-the-art mystery.
It is a true mystery.
It is an implacable mystery.
It is a merciless mystery.
It is an unbending mystery.
It is a callous mystery.
It is an abundant mystery.
It is an everything mystery.
It is an unbreakable mystery.
It is an immortal mystery.
It is a ground mystery.
It is a demanding mystery.
It is a meticulous mystery.
It is a holographic mystery.
It is a matrix mystery.
It is a patternless mystery.
It is an arcane mystery.
It is an esoteric mystery.
It is an untraceable mystery.
It is a pathless mystery.
It is an indescribable mystery.
It is a majestic mystery.
It is a nothing mystery.
It is a fastidious mystery.
It is an unexplainable mystery.
It is an unyielding mystery.
It is an infinite mystery.
It is a bona fide mystery.
It is a mysterious mystery.

It is … a mystery.

The Entitlements of History

Everything human-made is born of an idea, an insight, an impression, a sense, a gist.
In all times, in all geographies, who were the firsts to come up with all these astonishing innovations?
Who were the firsts to conceive all those inventions, all those shards of mystery,
To which You are so attached, to which You feel so entitled,
That You likely so take for granted.

The Truth of Self-Importance

As important as You make yourself out to be,
Neither the universe nor the world even know You exist.
Count yourself lucky if your mother still cares.

As Actual as the Given Moment

Imagine whatever You will, as often as You will,
It has never been more actual than the given moment,
Which is a vague reality, a dubious awareness, in its Self.

A Quantum Construct

Your sensory mind-body, your world, your cosmos, is a quantum construct of imagination.
Since birth, You have been conditioned, mesmerized, brainwashed, compelled,
By the given nature-nurture, to play a part that partakes it all real.
Few see it for what it is; fewer still live it for what it is.

Breathe, Atlas, Breathe

How many breaths until You pick the world up again?
And how many more to let it go for a little Shiva time?

And Before You Were a Monkey …

Your genomic lineage goes back four billion plus-or-minus years.
Your ancestors were goo and sludge long before they were monkeys.

The Rarest of Feats

Yes, it more than likely You will wake up tomorrow morning
Just as mesmerized as You have been all those yesterdaze.
Awakening to the illusion of it all, is the rarest of feats.

God's Planless Plan

"God's Plan" appears to be for the human species to play out, to witness,
Every conceivable, every achievable, every nook and cranny absurdity,
That vanity and greed, narcissism and hedonism, can possibly muster.
What a jester that Santa Claus is; he make us laugh plenty ha-ha hard.

The Great Commonality

Everyone imagines, everyone breathes, everyone consumes,
Everyone desires, everyone fears, everyone suffers, everyone dies.
You are very much alone, very much not alone, each and every moment.

The Unreality of Reality

Everyone has their own cosmos kaleidoscoping in the same timeless awareness.
All are as equally real as yours, all are as equally unreal as yours.
It is the ineffable mystery of one in all, all in one.

An Unstoppable Feeding Frenzy

The global economy of these our modern times is abundantly superfluous.
All grounded on the feeding frenzy of far too much affluence,
And an unrivaled and monotonous consumerism.
The hunter-gatherer thing gone awry.

Dissolving into Eternity

Without sun or moon or stars,
Without clocks or watches or calendars,
Without memories of this or that, or that or this,
Who-what-where-when-why-how is there such a thing as time?
This timeless awareness, this timeless moment, this timeless right here, right now.
Is all there is, all there ever was, all there will ever be.
Dissolve the sensory mind-body.
Be eternity.

The Unborn-Undying Presence

No perception … no sight, no sound, no taste, no smell, no touch,
Ever lasts more than the ever-present, timeless moment.
Only imagination ties the sensory illusion together.
Awareness is the unborn-undying presence,
Through which all dreams persevere.

The Irrational v. The Rational

Irrational ignorance has so many venues, so many platforms, so many stages, so many screens,
From which to wreak havoc, turmoil, confusion, chaos, anarchy, and destruction,
On those drawn to rational, pragmatic, sensible, civil discourse.

How Broad? How Wide? How Deep?

You may have heard what someone was saying,
But how closely were You really listening?
How closely were You really engaging?
How accurately were You really interpreting?
How broad, how wide, how deep, your frame of reference?

Across the Board, Same Mystery

Cultures across all times, all geographies, have all fashioned mythologies,
Legends, folklores, traditions, fables, sagas, fairytales, parables,
Allegories, beliefs, creeds, convictions, and dogmas.
All founded on imaginary underpinnings,
Stemming from the same inexplicable, unnamable mystery.

To Which Fake News Does History Subscribe?

Truth, as far as the day-to-day world goes, depends on to which fake news You subscribe.
History shows that 'truth' tends to favor the agenda of whoever is doing the investigating.

That From Which the Eye Gazes

Of sunrises, does the sun, the star. come up? Or the earth, the horizon, down?
Of sunsets, does the sun, the star, go down? Or the earth, the horizon, up?
All points of view, all perspectives, all measures, all outlooks, all stances,
Are relative to the given eye, and the frame of reference from which it gazes.

Had You Gone Left Instead of Right …

Would a different decision, would a different direction,
Have really made for a better, happier, more pleasant existence?
All lives are harbor to any number of ecstasies, to any number of agonies.
To wander a different path, a different way, might well have been a far worse fate.

What a Fucking Loser

If some supreme deity created You to exist a torturous existence capped off with death,
Only to cause an endless array of further agonies by casting You next into purgatory or hell,
For whatever faults, whatever misdeeds, whatever crimes, You may have committed,
All that can really be said by anyone at all rational, is, “What a fucking loser.”

All Humans Very Much the Same

As diverse as they may seem, human beings are very much the same across all times, all geographies.
They work, they play; they laugh, they cry; they love, they hate; they cooperate, they secede and battle.
They act out every sensation, every emotion, every passion, for which the genomic algorithm is equipped.
How free can any spirit be in the churning of evolution’s timeless wheel of creation and destruction?

Wandering, Watching, Waiting, Wondering

You know that You do not know what the fuck is going on here,
And You do not believe nor trust nor hope, that anyone else truly does, either.
And thus, You wander all alone, through any and all camps, watching, waiting, wondering.

Seriously?

What a truly bizarre thing to supposedly be created by some supreme being,
Only to be cast forever into hell or purgatory for not falling into line,
With a controversial collection of desert-dweller commandments,
Or an implausible messiah and his frothing cult of true-believers.
Even if there is some sort of Santa Claus rendering of a deity on high,
Have You really lived such a contemptible existence to be all that apprehensive,
About being eternally damned in a byzantine labyrinth, an abyss of some Dante-esque inferno?
I mean, seriously?

The Insatiable Lizard-Brainers

A vast horde of conglomerate empires, voracious dinosaurs, insatiable lizard-brains,
Daily, bit by bit, greedily devastating this garden planet and all its creations.
What hope can there be in the face of such overwhelming synergy?

Creation and Destruction, One in the Same

Close your eyes and closely watch what happens when You are chewing.
Creation is destruction, destruction is creation, they are one in the same.

Your Own Merit? Or a Cheating Hand?

Did You ride the tide to victory by your own skill, your own merit?
Or did some deity on high lend a cheating hand with a tip of the scale?

Who Knows?

Who knows who?
Who knows what?
Who knows where?
Who knows when?
Who knows why?
Who knows how?

The Intertwining Nature of History and Language

All languages evolve from their history.
All histories are imbedded in their language,
For as long as the given culture endures.

The Graven Images of Imagination

Jesus was more than likely not your rendering of Jesus, nor was Buddha,
Nor were any other graven mirages history has in imagination ever devised.

One Life to Live

Will that thought, that memory, that perception, ever go away?
Probably, but maybe with Magic Eight Ball glimpses here and there.

Nothing Before, Nothing After

What is prior to consciousness? Awareness.
What is prior to awareness? Nothing.

The Marination of Attitude

If You want something marinaded with quality, with excellence,
Then You must unleash with your whole mind, with your whole character.
Few things of great caliber, of great value, of great merit, begin without right attitude.

The Feast of Storytelling

Books wait patiently detached for any minds seeking to feast on whatever it is they offer.
A book without plot, without goal, without purpose, without meaning, what is that about?

No One Really Knows Any More Than You

You know that You do not know what the fuck is going on here,
And You do not believe, do not trust, that anyone else really does, either.
But for the greater part of the human mass, and its paradigm of vanity and greed,
The belief, the faith, the assumption, the conviction, the confidence, that someone else does,
Has directed the human absurdity into the deafening crescendo it has become in these modern times.

The Dualities Born of Mind

How can timeless awareness and the so-called soul not be one in the same?
All divisions, all dualities, all gulfs, all rifts, are the concoctions of imagination.

A Mystery Oblivious to All Vanities

How can something be either ‘meant’ to happen or ‘not meant’ to happen?
It simply does or does not; there is no higher power moving You about some chessboard.
Only vanity contrives deities to give meaning and purpose to a mystery that is oblivious to any and all.

Red Pill v. Blue Pill

How can You possibly let go of it, until You every moment discern it all illusion?
And is it truly worth all the exertion? All the effort? And for what, really?
When it does not at all ultimately matter in any way-shape-form.
So … Red Pill? … Or Blue? … You choose, as destiny (i.e., vanity) calls.

One Reef or Another

No one is at the helm of your illusory fate but You.
Calm or stormy, You will sail on and on,
To one sorry end or another,
This brief existence being what it is.

A Whole Heap of Life

It is a god-eat-god world,
And a whole heap of life has died,
For You to be sitting there perusing this.
And someday it will be your turn.

Another Ghost of Future-Past

No matter how powerful, no matter how famous, no matter how wealthy,
You will not be long-remembered, long-missed, after You depart.
Oh well, so it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.

Only the Moment

There is no yesterday, there is no tomorrow, there is no today.
There is only the moment, there is only the right here, right now,
And the timeless awareness, unborn-undying witness to it all.

Why Would Anything Possibly Matter?

Each and every one is on their own, is the ultimate reality.
There are no trophies, no medals, no ribbons, no laurels, no brass rings.
There is no gold at the end of the rainbow, nor a seat at the foot of some deity on high.
All who quest truth, scrape away at their illusions, their delusions, their fallacies, their desires, their fears,
To whatever degree seems most authentic to the imagination of the given nature-nurture.
Right, wrong, or somewhere between, why would it possibly matter?

The Darwinian Happenstance of Evolution

The quantum theater, time and space, are ultimately not real,
So, beginnings and endings are little more than moot assertions.
Illusory fabrications of the senses feeding into the neural transmitter.
A biological matrix founded on the Darwinian happenstance of evolution.

The Wandering It Takes

Those destined to discern, to fathom, they are the mystery,
Arrive at that moment through every manner of wandering.

All the Deities, All the Demons

The number of deities and demons that humankind has imagined
Throughout its perpetual migration across the world,
Would make for a very long list, indeed.

Even Just One?

Has there ever been even just one human culture across all times, all geographies,
That has not contrived a belief system of one sort or another?
Is a question that can never be answered.

The Joie de Vivre of the Critical Thinker

Knowledge, dogma, superstition, trivia, can be passed on,
But critical thinking, common sense, discernment, insight, wisdom,
Are well beyond the compass of any classroom or catechism or indoctrination,
For that is in the dynamic, the joie de vivre, of any given nature-nurture to fathom, or not.

The Illusion of Space and Time

If space and time do not ultimately exist,
How is any here, how is any there, how is any where,
How is any before, any beginning, any during, any ending, any after,
Even possible as more than a momentary illusion?

The Time Traveler

It is absolutely impossible for the awareness that You are and are not,
To be anywhere else but this moment, this instant, right here, right now.
Only imagination travels the three-dimensional illusion of time and space,
Through which the quantum mind-body plays out its mortal sensory dream.

A Most Obvious Illusion

Watch the senses reach out into the world, the cosmos, that awareness every moment attends.
Watch the eyes see, the ears hear, the tongue taste, the nose smell, the flesh feel, the mind reflect.
How is it not obvious that this entire universe, this entire dream, is but an illusion You have created?

Be the Motionless Abyss

If You are of a contemplative, reflective, pondering, meditative nature,
Cease hunting for meaning and purpose, knowledge and wisdom, in this world or any other.
It is nothing but the constant distraction of a quantum dream.
Be the motionless abyss.

Syncing With Total Beingness

Where is the boundary between consciousness and sub-consciousness,
But in minds unwilling, minds unable, to distinguish whimsey from reality.
If You are in accord with nature, with the rubrics of the quantum dream,
How can You not ramble unburdened by the limitations of delusion?
How can You not be in tune, in sync, with your total beingness?

An Ephemeral Tenet

The Rule of Law is a concord that should be treasured.
One that can only stand as long as those in power,
Agree to tolerate and enforce its just tenets.

What Do You Feed?

The five basic tastes,
Sweet, sour, bitter, salty, umami (savory),
Seven if You include pungency(spiciness) andoleogustus (fattiness),
All have their ummy-yum moments; the everyday challenge,
Is not allowing them to override the body's needs.
Do You feed your tongue, or your body?

The Reality of the Eternal Life

Not all are destined, are fated, to discern eternal life.
No point in getting argumentative or militant about it.
Others either see it, or they do not, end of discussion.

The Anonymous Reality

Consciousness will not long remember You,
And the starry-starry cosmos will not even for a moment miss You.
Oh well, so it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.

Flickers of Existence

No pyramid, or any other repository for the departed,
Has ever been a means to carry on after death.
When the Grim Reaper comes to harvest payment due,
There will no longer be a mind-body for awareness to occupy,
Much less a vault-in-tow, filled to the brim with memory and treasure.
We are but flickers of existence here, all occupying very temporal containers.
All devised by nature-nurture, into programmed destinies, that can never long endure.

No Denying the Evolution of Any Creation

Whether painting or sculpture or tune or essay or universe,
All creation requires some sort of fashioning evolution.
No form, no world, no cosmos, just appears out of the blue.
All assertions to the contrary are but delusions yammering away.

Dualistic Notion

Is time separate from space?
Are clouds separate from the sky?
Are currents separate from the ocean?
Is consciousness separate from awareness?
Is one moment separate from any other moment?
Are You separate from the mystery that is unfathomable?
All dualistic notions are nothing more than plays of imagination.

On and on and On, It Goes

Another day in the dream ends; another night in the dream begins.
Another night in the dream ends; another day in the dream begins.
And so on, and so forth, and so on, and so forth … Try not to yawn.

The Abyss of Mind

Those who inquire into the farthest reaches,
Learn to observe their illusory dreamtime,
Learn to step back into the abyss of mind,
With a serene detachment, only seers know.

Already Forgotten

For all practical purposes, You are as anonymous to the universe as it is to You.
Even the most powerful, even the most wealthy, even the most known,
Are already forgotten in the timeless expanses of eternity.
As if all that vanity ever even had a foothold.

You Are Not

You are not your mind.
You are not your body.
You are not your mask.
You are not your nature.
You are not your nurture.
You are not your imagination.
You are not your perceptions.
You are not your memories.
You are not your vanities.
You are not your dreams.
You are not your hopes.
You are not your values.
You are not your history.
You are not your language.
You are not your identity.
You are not your name.
You are not your ethnicity.
You are not your gender.
You are not your family.
You are not your tribe.
You are not your caste.
You are not your culture.
You are not your country.
You are not your religion.
You are not your work.
You are not your talents.
You are not your hobbies.
You are not your things.
You are not your successes.
You are not your failures.
You are not your desires.
You are not your fears.
You are not your ecstasies.
You are not your agonies.
You are not your time.
You are not your space.
You are not your world.
You are not your universe.
You are not your dimension.
You are not anything; You are not everything.
You are not … You are not … You are not … You are not …
But the awareness, the indivisibility, the mystery, permeating all … and none.

How It Began Matters Not

The origin, the roots, the tentacles, of deoxyribonucleic acid (DNA),
Extend back in the illusion, to its most primordial conception.
We are all the sons and daughters of life's first etchings.
We are all the sons and daughters of genesis.
How it began, does not matter, at all.
Right here, right now, You are.
Breathe in, breathe out.

The Stillness You Are

The mystery is awareness.
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.
There is really no 'you' but the stillness before time.

The Frolic of Memory Cells

Spacetime is the creation of consciousness, of imagination.
It is the dream, the dance, the frolic, the bane, of memory cells.
It was the means for imagination's very gradual usurpation of instinct,
Into the make-believe of self, and the endless pretense of free will unleashed.

Mortal Slime

The smells! The smells!
The tastes! The tastes!
The sights! The sights!
The sounds! The sounds!
The textures! The textures!
The thoughts! The thoughts!
A mystery born of mortal slime.

Easier

Easier to glimpse it than it is to see it.
Easier to listen to it than it is to hear it.
Easier to devour it than it is to taste it.
Easier to whiff it than it is to smell it.
Easier to touch it than it is to feel it.

The Rise and Fall of Any and All Bell Curves

The first … the initiator, the designer, the motivator, the inventor, the architect, the creator …
Shows others that something is worth doing, worth considering, worth changing.
The second … the third … the fourth … and others who follow …
Slowly but surely craft some sort of paradigm shift,
Until another trailblazer comes along with a newer, better idea.
Such is the rise and fall, the creation and destruction, of any and all bell curves.

Embracing Total Surrender

To really go all the way,
To really surrender all the way,
To really be totally awake in awareness,
Is the eternal harmony, the unborn-undying reality,
Of the great nothingness through which all appearances spin.
The challenge is to embrace the mystery of awareness,
Without the imaginary limits of consciousness.

The Dance of Life to Death

Observe a garden, and watch it dance back and forth between life and death.
Put a beautiful flower in a vase in the middle of a table, and watch it slowly wilt.

No Owning the Mystery

There is no authority in the inquiry into this inscrutable, this ineffable mystery.
No writings, no personalities, no groups, no deities high, nor deities low,
Are more than imaginary anchors in the unborn-undying dreamtime.
There is no owning the mystery, never has been, never will be.
You are first, You are last, in whatever way You discern.

The Middleman in Every Head

The middleman in your head is no different than any other out there in the wide world,
Seeking to profit from all your desires and fears and dreads and passions and ignorance.

Of Makers and Builders and Spinners

Who is the one that is making so much effort?
Who is building mountains out of molehills?
Who is spinning problems out of nothing?

Of Black and White and Grays Between

Are You master? Or are You slave? Or both? Or neither?
Or all of the above, and the ebb and flow of grays between?

The Fog of Translation

What translation can ever fully grasp any scribe's vision,
And the frame of reference from which it was articulated?

How to Avoid Followers and Sycophants

The trick to not collecting followers is to become somewhat unappealing in one way or another.
It is enough for any who cross your path to have gleaned your message.
Far better they wander on under their own steam,
To do with their nature-nurture dream, whatever the Fates deign.

How Can What Does Not Exist Be Wasted?

How can time be wasted if there is truly no such thing?
Only vanity contrives the illusion of meaning and purpose.

The Tribeless Wanderers

Truly, the seers, the mystics, the sages across all geographies, all times,
Are the most earnest, the most devout, the most real, wandering tribeless.

Every Direction Known, Every Direction Unknown

The mystery, the unknowable, the unfathomable,
Is both in front of You, and around-the-world behind You.
Or perhaps, right behind You, around-the-world in front of You.
Or perhaps, every direction, every directionless, nothingless can muster.

There Are Times

There are times for war, there are times for peace.
There are times for strategy, there are times for tactics.
There are times for argument, there are times for diplomacy.
There are times for replenishment, there are times for scarcity.
There are times for maneuver, there are times for extermination.
There are times to press forward, there are times to withdraw.
There are times to lay siege, there are times to move around.
There are times for order, there are times for mayhem.
There are times for victory, there are times for loss.
There are times to die, there are times to renew.

The Same Quantum Mystery

Asleep or drowsy or indolent or awake,
It is all the same quantum pointlessness,
It is all the same quantum unfathomability.
It is all the same quantum unborn-undying.
It is all the same quantum unknowability.
It is all the same quantum indivisibility.
It is all the same quantum dreamtime.
It is all the same quantum mystery.

… greed … more … greed …

… greed …
… greed … greed …
… greed … more … greed …
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… greed … more … greed …
… greed … greed …
… greed …

Imbedding in the Moment

Vanity, vanity, all is vanity.
The only way to be free of it is to imbed in the moment,
Ever motionless, ever aware, ever indivisible, ever indelible, ever unborn, ever undying.

The Happenstance-Happenchance of Imagination

A frame of reference is a stew, a blend, a fusion, a union, a brew, a mélange,
A double-double-toil-and-trouble-fire-burn-and-caldron-bubble,
That the fate, the destiny, the kismet, the nature-nurture,
Has through happenstance-happenchance,
In imagination played.

Racing Down a Dead-End Road

We are well beyond turning back from the precipice we have created.
Too many problems to even attempt changing course in any meaningful way.
The species is as captive to its narcissistic-hedonistic self-absorption as it has ever been.
And all accelerating exponentially in every way, every shape, every form, imagination has to offer.
The hungry monkey is not letting go of that tasty bait in the coconut snare anytime ever.
In Darwinian reckoning, greed may not always be the best survival strategy.

A Cosmic Prison

What is a prison?
A small locked room with bars?
A mass of mind and body and sensory intrigue?
Or a cosmos of stars too far to ever more than imagine grasping?

The Awareness of Awareness

It is in the awareness of awareness,
Not the ownership of awareness,
Not the doctrine of awareness,
Not the space of awareness,
Not the time of awareness,
That You will find truth.

The Exceptions! The Exceptions!

There will likely always be exceptions to any rule,
Any law, any instruction, any regulation, any decree, any imperative,
Any statute, any canon, any tenet, any ruling, any directive.
Oh well, so it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.

Darwin and the Art of War

What is any modification of strategies and tactics,
But Darwinian adaptation to changing circumstance.

The Nature of Experts

The expert is someone who has studied something so much,
That s/he really truly believes they actually know something.

… creation … preservation … destruction …

… creation … preservation … destruction …
… creation … preservation … destruction … creation … preservation … destruction …
… creation … preservation … destruction …

The Siren of Age

So many years You have spent giving into every sort of calculation and impulse this way and that.
So many things You thought You needed, so many things You thought You wanted.
And now, finally, little if any interest in such dilettantish pursuits.
A contemplative, anonymous endgame, serenely beckons from the shoals.

… awareness …

… the namelsss name …
… the worldless world …
… the lightless light …
… the soundless sound …
… the cosmicless cosmos …
… the quantumless quantum …
… the nothingless nothing …

The Scar Tissue of Mind

Erasing the scars from the traces of existence is not an easy undertaking.
Even the most persevering can tumble back into their imaginary cosmos.

Is That What You Really Are?

Senses, organs, glands, bones, muscles, nerves, tissue, skin, hair,
Blood, saliva, snot, sweat, piss, shit, gas, and other fluids.
Is that really You? Is that really what You truly are?
Or is the mind-body just the only practical way,
The mystery could manifest a touchy-feely dream?

A Long and Winding Wander Ahead

Down one road or trail or another, You will long and winding wander,
Partaking whatever the dreamtime offers, as the nature-nurture allows.

Odds Are

Odds are the awareness before You were born or after You die,
Is very much the same alertness, the same watchfulness,
As the awareness You are right here, right now.

The Satisfaction of the No Answer

Who-what-where-when-why-how is the past?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is the future?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is the moment?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is anything?
Will any answer ever entirely satisfy You?

God is the No Other

God is all the creation, all the preservation, all the destruction.
God is all the You's there are, have ever been, will ever be.
There is not, has never been, will never be, any other.

Through Your Eyes

How would You suppose any supreme being worth its brackish salt,
Would, could, witness your world, your cosmos,
But through your eyes?

All You Imagine Your Self to Be, and Not to Be

All self-imagery is based on the blend, on the fusion, on the synergy,
Of all the patterning, all the molding, all the conditioning, of the given nature-nurture,
Including all the cultural, political, religious, racial, linguistic, educational,
Gender, socio-economic, emotional, et cetera, influences.

No More, No Less

As much as You might believe it to be more,
As much as You might achingly yearn for it to be more,
It is not more, nor has it ever been more, nor will it ever be more.
Nor is it less, nor has it ever been less, nor will it ever be less.
Oh well, so it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.

Exact Same Difference

Did some sculptor sculpt the sculpture?
Or did the sculpture sculpt itself?
Who knows? Who cares?
Exact same difference, anyway.

The Vanity of Jesus

The vanity of Jesus was witnessed by the same awareness,
Witnessing yours and every other critter's across critterdom.

True Generosity

Giving to receive is not giving.
Giving out of fear is not giving.
Giving out of guilt is not giving,
Giving out of shame is not giving.
Giving out of obligation is not giving.
Giving out of capitulation is not giving.
True generosity is the most virtuous heart.

The Only Issue

Regarding Covid-19,
Or any other pandemic,
It is not a political issue.
It is not an economic issue.
It is not a religious issue.
It is not a macho issue.
It is a health issue.

Real War

Gameboards and such are just the start of strategic and tactical thinking.
Real war is only limited by rules of engagement, if there is such a thing.

The Consequence of Being Born

You may not have lived by a sword in the literal sense,
But You most assuredly will perish by the synergistic consequences
Of the whoever-whatever-wherever-whenever-whyever-however You have lived.
It is not a metaphorical, allegorical, figurative, symbolic, abstract, emblematical, rhetorical issue.

When Were You Born?

Did You begin growing old, did You start dying, the moment You were conceived?
Did You begin growing old, did You start dying, the moment You departed the womb?
Or did You begin growing old, did You start dying, when all life kicked off,
In that long, long, long ago, unborn-undying, puddle of origin?

The Relativity of Mind's Perception

If You could travel back in space-time to a variety of life events, would You see them the same?
Would they seem fairly similar to your vague memories, or be almost entirely rewritten?
And how different would they be if You were to re-watch them every decade or so?
Memory being what it is, frame of reference being what it is, chances are good,
That your perspective, your assessment, might well be different each and every time.

When the Insatiable Becomes Satiable

What happens to the insatiable mind when the more-more-more,
Dissipates, downgrades, devolves, disperses, diminishes, diffuses, dissolves, disappears,
Into the contentment, the satisfaction, the serenity, of need-only?

When You Truly No Longer Care

Perhaps someday You will really, no longer care about this world or any other,
When it finally-finally-finally does not even occur to You, does not even cross your mind,
That You no longer sincerely, repeatedly, all too often, tell yourself that You do not.
Like an injury, like an insult, that You have entirely forgotten to remember.

When the Garden Was a Finely Tuned Continuum

Before the advent of humankind, this garden pearl was akin to a finely-tuned continuum.
As eternally precise as its Darwinian nature could possibly be.
And then humankind learned of fire,
And history streamed into absurdity beyond all pales.

How Will History Grade This Era?

Very likely history will not shine a bright light on the United States of Amerika.
Assuming, of course, humankind manages to survive its absurdities,
Long enough to contemplate the how-we-got-here thing.

The Conductors of Minds

Speakers and writers are conductors of the minds,
Of those who listen, of those who read, with total openness,
In ways that no orchestra, nor any other artistic congregation, ever can.

Love v. Agape

The only love worth its salt is the agape sort,
And that is for the most part absolutely unattainable,
Unless You are truly dead in the figurative sense.

Any Given Middleman

Despite all assertions, all contentions, all declarations, all proclamations to the contrary,
Rest assured that any given middlemen, even the so-called ‘spiritual’ ones,
Are really only interested in what your treasury has in store.

No Person, No Place, No Thing

If You make it about any person or place or thing,
Then You have missed the whole point and purpose.

The Reality of You

You are what You are, You do what You do, You give what You give, You take what You take,
Others will just have to … oh well … so it goes … deal with it … get over it … stay or move on.

The Repetition! The Repetition!

What reason, what point, what advantage, is more absurd mind gorp,
When You likely already know many or most things far much more than necessary.
After all, how many times does the same recording need be uploaded?

The Irony! The Paradox!

How big You are, how tiny You are.
How wise You are, how foolish You are.
How everything You are, how nothing You are.
The irony, the paradox, home turf for the student of life.

The Huff ‘N Puff of Imagination

The so much that You believe You know, is infinitely dwarfed by all that You do not.
And what, pray tell, do You really know of anything, but the huff ‘n puff of imagination?

Awareness, Ever Aloof, Untouched

Good and evil, like and dislike, love and hate, great and small, black and white.
All conceptions of manifest consciousness, of imagination.
Awareness, ever aloof, untouched.

Doubting All Other Contenders

You may be mistaken about all this, but do not see how.
In every way truth can be comprehended: from rational to irrational,
From absolute to relative, from to realistic to delusional, from infinite to infinitesimal,
From sensible to absurd, from ironic to paradoxical, from black to white,
It all melds into a unified certainty, that cannot be undone.
It is this acuity, both deliberated and intuited,
That doubts all other contenders.

A Collective Miasma

This secular response to how all religion is sustained, is akin to The Emperor's New Clothes folktale.
A story about vanity, and how others play along, for fear of embarrassment, being found out.
It is a collective narrative, a miasma, seemingly built into humankind's genetic coding.

Do Not Fuck With Mother Nature

Do not fuck with Mother Nature.
Mother Nature does not take prisoners,
And is not shy about every torture imaginable.
Not a good brain fart to place bets against her, either.

The Astute Mind's Eye

To understand what is actually being spoken or written in most any context,
Requires an astute mind's eye capable of nuanced, critical thinking,
And a wide-ranging, nature-nurtured frame of reference,
All marinated in a wholesome fusion of absurdism infinitum.

Tempering Curiosity

Like any other pleasure, curiosity should be tempered.
The quest for truth is not an exercise in trivial pursuit.

Regarding the Pulpit Hypocrite

Is there anything more vile,
Than a foul-mouthed, yellow-bellied, shady-laced,
Two-faced, plagiarizing, double-dealing, double-crossing, back-stabbing,
Lyin', thievin', cheatin', molestin', murderin', play-acting, sanctimonious-on-Sundays, hypocrite?

Very Much All Alone Together

No one can ever know what anybody or anything else,
Sees or hears or tastes or smells or feels, or any other sensory feed.
Perception is a nature-nurture quantum phenomenon, boggling to the nth degree.
All things great to small, are very much all alone together.

The Bailiwick of Ineffectual Thinking

The human species is a creation of this quantum garden world.
It evolved simultaneously alongside all the other life forms,
Each and every one developing its own sensory reality,
In unmitigated harmony with its given environment.
Naturally selected or intelligently designed, what matter?
Speculation is the irrefutable bailiwick of ineffectual thinking.

Speculating the Somehow

Somehow this universe was created.
Somehow this world was created.
Somehow sentient forms were created.
Somehow the human species was created.
All speculation about the somehow is pointless.
Here You are, here we are, creating our future-past.

Unimagine Everything

Unimagine, You are this mind-body.
Unimagine, You are this existence.
Unimagine, You are this world.
Unimagine, You are this cosmos.
Unimagine, You are this dreamtime.
Unimagine, that You are this moment.
Unimagine even, that You are this awareness.

Genetic Design

The incessant recording the inner voice plays over and over in your mind,
Is the conditioning of your frame of reference, your nature-nurture programming.
Naught but an algorithm born of genetic design … nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

What Matters?

Does any who really matter?
Does any what really matter?
Does any where really matter?
Does any when really matter?
Does any why really matter?
Does any how really matter?
Does anything really matter?

The Stillness of Awareness

The cosmos is an ever-changing perception; motionlessness is not even possible.
Naught but an abstract construct, never to discern light of day, nor dark of night.
Only in the stillness of awareness, can this manifest theater be seen for what it is.

More, More, More

More creation, oh boy.
More waking, oh boy.
More laundry, oh boy.
More cleaning, oh boy.
More preening, oh boy.
More car washing, oh boy.
More exercising, oh boy.
More working, oh boy.
More errands, oh boy.
More chores, oh boy.
More sleeping, oh boy.
More shopping, oh boy.
More pleasure, oh boy.
More reading, oh boy.
More movies, oh boy.
More games, oh boy.
More wine, oh boy.
More song, oh boy.
More sex, oh boy.
More eating, oh boy.
More drinking, oh boy.
More wandering, oh boy.
More mindfulness, oh boy.
More preservation, oh boy.
More destruction, oh boy.
More breathing, oh boy.
More bother, oh boy.
More pain, oh boy.
More bills, oh boy.
More taxes, oh boy.
More peeing, oh boy.
More pooping, oh boy.
More indigestion, oh boy.
More Hallmark Holidaze, oh boy.
More anthropological events, oh boy.
More, more, more, more, more, more, more …

The Nothingness of Awareness

Consciousness is ever-changing; awareness, ever-changeless.
In every moment, You are as close to nothing as the awareness is.

Always the Beginner

The mystery, the indelible, the absolute, the unborn-undying,
Spontaneously plays every form, every part, for the very first time.
Always an ingenuous beginner, performing every blueprint, the best it can.

Never the Same, Aways the Same

Stop imagining You are the same character You were yesterday,
And all the unborn-undying yesterdaze before that.
Infinity hath no bounds, including You.

A Burning Marshmallow Reality

Imagine your body in flames like a marshmallow over a campfire.
The eternal awareness observing, thoroughly detached, thoroughly indifferent,
As the body screams and writhes, until there is nothing left about which to scream or writhe.

The Intelligence Prior to Consciousness

For those who seek that beyond all doubt, the world, the universe,
Gradually loses its hold over the intelligence prior to consciousness.

Unconditional Surrender

As long as You believe You are the sensory body,
You will suffer its perpetual potpourri of agonies and ecstasies,
As You meander all the sights and sounds and tastes and smells and touches,
That the mind's cosmos has to offer in its nature-nurture realm.
To be liberated is to surrender without reservation,
To the awareness prior to consciousness.

Et Cetera, Ad Infinitum

Hallmark holidays, birthday parties, graduations, weddings, anniversaries, parades,
Street festivals, county fairs, church services, bar mitzvahs, social gatherings, soap operas …
Et cetera, et cetera, et cetera, et cetera, et cetera, ad infinitum … Boooooring.

Age and Time's Perspectives

The very young have little or no sense of time's passing.
For the aged, it becomes a calendar-watching countdown.

What Cosmos?

What cosmos does any creature perceive?
What cosmos does an aardvark perceive?
What cosmos does a cockroach perceive?
What cosmos does an octopus perceive?
What cosmos does a sparrow perceive?
What cosmos does a buffalo perceive?
What cosmos does a giraffe perceive?
What cosmos does a turtle perceive?
What cosmos does a trout perceive?
What cosmos does a tiger perceive?
What cosmos does a dog perceive?
What cosmos does a tree perceive?
What cosmos does a frog perceive?
What cosmos does a seal perceive?
What cosmos does a clam perceive?
What cosmos does an ant perceive?
What cosmos does a bush perceive?
What cosmos does a hawk perceive?
What cosmos does a whale perceive?
What cosmos does a shark perceive?
What cosmos does bacteria perceive?
What cosmos does a human perceive?
What cosmos does a lobster perceive?
What cosmos does an oyster perceive?
What cosmos does a dolphin perceive?
What cosmos does a penguin perceive?
What cosmos does a scorpion perceive?
What cosmos does a kangaroo perceive?
What cosmos does any creature perceive?
Perception is a nature-nurture phenomenon.
All things great to small, very much alone together.

The Root of That Called Evil

Money is not the root of all evil, any more than guns or other weapons are the root of death.
It is the greed, the vanity, the self-absorption, the narcissism, that is the root of that dubbed evil.
And it is the quantum mind … it is consciousness … it is imagination … that is its neural playground.
Ecclesiastes 1:2 … "Vanity of vanities," saith the Preacher, "Vanity of vanities. All is vanity."

The Questions! The Questions!

The only way anyone can ever know everything, can ever have all their questions answered,
Is to become God, and that, of course, assumes God has all the answers.
It is also possible that he/she/it is as clueless as You.
Or that he/she/it has no need for all our endless trivial pursuits.
Or that he/she/it has no questions need answering, nor problems need solving.

The Agony! The Agony!

Agony is the teacher, agony is the lesson.
And some have more than a few teachers, more than a few lessons.
Some learn from observing others, some from a thrashing, but more than a few endure the rack.

The Enabler

Existence is only as viable as the neuron matrix,
Which enables consciousness (a.k.a., imagination),
To dance away, to whirl and twirl in eternal awareness.

The Quantum Swirl

The quantum holodeck in the quantum holomind,
Is always ready and waiting for the quantum holobody,
To come wandering through the quantum holoether,
All witnessed by the unborn-undying awareness.

A Hypnotizing Algorithm

For human consciousness to evolve, and survive, and thrive,
Required naturally-selected delusion, fostered by quantum illusion.
A hypnotizing algorithm, a sculpting of mind and body,
In the puddles and jungles of Eden long ago.

The Contorting! The Distorting!

Love and friendship, hate and animosity, such tenuous intrigues,
About which the human paradigm ceaselessly contorts and distorts.

The Challenge of the Path Less Traveled

How challenging it is to be in this garden, and not of it.
To be with family, friends, co-workers, adversaries,
Or merely wandering through the day-to-day,
Acutely aware that You are the awareness,
While consciousness frolics about the mind,
Has never been easy for any of the myriad seers,
Who in all future-pasts, have discerned it but illusion.

The Mind's Much Ado About Nothing

Writers write, pundits speculate, scientists inquire,
Every conceivably possible much ado about nothing.

Mother Nature's Final Solution

There is little denying humankind is a species that deserves extinction.
Alas for Mother Nature that she has not come up with the final solution quickly enough,
To preserve all the other life forms her mystery has in dreamtime spawned.

The Assumptions! The Assumptions!

All anyone can know about the mystery, about the awareness,
Is all the speculations that traditions around the world have contrived.
Stories, stories, and more stories, none more valid than any other.
Not authentic knowing, in any way, any shape, any form.

The Vanity of All Narratives

You pee what You drink, You shit what You eat.
Just another organism adapting its way from dust to dust.
Only magnificent in your own, very subjective, very vain, narrative.
Chances are You are already forgotten by practically all.

The Sooner or Later

What is won is lost.
What is created is lost.
What is learned is lost.
What is built is lost.
Sooner or later.

Witness to All the Ecstasies, All the Agonies

The genetic lottery spins a matrix, in which the dreaming You imagine real and true,
Will witness the ecstasy and agony, of each and every moment, destiny has in store.

All Befores, All Betweens, All Afters

The mystery is all, the mystery is one, including You,
In the creation of all beginnings, in the destruction of all endings,
And the process in all the befores, in all the betweens, in all the afters, as well.

Health Is the Real Wealth

What good is power, if You have not the health to exercise it?
What good is fame, if You have not the health to glory in it?
What good is fortune, if You have not the health to spend it?
What good is existence, if You have not the health to enjoy it?

Irony, Paradox, Absurdity

Have You ever beheld even one moment of awareness,
Where ethics or any other imaginary notion or sentiment,
Had any say, any validity, any reality, any truth, whatsoever?
The eternal mystery does not give a flying hooey about anything.
Oh well, so it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.
Irony and paradox and absurdity rule.
Practice detachment.

Less is More

Eyeless eyes.
Earless ears.
Noseless nose.
Tongueless tongue.
Touchless touch.
Maskless mask.
Mindless mind.

Outside, Inside, Everywhere

Awareness on the outside, awareness on the inside, makes for awareness everywhere.
Quantum on the outside, quantum on the inside, makes for quantum everywhere.
Mystery on the outside, mystery on the inside, makes for mystery everywhere.

Undo the Math

Infinite and infinitesimal.
Both imply space and time, neither of which are ultimately real.
So, neither are infinite nor infinitesimal.
Undo the math.

A Boggling Mystery

We call it space, we call it time, we call it so many things.
But in actuality, it is but awareness, witnessing a quantum dream.
A friggin' boggling mystery … nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

The Timeless Perception

It is in the timeless perception of awareness in the given moment,
That the true kingdom, the true heaven, the true singularity, is discerned.
It is not, it has never been, it will never be, anything articulated by consciousness.

A Subjective Assumption

It is only in the given moment, it is only in the awareness, that You exist.
Everything else is but a dream of consciousness, of imagination,
Nothing more than a kaleidoscoping quantum theater.
And the nature of that so-called existence,
Is but a subjective assumption.
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

Every Life Form a Witness

How could awareness witness its quantum creation,
In omniscient-omnipresent-omnipotent fashion,
But through the eye of every sentient being,
All equally born of the same indelible mystery.

Standing Alone Against the Winds of Mind

Social animals that human beings are genetically programmed to be,
Plumbing the immeasurable depths of the great aloneness, is an arduous task.
It requires great fortitude to stand alone against the winds of mind.

How Could There Be Any Other?

What can the so-called soul be but pure, unadulterated awareness?
The same awareness that is equally in all things infinitely great to infinitesimally small.
All absolute, all unfathomable, all indivisible, all inexplicable, all indelible,
All unborn, all undying, all impenetrable, all mysterious.
There is no other; how could there be?

The One and Only Soul

The soul You quest, is your awareness.
The same awareness that is equally in all things, across all creation.
It is not your awareness, it is not my awareness, it is not our awareness; it is simply awareness.
There is only one soul, some call it god, and it is one and all … including You.

The Void That Can Never Be Filled

What are the gluttonous? What are the narcissistic? What are the hedonistic?
If not insatiably rapacious in their efforts to fill the void that can never be filled.

The Great Swath of Human History

It was not some deity who created man and woman in his or hers or its image.
It was man and woman who invented deities in their imagination,
And the result is a great swath of the human story.

The Bastion of Serenity

Awareness is the bastion of serenity.
Vanity is the source of all hells, of all purgatories.
Eternity has been right here, right now, every moment, all along.
Time and space are but quantum illusions choregraphed by the sensory mind.
It is through the self-absorption of consciousness, of imagination,
That we have become blind to the timeless presence.
Still the mind-body, abide in awareness,
Discern the mystery You are.

You Did Not Choose

You did not choose your birth.
You did not choose your body.
You did not choose your mind.
You did not choose your family.
You did not choose your gender.
You did not choose your culture.
You did not choose your tradition.
You did not choose your language.
You did not choose your geography.
You did not choose your education.
You did not choose your ethnicity.
You did not choose your customs.
You did not choose your politics.
You did not choose your history.
You did not choose your mores.
You did not choose your creed.
You did not choose your status.
You did not choose your caste.
You did not choose your time.
You did not choose your space.
Have You ever really had any choice,
In your long and winding journey to destiny?

Awareness is All

Awareness is all: indelible, unsullied, indivisible, unfathomable.
Practically any way consciousness plays it, is laced with vanity.

Who is Satan?

The essential Biblical narrative
Is that Satan separated from God and left the Garden.
Wait, is that not what humankind has done?
Is that not what You have done?
So, who is Satan?

Walking the Same Stage in Different Universes

Just like snowflakes and fingerprints and chromosomes,
We will always be different; we will always be limited editions.
We will always perceive the world, the cosmos, in our own unique ways.
We will always be one of a kind, no matter how much we pretend to be the same.
We are all walking the same stage in very different universes.

Undoing the Patterning of Mind and Body

The only way to undo the patterning of mind and body, is to become very still in every way.
Only in pure, unadulterated, absolute awareness, can You be free of all claims.
And then, alas, only for as long as You manage to remain there.

So It Goes and Oh Well

No matter how You meditate or breath or practice asanas or whatever else,
If it is not your destiny to wake up, then so it goes and oh well,
To all the revelry and whoring You missed out on.

All the Choices Along the Timeline

The choices You every cause-and-effect, yes-no-maybe moment make,
Will impact every tomorrow your timeline has yet to celebrate or lament.
Being as mindful, as attentive, as possible, is rarely a bad part of those choices.
No one gets out of this dream without at least a notion of the price of consequences.

Just You, Witnessing the Ever-Present Moment

There is no yoke, no millstone, no chains, no shackles, in seeing, in being, the mystery You ever are.
No idolatries, no tribes, no traditions, no dogmas, no symbols, no rituals, no rewards, no punishments.
Just You, pristine awareness, the eternal eye, the mystery itself, witnessing the ever-present moment.

The Timeless Residence

The unborn-undying moment is where awareness timelessly resides.
Consciousness (a.k.a., imagination) is anything else, is everything else.

The Probability of Every Bell Curve

Guaranteed, somewhere along any given bell curve,
Any given probability, any given possibility, any given whatever,
Will happen in one standard deviation or another.

The Roaring Falls Ahead

The human paradigm,
Fueled by imagination,
Snared in space and time,
The roaring falls ahead.

Same Mystery Across the Board

Living or non-living, organic or inorganic, animate or inanimate,
It is ever the same unborn-undying, indivisible quantum mystery.

Remembering, Forgetting

… remember … forget …
… remember … forget … remember … forget …
… remember … forget … remember … forget …… remember … forget …
… remember … forget … remember … forget … remember … forget … remember … forget …
… remember … forget … remember … forget …… remember … forget …
… remember … forget … remember … forget …
… remember … forget …

… remember …

The Certainty of Statistics

What goes up, must come down.
What rises, falls; what flows, ebbs; what starts, ends; what lightens, darkens.
Statistics has a certainty about it, which cannot be denied.

The Keystone of the Human Paradigm

Tribe, family, clan, kin, community,
Society, culture, tradition, faction, company, congress,
Council, assembly, convention, conference, meeting, circle, crew, force, corps,
Troop, unit, troupe, party, bloc, team, band, set, clique, cadre, coterie, herd, flock, drove, pack, group.
All signifying the highly social, uniquely cooperative keystone of the human paradigm.

Missed Their Chance

Ze-Dong Mao, Adolf Hitler,
Leopold II, Jozef Stalin, Hideki Tojo, Ismail Enver,
Pol Pot, Yakubu Gowon, Leonid Brezhnev, Jean Kambanda, Saddam Hussein,
Tito, Suharto, Fumimaro Konoe, Menghistu, Kim Il Sung,
Jonas Savimbi, Mullah Omar, Idi Amin,
And any other mass killer,
Were all the same mystery as You.
The difference is, they missed their chance.
Nature-nurture is a wonder, indeed.

Too Late

… too late …
… too late … too late …
… too late … too late … too late …
… too late … too late … too late … too late …
… too late … too late … too late … too late … too late …
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… too late …

Clouds Drifting Through the Sky

A neural network of memories, of perceptions,
Is all you are, have ever been, will ever be.
Space-time is but a quantum illusion.
Consciousness, but temporal theater.
Clouds drifting in the eternal awareness.
Unborn, undying, indivisible, unfathomable.

The Chosen People

Every other tribe, every other group, every other culture,
Is barbaric, brutish, bestial, savage, inhuman,
And yours, the same to them.

The End of Vanity

What is there to be egocentric about, once You are truly detached,
Once You are truly naught but the awareness prior to consciousness.

Ever and Ever

Whoever.
Whatever.
Wherever.
Whenever.
Whyever.
However.
Forever.
Ifever.

Of Remembering and Forgetting

What is remembered is forgotten.
What is remembered is remembered.
What is forgotten is remembered.
What is forgotten is forgotten.

The False Continuity of Imagination

Awareness is ever untouched, indifferent, uncorrupted, untainted, unblemished, immaculate, flawless.
Awareness is indelible, changeless, indivisible, unfathomable, absolute, unborn, undying.
Whatever happened any moment ago, whatever happens any moment hence,
Have absolutely no relationship with any right here, right now,
But through the imaginary, illusory, time-bound notions of consciousness.

A Different Jesus in Every Mind

If there was a Jesus, it is not at all likely he was the one You imagine.
Same with Buddha, Lao Tzu, or any other brigands your mind harbors.

The Great Perhaps

Perhaps it will be your fate, your destiny, that words such as these,
Will foster unlocking your mind into the freedom of the unknown.

As if It Is About Time at All

When referring to the relationship between awareness and consciousness,
How to articulate it? … prior to consciousness? … or … beyond consciousness?
Both have been equally used in these many thoughts, as suits the aphoristic construction.

The Truth of All Fates

The mind-body has its fate, the imaginary persona has its fate,
But the real You, the awareness, the moment, Self, itself,
What destiny can there possibly be, but all and none.

No Aliens Required

This garden world is quite capable of creating it all on its own.
It is a quantum algorithm, no aliens required, only imagination.

Always Lagging Behind

By the time any given mind realizes something happened,
Awareness has already moved on any number of instants.

The Mystery of Eternal Awareness

All expressions, all narratives, all illustrations, all constructs of consciousness,
Become inconsequential in the hereness, the nowness, of pure, timeless awareness.
That which is totality – often called by one deific name or another -- in all its mystery.

Traveling the Road Less Traveled

Groupthink has often proven to be a two-way street.
History is chock-full of followers who have pressured those they follow,
To do and say things they otherwise would not do or say, were they left to their own device.
The road less traveled may well best be wandered in solitary fashion,
As anonymously as time and circumstances allow.

All That Is Required

For those who seek truth, awareness of awareness,
Awareness of the eternal moment, is all that it is required.
You are the truth, the life, the way; the challenge is just to be it.

In the Stillness of Awareness

In the stillness of awareness, there is no self.
In the stillness of awareness, there is no birth.
In the stillness of awareness, there is no death.
In the stillness of awareness, there is no vanity.
In the stillness of awareness, there is no duality.
In the stillness of awareness, there is only here.
In the stillness of awareness, there is only now.
In the stillness of awareness, there is only Self.
In the stillness of awareness, there is only You.

From First Moment to Last

From birth to death, from first breath to last, from first moment to last,
The mystery of awareness is sovereign witness to the play of consciousness.

Nothing Required

Awareness does not require faith.
Awareness does not require belief.
Awareness does not require dogma.
Awareness does not require anything.

The Nature of Dogma

For those not inquiring deeply, for those with misguided intent,
The destiny of any teachings, any writings, risk becoming dogma.

An Anonymous Mystery

The mystery, the moment, the awareness, can never know itself,
But through the reflections of consciousness, the reflections of the illusory other.
Therefore, creation and preservation and destruction,
Rife with agony and ecstasy.

Seeing Is Not Believing

If it is belief, it is false.
Nothing more than an invention born of consciousness.
Seeing is not believing.

The One and Only True Eye

Awareness is the one and only true eye of the mystery.
Indelible, indivisible, unfathomable, unborn-undying.

The Long and Winding Road Less Traveled

Roads less traveled often start out many shades of gray,
Until they become rainbows of light and opuses of sound.

The Anonymous Wanderer

Neither lead nor follow, wander quietly, anonymously.
Listening and speaking as moment and circumstances call.
And then wander on, with as little display or fanfare as possible.

A Nuanced Mind Required

True believers lack the wit to grasp the subtleties of irony and paradox,
And the nuances required for deep refection in the earnest quest for truth.

On Wallowing in Self-Pity

Submerging the mind in self-pity can be a long and troublesome trial.
Try not allow little self to wallow in superfluous misery.
Awareness does not break or bleed or burn.

The Permutations of Historical Thinking

So many ways to view history:
First that come to mind: politics, economics,
Science, culture, language, art, music, architecture, war …
But one onscreen academic source has come up with twelve branches:
Military history, history of religion, social history, cultural history, diplomatic history,
Economic history, environmental history, world history, universal history,
Intellectual history, gender history, and public history.
The steepings of imagination are many,
And not far between.

Eternity's Spacious Moment

The eternal moment is the nexus, the ether, the heaven, the oblivion,
Through which all creation, through which all destruction, all that is unborn, all that is undying,
Kaleidoscope in the immeasurable, indivisible, indelible awareness,
Witness to all that is, witness to all that is not.

On Returning to the Cave of Origin

Can any ever really more than visit as guest, as outsider, as stranger, as recluse,
Once they have wandered outside their cave of origin, and its wall of shadows.

Of Trees Falling in the Forest

If a tree falls in a forest and no one is around to hear it, does it make a sound?
But for consciousness, would space, would time, would light, would sound, exist?

The Great Divider

Consciousness is the great divider.
The source of all dualistic perception.
The source of all dualistic misconception.

The Begetting of Human Consciousness

Awareness is the ether of consciousness.
Consciousness is the engine of will.
Will is the engine of vanity.
Vanity is the engine of greed.

A Vaporous Dream

An imaginary universe, an imaginary world, an imaginary self.
How can that which has never been more than the vapor of consciousness,
That which has never been real, has never been tangible, ever be more than a dream?

The Way of the Middleman

The motivations of any middleman between You and truth can be more than a little dubious.
Speculation is not truth, and many if not most who consider themselves religious-slash-spiritual,
Are spellbound by, ensnared by, blinded by, the time-bound catechisms of their cultural assumptions.
Add to that the three vanities of power and fame and fortune, fueled by greed,
And truth becomes but a usurped ways and means.

Wherefore Art How?

How can time ever touch the timeless?
How can space ever touch the spaceless?
How can imagination ever possess reality?

Mortality's Rainbow

The reality of mortality.
The quantum of mortality.
The awareness of mortality.
The absurdity of mortality.
The paradox of mortality.
The irony of mortality.

Beyond-The-Pale Astounding

Absolutely beyond-the-pale astounding,
How so many cling, to the ignorance, to the misconceptions,
To the superstitions, to the fantasies, to the falsehoods, to the fallacies, to the delusions,
Conceived thousands of cycles of sun and moon so long ago.

The Seekers of Earthly Rewards

Only the impoverished seek wealth.
Only the powerless seek control.
Only the desolate seek fame.

Big You v. Little you

If Big You has discerned,
Who-what-where-when-why-how You are, and are not,
Then why is little you still here?

Give It Up

Give up on trying to figure out how all this is happening.
Even the primal source, the absolute, the ultimate, can never know how it came to be.
It is a mystery, it has always been a mystery, it will ever be a mystery.
Oh well, so it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.

Nowhere to Run, Nowhere to Hide

Nowhere to run, nowhere to hide, from the ever-present moment.
From the unborn-undying, immeasurable, indivisible, indelible, interminable awareness.
The one and only inexplicable witness, You are, have ever been, will ever be.

The Barest Squeal of Brakes

Regarding the fate of the human paradigm, is there really any point in saying anything,
When the species is careening full bore towards the edge of the Petri dish,
And not more than the barest squeal of brakes to be heard.
All hopeful endeavors are destined to fail.

The Agony and the Ecstasy

If You see your Self as the mind-body, if You are attached to the world,
Imagination will take You through every possible agony.
Ecstasy is the plight of the detached.

Keep Things in Their Place

A political issue is a political issue.
An economic issue is an economic issue.
A religious issue is a religious issue.
A health issue is a health issue.
Try not to confuse them.

A Most Fatal Reality

Being born has proven to be fatal in every case thus far known,
Except for vampires, and other characters of a fictional nature.

Keep It Simple

So many names for it.
Source or mystery are simplest.
Deities and dogma only muddy the water.

Hare or Tortoise?

Are You, arrogant hare? Or humble tortoise?
Or both or neither, depending on circumstance?

The Remembering! The Forgetting!

Whether it is just a case of not remembering to remember,
Or forgetting to remember, is easy to say, but hard to do.
Or is it hard for some to say, and easy for others to do?
Forgetting, remembering, it really all seems the same.
Or is it really not the same, and only seems the same?
Or is it really all the same, and we only just think it different?
Or maybe we just should perchance simply just cease thinking so much,
Even though there seem to be a goodly number of things about which to cogitate,
If You spend an unwarranted amount of time and effort cogitating so many things, that is.
It is especially expedient because it gives You something inconsequential to do,
If You do not have much else of even less consequence to do, that is.

Worm's Meat in the Making

You may have more power, You may have more fame, You may have more fortune,
Be we will all be equally worm's meat in a relatively short instant.
Vanity, vanity, all is vanity, over and over again.

Human Paradigm v. Mother Nature

When it comes to all the quantum dynamics,
That Mother Nature is arraying against human arrogance,
Will we deal with it, or it deal with us? Will we survive it, or it survive us?

The Solitary Witness

Whether in agony or ecstasy or equilibrium, awareness is always still witness.
But who-what-where-when-why-how does the mind-body go,
When awareness becomes witness unto its Self?

The Dimensional Mind

One-dimensional.
Two-dimensional.
Three-dimensional.
Four-dimensional.
No-dimensional.
All and none.

The Challenge of Awakening

You are the moment, You are the awareness, You are the unfathomable, You are the mystery.
The challenge is not allowing the mind to take it any further into the imaginary realm.
There is no need for more irrationality, more absurdity, than there already is.
Just be, right here, right now, free of all the limitations spawned by imagination.

Mustering Stillness

Stilling the ever-churning mind requires an alertness, an attentiveness, a vigilance,
That few mortal spirits have the inclination, the resolve, the diligence, to muster.

The Cautionary Tale

Neither need nor want.
Labor hard enough to provide the essential needs,
But not to such a degree that the rapacious ‘more’ dominates the given existence.
Midas and the Golden Touch is an ancient cautionary tale,
Well worth remembering in any time.

The Shield of Mindfulness

The world will find many ways to beat You back into dust.
Mindfulness is your only defense, and that only for so long.

The Heavens and Hells of Speculation

This garden world is a most excellent purgatory.
Whether it gets better or worse after demise,
Only the dilettantes of speculation know.

The Mind Gorp of Consciousness

All mythologies, all legends, all folklores, all traditions, all customs,
Are nothing more than human-created, fear-based, greed-laced,
Egocentric-ethnocentric-geocentric-heliocentric mind gorp.
When they are not imparting pearls of wisdom, that is.

The Immaculate in All

No matter how tainted, no matter how corrupt, no matter how vile, no matter how despicable,
The imaginary, the make-believe, the fictitious, the pretend, the illusory role You play,
The You that is real, the You that is true, the You that is eternal, is immaculate.
Free of all that the ever-ebbing-ever-flowing currents of consciousness are capable.

What to Wear Today?

So many roles to choose from in imagination's infinity.
Creator or destroyer, saint or sinner, sage or fool.
Which mask, which costume, to wear today?

Back and Forth, Forth and Back

Water, source of life.
… vapor … liquid … solid …
Back and forth with indivisible ease.
Too boggling for words.

Ever All the Same

That now, now.
That now, then.
That now, when.
Ever all the same.

From Dust to Dust

From dust to dust.
From null to null.
From void to void.
From sleep to sleep.
From abyss to abyss.
From silence to silence.
From stillness to stillness.
From nonbeing to nonbeing.
From extinction to extinction.
From nothingness to nothingness.
From nonexistence to nonexistence.
From insignificant to insignificant.
From indivisibility to indivisibility.
From annihilation to annihilation.
From detachment to detachment.
From insentience to insentience.
From unconcern to unconcern.
From emptiness to emptiness.
From obscurity to obscurity.
From quantum to quantum.
From inertness to inertness.
From oblivion to oblivion.

No Stone Unturned

There appears to be no inanity, no absurdity,
That will not be explored to its fullest potential.

The Candle in the Abyss

How is it possible to prove existence or nonexistence?
Perception is the invention of imagination; knowledge its deception.
From all beginnings to all ends, the intuition of awareness is the candle in the abyss.

You Are

As huge as huge is, as small as small is, You are.
As strong as strong is, as weak as weak is, You are.
As kind as kind is, as merciless as merciless is, You are.
As virtuous as virtuous is, as corrupt as corrupt is, You are.
As illustrious as illustrious is, as ordinary as ordinary is, You are.
As something as something is, as nothing as nothing is, You are.
As abundant as abundant is, as scarce as scarce is, You are.
As aware as aware is, as ignorant as ignorant is, You are.
As infinite as infinite is, as finite as finite is, You are.
As true as true is, as untrue as untrue is, You are.
As real as real is, as unreal as unreal is, You are.
As all things are, as all things are not, You are.

Dying While Living

What happens when your imaginary universe ceases?
When family, friends, work, events, things, memories, no longer rolodex through your thoughts.
When the busy-busy mind stills, when timeless awareness reigns.
Some call it dying while living.

All Imagined

Imaginary universe.
Imaginary world.
Imaginary you.

The Relativity of Greatness

What is so much, what was so much, what will ever be so much, of the human architype,
But dreadfully orchestrated theater played out in boorishly repetitive minds.
Exceptions that prove the rule are too few and too far between.
Greatness is relative when fueled by mindlessness.

Abiding in a World of Discontent

Human beings abide in a world of discontent.
Power and fame and fortune are all that matter.

Too much is not enough.
Live for what others think.
Nothing is ever satisfactory.
Success is ever out of reach.
Contentment is failure.

In the Quest for Truth

Any narrative has many facets.
What is real and true is all that is relevant.
Dispel all creations, all forgeries, all fictions, all stories,
That are mythical, legendary, contrived, fictional, whimsical, symbolic,
Theatrical, melodramatic, allegorical, figurative, metaphoric, rhetorical, characteristic,
Emblematic, fabulous, unreal, hyperbolic, inflated, exaggerated,
Abstract, invented, illusory, and imaginary,
In the quest for truth.

The Hungry Cry for More, More, More

What is ambition but vanity's hungry cry for more, more, more.
For imagination's insatiable craving to be renowned, celebrated, notorious,
Through whatever combination of power and fame and fortune the Fates condescend.

The Contrary Assertions

The mind is drawn to silence, to stillness, to eternity, but churns on and on.
Despite all assertions to the contrary, consciousness does not really want to let go,
Of its imaginary, of its illusory, of its ever-kaleidoscoping quantum space-time creation.

Imagination v. The Ultimate Aloneness

Challenging not to make mountains out of molehills, with all this seeking and finding.
The question always boils down on whether to be, or not to be.
We are all ultimately on our own,
And that aloneliness is not an easy place,
For the hurly-burly of imagination to long abide.

A Very Mortal Time Machine

No one can travel any faster than the dreamtime of momentary awareness allows
In their touchy-feely, three-dimensional, very mortal, quantum space-time machine.

Similarities v. Dissimilarities

Do You really believe every group, every culture, across the human experience
Was not, is not, very much the same in their own very unique, very distinct way?
How much all humans have in common is far more defining than all the differences.

Round and Round It Goes

The sun spins round and round this spinning orb,
The cosmos about so huge as to make the head spin, too.
What a boggling thing it is to exist, even for the shortest while.

A Knack for War-Making

A very long, long moment ago, one of our ancestors picked up a rock …
And now it is every conceivable bludgeon, and more daily, launching every which way.
It is likely going be far more lethal, in very mortal ways, being a target of any category, before it is over.

The Creation of a Meat Machine

The quantum mirage of time and space is but a biological-neurological phenomenon.
Nothing more than the mind-body's imaginary perceptions wafting along neuron trails.

A Twinkle in the Abyss

Imagination swells larger and larger in the matrix of space and time,
But the moment, the awareness in which it transpires, is ever the same.

Rippling Through the Continuum

Actions have consequences, actions ripple.
Cause becomes effect becomes cause becomes effect … on down the line.
Be mindful, if You are lucky enough to be so wise.

Eternity's Never-Ending Story

… and then what happens? …
… and then what happens? … and then what happens? …
… and then what happens? … and then what happens? … and then what happens? …
… and then what happens? … and then what happens? …
… and then what happens? …

… in eternity's never-beginning-never-ending story …

The Fate of the Carved Block

What to do with the uncarved block once it is sculpted.
No rewind button once the tabula rasa has been ravished.

Awareness

Awareness is totality.
Awareness is indelible.
Awareness is sovereign.
Awareness is enigmatic.
Awareness is indivisible.
Awareness is inscrutable.
Awareness is inexplicable.
Awareness is unknowable.
Awareness is unfathomable.
Awareness is incomprehensible.
Awareness is indecipherable.
Awareness is unexplainable.
Awareness is inconceivable.
Awareness is immeasurable.
Awareness is impenetrable.
Awareness is indescribable.
Awareness is interminable.
Awareness is immaculate.
Awareness is everything.
Awareness is nothing.

The Unreal Playing Real

If timeless awareness is all that is, and is not,
Then how can it hold on to anything, or anything hold on to it?
How would reincarnation, heavens or hells or purgatories, or any other afterlives,
Be even remotely possible as anything more than imaginary, illusory, fictional, make-believe identities,
As unreal as all to which humankind has so steadfastly clung through all its history?

The Challenge of Dreamtime

Eternity is the timeless, spaceless, right-here, right-now, every-where,
For every ever that has ever been, for every ever that will ever be.
That all this is happening, that this world and cosmos transpire,
Is as mysterious a mystery as any mystery could ever chance to be.
The challenge is not attempting to name it; the challenge is just being it.

Mother Nature's Existential Threat

The human species is a cancer, and the only curiosity remaining
Is whether Mother Nature will put us down before we destroy her.

Discerning That Which Is Real and True

Ruling out what is not real and true, requires a steadfast inner eye.
It is through your own vanity and corruption, through all your narrowing limitations,
That You perchance discern a tad more clearly that which is authentic,
That which is indisputable, that which is real and true.

As God as God Can Be

There is no god but awareness: inexplicable, indivisible, indelible.
All else is but the dream; the illusion born of consciousness.
Clouds drifting across the sky are as real and lasting.

The Boxes! The Boxes!

Boxes within boxes within boxes within boxes.
Such is the predicament of human consciousness within all.
Only in pure awareness do all evaporate into the oblivion of true nature.

History's Game of Thrones

Those playing the vast, intricate chess game of these our modern times,
Have roots in all times and geographies hundreds to thousands of years long past.
Call yourself worker, servant, or slave, your subservient role in the hierarchy is ever the same.
The one-percenters are in charge, always have been, always will be.
The other ninety-nine find their place.

A Matchless State of Existence

Why feel obligated to believe in, to idolize, to fear, any deity or deities,
Or any other so-called spiritual notions formulated by imagination, human or otherwise?
Being the awareness, being the moment, is the matchless state of existence.
No need for faith, no need for prayer, no need for doctrine.

What More Can There Be?

Being awareness, being the moment, is eternal life.
To want more is to be ensnared in the maze of imagination,
The dreamtime of the sensory mind given over to quantum illusion.

The Quantum Wind of Vanity

Heavens and hells and purgatories and reincarnation,
How can the quantum wind of vanity possibly be carried on,
Through the timeless awareness of the unborn-undying moment?
It is the game of consciousness, nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

The Unworldly Mind

To inquire into truth … without goal, without effort, is the challenge.
To have in mind what You are seeking only impedes the quest.
As Yoda said, “Try not. Do, or do not. There is no try.”
Stay true, stay sharp, stay open, stay unknowing.
It is far more unworldly than the mind can ever know.

The Distractions! The Distractions!

Aloneness is without vanity … without point, without purpose, without meaning,
But the voyage into the unfathomable enigma begets every distraction imaginable.

Upclimb, Downclimb

It was likely ‘Upstairs, Downstairs’,
Or more accurately, ‘Upclimb, Downclimb’,
Long before our ancestors left the jungles of long ago.

Call It Mystery

Mystery is a far more suitable word for that which is ultimate, that which is true,
That which the human species has all too often corrupted into one idol or many.

The Magic Carpet of Your Genetic Lottery

Your degree of intrigue in the human paradigm,
Depends on where You landed in the genetic lottery,
And on how invested You are in your vanity and appetite.

Basking in the Moment

To bask in the awareness of eternal unborn-undying moment,
Some call it nirvana, some satori, some rapture, some joy, some harmony, some ecstasy,
Some paradise, some heaven, some bliss, some contentment.
This mind calls it home, sweet home.

A Lie Can Never Transcend Truth

Asserting a lie over and over again never makes it true,
No matter how many sheeple follow the marching band.

To Discern That

You must look very closely, to discern that which cannot be seen.
You must listen very closely, to discern that which cannot be heard.
You must smell very closely, to discern that which cannot be smelled.
You must taste very closely, to discern that which cannot be tasted.
You must feel very closely, to discern that which cannot be felt.
Reason very closely, to discern that which cannot be known.

The Untarnishable Awareness

And through all creation, no matter how many there may have been,
With every quantum point and particle churning this way, that way,
The awareness, the ever-present moment, untarnished by any of it.

What Hasn't Been Done Times Beyond Counting?

Hard to imagine something that has never played out,
Sometime, somewhere, somehow, in the human theater.

… that led to this …

… led to this …
… led to this … led to this …
… led to this … led to this … led to this …
… led to this … led to this … led to this … led to this …
… led to this … led to this … led to this … led to this … led to this …
… led to this … led to this … led to this … led to this … led to this … led to this …
… led to this … led to this … led to this … led to this … led to this … led to this … led to this …
… led to this … led to this … led to this … led to this … led to this … led to this …
… led to this … led to this … led to this … led to this … led to this …
… led to this … led to this … led to this … led to this …
… led to this … led to this … led to this …
… led to this … led to this …
… led to this …

Cause and effect, timeless as it is, is the road down which all dreams journey.

What is Meaning? What is Purpose?

How can there be any more meaning and purpose to existence,
Than giving complete attention and right response,
To the passing moment, ever the same?

The Journey of the Rare Seeker

Awareness is eternal witness to the omnipresent, kaleidoscoping quantum theater.
All identity, all personality, is but the conditioned response of imagination,
To all the causes, to all the effects, played out in each and every dream.
The You, You suppose You are, the You, You imagine You are,
Is but an electromagnetically-induced chemical perception.
An illusion, a delusion, a deception, born of a mystery,
Whose immeasurable truth can never be known,
But by those rare seekers who become it.

A One-Ride-Only Space-Time Machine

Regarding reincarnation, which so many belief systems endlessly speculate,
What exactly is it that can be reborn other than an imaginary notion?
How can spaceless awareness, how can timeless awareness,
Ever be blemished by any imaginary attribute?
Any given seed is but a one-ride-only space-time machine,
Playing out the nature-nurture patterning, into which it is spawned.

Awareness and the Moment, One in the Same

The moment is awareness; awareness, the moment.
An inextricable, indelible, indivisible, perpetual fact.

The Indelible Witness

There is no time in awareness, there is no space in awareness.
There is no cause in awareness, there is no effect in awareness.
There is no beginning in awareness, there is no end in awareness.
There is no purpose in awareness, there is no meaning in awareness.
There is only the indelible moment, to which awareness is witness.

Different Words, Same Play

Consciousness, cognizance, knowledge, memory, deliberation,
Thinking, recollection, recall, remembrance, retention, reminiscence, rumination,
Contemplation, reflection, meditation, pondering, musing, dreaming,
Merely different words for the same play of imagination.

Never No More, Never No Less

Push that button, flip that switch, as many times as You want,
It will never do more or less, than what it was programmed to do.

The Dynamic Stews

What is any culture but a dynamic stew of agreements and disagreements,
All playing out their groupthink over their given duration of time and space.

Of Cause and Effect

There are no consequences in awareness.
The relationship between cause and effect,
Does not in any way encumber awareness,
Does not in any way disturb awareness,
Does not in any way taint awareness.

What You Are

It is a quantum theater.
You are not the quantum theater.
You are the unborn-undying eternal moment.
You are the awareness infusing the quantum theater.
You are the awareness perceiving the quantum theater.
You are the awareness witnessing the quantum theater.

The Binds of Tradition

Tradition inevitably binds a culture to such a degree,
That it becomes terminally inflexible to the ever-changing moment.
The world is strewn with the carcasses of peoples and civilizations come and gone,
Because they could not discard the history, the mindset, that bore them.
They could not surrender to the changes required for survival.

The Unborn-Undying Awareness

Awareness is the eternal moment.
It is without time, without space.
It is without cause, without effect.
It is without beginning, without end.
It is without purpose, without meaning.
It is absolute aloneness, unborn, undying.

Trekking the Long and Winding Road Less Traveled

Everyone has a conditioned mindset,
A worldview that can, only with great discrimination,
Be only partially undone, redirected into something just as habitual,
But perhaps more enlightened, and a tad freer to carry on the long and arduous trek,
Down the long and winding road less traveled.

Amorphous Perceptions

We are really nothing more than etchings,
Of memories of an existence, we imagine we have lived.
Key moments, that we visualize and re-visualize, over and over again.
Amorphous perceptions, forever unborn, forever undying,
Each and every moment, in the sands of time.

Tacking and Jibing the Future

In each and every single moment of awareness,
Every decision, every choice, every cause, every effect,
Tacks and jibes the future its inescapable direction.

Vying for Vanity's Imaginary Cuisines

What is the human paradigm but individuals and groups,
Vying for supremacy in all of vanity's imaginary cuisines.

None Owns It

Awareness is the indivisible, impenetrable moment.
Awareness is prior to consciousness; there is no prior to awareness.
It is the inexplicable, immutable, indelible, omnipresent, faceless witness of eternity.
Label it, whatever sound or symbol mind deigns, no paradigm can ever own its unborn-undying nature.

The Swag of Imagination

All religions are just a way for middlemen to control the masses.
The gold lining the streets of heaven is as enticing as the worldly variety.
All nothing more than vanity clutching at the swag of imagination.
The sheeple so many human beings are, are so easily herded.

All in a Dream, Naught but a Dream

The imaginary you, believes you exist, that you were born, that you will one day die.
That time, that space, are real, that the mind and senses distinguish the universe.
That the rise of humankind and all its civilizations, all its countless creations,
Is somehow ordained by deities on high, machinating with demons below.
And if not that, perhaps some grand, all-encompassing, scientific theory.
Or perhaps the guileless nature of the fool too oblivious to even question.
Wake up, wake up, wherever You are, 'tis all but illusion; You, its mystery.

Abiding the Sands of Time

Why be at all concerned about heavens or hells or purgatories?
Or reincarnation, or any other mind-made, time-bound conception?
Of past lives, You have no memory; of future lives, You have no certainty.
All that is relevant, is this very right-here-right-now eternal moment.
As it would have been, or will be, in any future-past ever created.
Be in this very singular moment, wherever, whenever, You are,
And all theaters will play out as the sands of time prescribe.

Just Stop

… Stop believing …
… Stop believing all You know …
… Stop believing in the world …
… Stop believing in the universe …
… Stop believing in deities and demons …
… Stop believing You are a human being …
… Stop believing You are alive …
… Stop believing You will die …
… Stop believing You were ever born …
… Stop believing You are more than awareness …
… Stop believing You are even awareness …
… Just stop …

What Is, Is! What Is, Is!

What is, is the only moment that counts.
What will someday be, will have its moment.
What was, has already disappeared into the sands.

An Adaptive Knack

Human beings are extremely adaptive,
And can even get used to inordinate torture,
If it does not manage to kill them first.

The One and Only Indelible Moment

Despite imagination's interminable penchant for make-believe,
There is no other time, there is no other space, that You can possibly be,
But this very right-here-right-now, unborn-undying, eternally absolute moment.

All are Complicit

Some women blame men for the state of the world,
But the choices in their wombs have incubated it all.

The Sculptures of Storytellers

No matter the migratory path across the globe,
The human paradigm is about stories in all their many different forms.
Call them whatever You will: histories, accounts, chronicles, parables, narratives, folklores, legends,
Myths, sagas, fables, fairytales, tall tales, fish stories, jokes, puns, yarns, anecdotes, witticisms,
Memoirs, journals, diaries, records, annuls, aphorisms, descriptions, maxims, proverbs.
Whether fictional or non-fictional, whether prose, poetry, drama, or some hybrid.
No matter the genre: literary fiction, historical, mystery, magical realism,
Thriller, fantasy, horror, romance, science fiction, bildungsroman,
Dystopian, western, speculative fiction, or realist literature,
Or some other slice and dice of the mind-built pie,
The storytellers sculpt our world, our epoch,
Into whatever form imagination allows.

The Long and Arduous Dynamic of Natural Selection

For all real-world purpose, vanity is hardwired into the human genome.
Some religious folk like to call it original sin, for their own pious reasonings,
But it is really nothing more, than the long and arduous path of natural selection.
The morphing evolution of breeding choices, in the brewing stews of cultural theaters,
As the species gradually migrated every direction, out of the African jungles of so long ago.
It is much less about sin, than the inevitable outcome of all the dynamics this mystery has coined.
And awareness, the eternal, indivisible, unborn-undying witness in every sentient creation.

Keep It Simple

The challenge is not making such a challenge of it.
Learn to endure the rises and falls, the ebbs and flows, of the given mind.
As much as imagination would like to believe, nothing You do really ultimately matters even one iota.
Look for yourself; let go all the propaganda endlessly contrived for selfish purpose,
By all the parasitic middlemen throughout the human epoch.
You are it, it is You, it is that simple.

Washing Away the Cravings

When it comes to eliminating all the cravings born of mind,
One way to do it is to eat all the chocolate You can until You puke.
So much that the yearning just drops away of its own accord.

The Ego of Little Self

What is ego but little self's identification with, little self's attachment to,
All the assumptions, all the habituation, that consciousness has imagined.

What's to Be Vain About?

Another meal, another drink, another shit, another piss.
On and on, over and over, again and again.
What's to be vain about?

The Witness to It All

All the histories, all the sciences, all the mathematics,
All the liberal studies, all the arts, all the music, all the whatever,
Are naught but the living-dying of imagination imagining.
Awareness is the unborn-undying witness to all.

Naught but Quantum Illusion

Awareness is prior to consciousness, and all the dimensions it imagines.
All are but temporal creations, time-based perceptions, of one theater or another.
No matter how vast or small, how complex or simple, all are naught but quantum illusion.

The Unattainable More

The deities, singular or plural, were all fabricated by the mind of humankind.
They are vanity's narcissistic-hedonistic need for meaning and purpose.
For some raison d'etre, for this often banal, often painful existence.
For validation of the unquenchable craving, for the unattainable more.

True Humility

A scarcity of self-importance is not necessarily a great weakness.
It can be a judicious realization of the nature of reality,
And the indivisible equality of all creation.
True humility is the ultimate state of beingness.

Consciousness and Creation

The awareness is neither alive nor dead.
Only consciousness conceives existence.
Only consciousness imagines itself real.

A Good Day to Die

It is a good day to die.
Tomorrow would be better.
A day or so after that, even better.

Malthus Will Out

We have only put off the Darwinian nature of this garden for a brief while.
Malthus was not wrong, just unaware of the many changes on the road ahead.
How long can the tool-making genius of humankind shore up the leaking seawall,
Before it shatters, and natural selection resumes, and the fittest again reign supreme.

Maybe

Lesson learned, maybe.
Lesson unlearned, maybe.

The Untouchable Moment

The ethereal, sensory dream of quantum existence,
Is nothing more than time-bound memory, even as it is happening.
The unborn-undying nature of awareness is not touched,
By the willy-nilly of any imaginary construct.

Of Ethics and Aesthetics

Ethics and aesthetics are so vainly subjective in any given mind,
As to warrant little more than a token sidebar of serious discussion.

Humankind v. Mother Nature

The human species is a cancer, and the only question,
Is whether or not we will destroy our Mother,

The Root of Collusion

Calling it a life, implies something much more than it is, and can ever be.
Calling it a dream, fits the narrative much more accurately.
Imagination being the root of the collusion,
To which the human species is so inherently attached.

Punctuation is King

Punctuation is the means, by which an author's intent, is further clarified,
For the reader wandering through, whatever handiwork has been set down.

Was Anyone?

Was Jesus really the Jesus, You think he was?
Was Moses really the Moses, You think he was?
Was Lao Tzu really the Lao Tzu, You think he was?
Was Shankara really the Shankara, You think he was?
Was Muhammed really the Muhammed, You think he was?
Was Zoroaster really the Zoroaster, You think he was?
Was Krishna really the Krishna, You think he was?
Was Buddha really the Buddha, You think he was?
Was anyone really the anyone, You think he was?

Cling to Nothing

Everything comes and goes, ebbs and flows, rises and falls, appears and disappears.
Everything is ever-changing in every possible way.
Cling to nothing.

What You Really Are, What You Really Are Not

What is the mindful state given over to absolute awareness of the unborn-undying nature?
That which is prior to all imaginary notions evolved of the mind's quantum dream.
That which is eternally right here, right now, without past, without future.
That which is all You really are; that which is all You really are not.
That which is the omniscient, omnipresent, omnipotence, that is truly God.

The Existential State

To abide in the eternal awareness is to live in an existential state,
Ever anew, flawless, pristine, impeccable, untarnished, immaculate.

A Metaphorical Sea

Where does inner begin and the outer end?
Where does the inner end and the outer begin?
All boundaries are the handiwork of imagination;
A sea of metaphors born of linguistic aptitude.

The Shell Games of All Religion

Religion is a shell game,
In which truth is veiled from the masses,
Who are mindlessly satisfied with titillating make-believe.
The endlessly absurd bunk of all their deities and dogmas and superstitions,
Would, were it possible, be chucked into the trash heap of history, and forever more forgotten.

What Will You Do With Your Moment?

An 80-year existence as a human being, not including 20-ish leap years, is:
960 months; 4160 weeks; 29,200 days; 700,800 hours; 42,049,000 minutes; 2,522,880,000 seconds.
What have You done with you moment in your preordained eternal dream?

The Ultimate Solution

The ultimate solution to the human malignance is extinction.
Meanwhile, more of the same, inevitable, cancerous mundane.

Irrationality v. Rationality

What will your existence manifest if You are irrational?
Unwise, silly, senseless, wild, cracked, stupid, outrageous, unrealistic,
Outlandish, ridiculous, bizarre, peculiar, useless, eccentric, odd, zany, daft, hollow,
Passionate, fanatical, mad, extreme, preposterous, absurd, unreasonable, incredible, nonsensical,
Crazy, zealous, foolish, nutty, dippy, rash, reckless, foolhardy, lacking, wacky, screwy, futile,
Unconventional, preposterous, vain, futile, meaningless, fantastical, eccentric, illogical,
Capricious, implausible, farfetched, empty, unlikely, unbelievable, preposterous,
Strange, weird, whimsical, incongruous, ludicrous, pointless, offbeat, odd,
Farcical, idiotic, purposeless, fanciful, wacked out, off your head.
Generally, just jam-packed with every assortment of magical thinking?
What will it manifest, what will it convey, if You are at least reasonably rational?

The Lucid Mind

How can You discern the eternal but by observing very lucidly,
By observing beneath the shallows of consciousness at the timeless awareness,
The moment in which the world, the universe, all creation, kaleidoscopes unborn-undying.

Awareness of the Eternal Moment

The awareness of the eternal moment neither creates nor destroys.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither favors nor opposes.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither leads nor follows.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither covets nor limits.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither moves nor stills.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither gives nor takes.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither ebbs nor flows.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither rises nor sinks.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither wins nor loses.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither loves nor hates.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither comes nor goes.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither thinks nor acts.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither begins nor ends.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither profits nor loses.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither grasps nor frees.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither lives nor perishes.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither succeeds nor fails.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither accepts nor denies.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither grows nor shrinks,
The awareness of the eternal moment neither attacks nor defends.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither reveals nor conceals.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither obsesses nor ignores.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither harshens nor softens.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither indulges nor abstains.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither brightens nor darkens.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither increases nor decreases.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither appears nor disappears.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither conquers nor surrenders.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither consumes nor preserves.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither condemns nor absolves.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither ascends nor descends.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither hopes nor despairs.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither seeks nor finds.

Knowable v. Unknowable

Humankind venerates what it sees, what it feels, what it conceives,
Rather than the timeless indivisibility that can never be known.
Rather than the eternal moment that is ever unfathomable.
Rather than the timeless here now, ever unborn, ever undying.

A Most Certain Conclusion

The existence, the world, the universe, that your sensory mind daily perceives,
Will be forever undone at the imaginary mind-body's most guaranteed demise.

This Very Moment

Only this very moment is true, and awareness, its witness.
All else is the huff and puff of consciousness,
And all its imaginary fictions.

Only Consciousness

Only consciousness conceives.
Only consciousness believes.
Only consciousness judges.
Only consciousness cares.
Only consciousness loves.
Only consciousness hates.
Only consciousness wants.
Only consciousness creates.
Only consciousness preserves.
Only consciousness destroys.

The More, More, More That Is Never Enough

Consciousness is a clingy thing, always wanting more, and more never enough.
Contentment is ever just out of grasp, and even if it could be grasped,
More would sooner than later raise its dissatisfied head.
Only the rarest of the rare can gaze mindfully joyful at a wall.

The Perpetual Seeker

Seek and You shall find, is not true for all who doubt.
The perpetual seekers crisscross every mountain pathless,
Never discerning that there is no mountain, there is no seeker.

The Awareness Prior to Consciousness

All ideas, all theories, all beliefs, all opinions,
Are conceptual frameworks concocted by imagination.
Awareness is the moment prior to all movements of consciousness.

Fathoming Total Detachment

Whether total detachment is even possible for more than brief moments,
Is one of those 'needs research' questions every mind must itself fathom.

When the Great Boredom Strikes

The only thing worse than being bored, is being more bored.
And the only thing worse than being more bored,
Is being even more bored.

… who … what … where … when … why … how … are you? …

… who are you? … who are you? … who are you? … who are you? … who are you? …
… what are you? … what are you? … what are you? … what are you? … what are you? …
… where are you? … where are you? … where are you? … where are you? … where are you? …
… when are you? … when are you? … when are you? … when are you? … when are you? …
… why are you? … why are you? … why are you? … why are you? … why are you? …
… how are you? … how are you? … how are you? … how are you? … how are you? …
… are you? … are you? … are you? … are you? … are you? … are you? …

Who?

Who who's?
Who what's?
Who where's?
Who when's?
Who why's?
Who how's?
Who exists?
Who dies?
Who sees?
Who hears?
Who smells?
Who tastes?
Who feels?
Who sleeps?
Who wakes?
Who sits?
Who walks?
Who runs?
Who longs?
Who mates?
Who cares?
Who likes?
Who loves?
Who hates?
Who dreams?
Who works?
Who owns?
Who saves?
Who spends?
Who consumes?
Who pays?
Who knows?
Who wonders?
Who, who, who, are You?

… if only …

… if only …
… if only … if only …
… if only … if only … if only …
… if only … if only … if only … if only …
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… if only … if only … if only …
… if only … if only …
… if only …

A Mirage of the Sensory Mind

The kaleidoscoping quantum theater, is but a mirage of the sensory mind.
And no mirage, no concept, no dream, no matter how real and true it may seem,
Is ever ultimately more than an assumption, an invention, a falsehood, a hoax, a lie.
It is all but a reverie to be taken only as seriously as the given witness is inclined.
Laugh if You can, cry if You must, what are joy and sorrow but secular states.

Every Moment Unborn-Undying

Every moment, You, unborn; every moment, You, undying.
Unborn-undying each and every moment, why hold fast to anything?
Unborn-undying each and every moment, why be troubled about anything?
Unborn-undying each and every moment, why believe in anything?

The Limitations of the Naked Mindscape

The deities, most fabricate and worship, are of a limited mindscape.
What God truly is, is so beyond the naked eye, that the naked mind,
Cannot even begin to comprehend the infinitesimal infinity of it all.

The Here Now of All Heavens and Hells

What we call heaven and hell, and everything between,
Are what You concoct, what You endure, in the here now.
State of mind, attitude, outlook, stance, bearing, is all.

All There Truly Is, and Is Not

All things – animate or inanimate – are always in the quantum here now.
All forms small to great are but notions given reality by the sensory mind.
The eternal moment, the timeless awareness, is all there truly is, and is not.

How to Say It?

How to say it?

There is only the moment, and the awareness in which it resides.
or
There is only the awareness, and the moment in which it resides.

Can there be the awareness without the moment?
Can there be the moment without the awareness?

Is their separation, severance, partition, divorce, duality,
In any way or shape or form, even remotely possible?

And why would You even bother asking?

Move on, Pilgrim.

How Fortunate You Are

"How astounding so many across all times, all geographies,
Have been born in the land of the one true religion,"
He said in a voice laden with ironic mockery.

The Aloneness of the Moment

Space-time is a quantum illusion, an unfathomable theater,
Created by the magic of evolution, playing out in the mystery of awareness.
There is really only the inexplicable, intangible, immeasurable, unknowable, timeless moment,
Through which dreamtime streams, unfolds, unfurls, displays, kaleidoscopes,
In the mind-body patterning of each and every sentient being,
All extemporaneously interacting together,
All very much alone.

Naught But an Imaginary Creation

In the immaculate awareness of the timeless unborn-undying moment, You do not exist.
Only in consciousness, only in the time-bound notions of imagination,
Does the me and myself and I, come into being.

The Harsh Reality of Manifest Existence

What is to get ecstatic or concerned or depressed about?
You have been doing this since the beginning of all beginnings,
And will be, until the end of all endings, and before and after that, too.

Not Even a Gnat's Ass

Awareness does not give a gnat's ass about your vanity.
All your narcissistic-hedonistic gamesmanship.
It will carry on with or without You.
Always has, always will.

The Order of Chaos

Mind-bodies too dynamic to keep still, have concocted everything imaginable under the human sun.
Culture, religion, commerce, industry, art, music, writing, architecture, war …
Even the most still, rarely hold fast for all that long.
The order of chaos rules.

The Pointlessness of It All

If this moment of immaculate awareness is all there is, how can any measurement,
Any assumption, any play of consciousness, whatsoever, ultimately mean anything?

The False Flag of Mortality

You are You, I am I, and we are all but limited mortal elements in this quantum dreamtime,
All together playing out every ecstasy, every agony, every narcissistic-hedonistic spin of the dice,
And not the remotest chance, not the vaguest possibility, of surviving all that long in the relative sense.

Yet Another Moment in the Moment

Another moment slips seamlessly into another,
Into another and another and another and another, forever another.
All one in the same.

Same You, Same Timeless Mystery

Look behind those eyes, You think that awareness peering out, is really not You?
We are all the same timeless mystery, in every form quantum can spin into being.

The Arbitrary Inventions of Consciousness

Science, philosophy, religion, spirituality, belief, superstition,
Dogma, worship, exaltation, glorification, adulation, conviction, respect,
Idolization, praise, veneration, reverence, devotion, ceremony, sacrament, adoration,
Commandment, law, creed, canon, doctrine, principle, theory, code, rule, ritual, formula, model,
Speculation, conjecture, estimation, inference, intuition, fantasy, guess, notion …
What use does awareness have, what use does the moment have,
For any arbitrary invention of consciousness?

A Magician's Trick

Space-time is a quantum illusion,
A three-dimensional dream of consciousness,
An evolutionary collusion, an ever-kaleidoscoping mirage,
An inexplicable magician's trick extraordinaire.

Seeing Through the Make-Believe

Whether many deities or just one, all religions, all mythologies,
Are nothing more than human vanity's superstitious, delusional need,
To pretend it is of first and foremost relevance to the inexplicable unknown.
Only path-less-followed minds see through the make-believe,
And stand alone, clear and unknowing.

Peering Through the Mirage

If it is a story, a myth, a legend, a tale, a chronicle,
A narrative, an anecdote, a description,
An account, a yarn, a fairytale,
Then it is not real.

The Unraveling

What we call reality starts unraveling pretty quickly,
Once You start really looking with a detached eye.

Why Come Back?

How long will imagination allow You to reside in the immaculate serenity of awareness,
Totally alone, unbound by the tethers of the world and all its hullaballoo?
Why come back ever again to that which is not at all real,
In any way or shape or form, whatsoever?

All the Problems

All the problems, the mistakes, the bungles, the panics, the boo-boos, the miscalculations,
The complications, the faults, the errors, the catches, the slip-ups, the bruises, the oversights,
The inaccuracies, the disquiets, the bloopers, the gaffes, the muddles, the obstacles, the dilemmas,
The cuts, the lapses, the tears, the rips, the strains, the riddles, the missteps, the pains, the questions,
The dreads, the delays, the hitches, the lengths, the tortures, the glitches, the strivings, the nightmares,
The struggles, the stings, the distresses, the cruelties, the twinges, the anguishes, the slips, the concerns,
The inconveniences, the setbacks, the drawbacks, the stains, the hiccups, the stoppages, the intricacies,
The exertions, the adversities, the indiscretions, the horrors, the fears, the fretfulnesses, the nuisances,
The conundrums, the challenges, the posers, the enigmas, the cautions, the sufferings, the calamities,
The errors, the bloomers, the misprints, the faux pas, the howlers, the hurts, the aches, the sweats,
The worries, the anxieties, the strains, the griefs, the predicaments, the quandaries, the frights,
The phobias, the toils, the alarms, the brainteasers, the angsts, the troubles, the tribulations,
The apprehensions, the punishments, the afflictions, the snags, the troubles, the blights,
The obstructions, the difficulties, the blindsides, the bottlenecks, the hindrances,
The anomalies, the efforts, the trips, the oopsies, the oh-my-gods, the boobs,
The snafus, the blunders, the botch-ups, the cockups, the fuckups …
You just have to wrap your head around living with them.

Answering the Call

To cease cloaking awareness with time and space and its ever-kaleidoscoping quantum attributes,
Is a conceptual awakening that humanity is having considerable difficulty achieving.
Even in light of the vast amount of scientific evidence to the contrary,
Lethargic minds are far more attached to every imaginable category of absurdity.
Peering behind the mask of the many-faced mystery, is a solitary task, to which few incline.

The Flight of Imagination

Awareness is all there is … In its ever-present moment, You always are.
There is no ‘have always been’ … There is no ‘will always be.’
Time and space are naught but quantum illusions,
In which imagination takes flight in every notion imaginable.

The Little Deaths

If You treat going to sleep as if it were a little death,
The real thing will not be all that different,
But without the alarm going off.

Awakening Is Likely Not an Option

The human species does not appear capable of awakening to a grander vision of its Self.
So, it will slumber on, and eventually perish, in the ruins of whatever is left,
As ignorant, as foolish, as when it exited the jungles of long ago.

The Relativity! The Relativity!

Everything is unequivocally relative to everything else.
Every mind-body, every frame of reference, is a cosmos unto its Self.
No two are ever alike, and none will ever envision any others, but through their own.

The Only Time Machine

The mind-body is the only way You can ever travel the space-time of this eternal quantum mystery.
And it will ever be at a one-breath-at-a-time, one-step-at-a-time, one-moment-at-a-time, kind of pace.

Awareness Is All, All Is Awareness

Who wrote this?
Who do You think? And why would it matter?
All that matters is that You have the keenness to read it, and unlock the given mind,
From the shackles of a conditioned nature-nurture dream.
Awareness is all, all is awareness.

The Very Right-Here-Right-Now Moment

There is no forward, there is no back, there is no right nor left nor oblique.
There is only this very right-here-right-now quantum dreamtime,
For whatever moment the mystery of awareness allows.

Everyone Telling Everyone

What is the meaning, what is the purpose, of human existence?
Well, it certainly seems to be, everyone unremittingly telling everyone else,
What they should think and do and believe and proselytize, obviously.

Imagination, the One and Only Time Traveler

A time machine would be great fun, if time truly existed.
Alas, imagination is the one and only contraption on hand.

That Final Leap Into the Unknown

Despite all words, all concepts, all notions, to the contrary,
All philosophies must ultimately boil down to nothing,
Else the philosophers have not made the final unknowing leap,
And are instead snared, by the metaphors of their own imaginary design.

Attending the Moment

Beneath the eyes, beneath the ears, beneath the nose, beneath the tongue, beneath the skin,
You, the timeless awareness, ever attentive to whatever moment the quantum mystery presents.

The Judgment of History

Something may seem strange or wrong now, but obviously did not in whatever when.
What point judging history, and all the numberless values, the times of mind did ordain?

On Arguing With Ignorance

The quickest, easiest way, to put any given true believer behind you,
Is to listen for a bit, nod a few times, offer thanks, and then meander on.
To discuss, to argue further, hazards squandering who knows how much time,
More than likely, better spent wandering alone in your own sovereignty.

Game Face On, Game Face Off

… game face on, game face off …
… game face on, game face off … game face on, game face off …
… game face on, game face off … game face on, game face off … game face on, game face off …
… game face on, game face off … game face on, game face off …
… game face on, game face off …

Descriptors of Human Absurdity

… human pap …
… human tripe …
… human dreck …
… human bunkum …
… human nonsense …
… human foolishness …
… human poppycock …
… human hogwash …
… human claptrap …
… human garbage …
… human twaddle …
… human rubbish …
… human drivel …
… human idiocy …
… human trash …
… human dross …
… human tosh …
… human rot …

The Same Awareness

All sentient life forms small to great gaze out upon their unique universe,
Each and every one, the same indivisible, ubiquitous awareness,
The same indivisible source, the same indivisible mystery.
Declare the awareness to be one god or many,
By whatever deific-sounding sounds comes to mind,
The inscrutable that humankind ever aspires to penetrate,
Is eternally indifferent to, unaffected by, all conscious endeavors.

The Taming Formula

What creature can resist, a free meal or free deal or safe harbor?
Even the wildest things, can be tamed with the right enticement.

The Ephemeral Nature of Human Love

How passionately, love can so easily morph, into resentment and hate.
It may be eternal in the ultimate, indelibly, excruciatingly idealistic sense,
But the vanities are more than capable of adulterating anything and everything.

A Finger in the Dike

The only way to suppress human corruption, is to build hedges and dikes against it,
And then perpetually maintain them, against the unceasing greed that powers its engine.

That Which Rules the Game

And how could any other speculated dimension,
Maneuver with a different set of rules, a separate set of laws,
Than that crafted by the electromagnetic spectrum (a.k.a., quantum matrix),
And the ethereal, indivisible awareness, in which it plays out?

The Reality of Death

What is death but the ending, of the need to think, to breathe, to move, to eat, to drink, to poop and pee.
The end of ever-kaleidoscoping ecstasies and agonies, played out in the dream of time and space.
The end of power, fame, wealth, and all the narcissistic and hedonistic vanities they serve.
The end of the Seven Deadly Sins: pride, envy, gluttony, lust, wrath, greed, sloth.
The end of knowledge and wisdom and foolishness, and all the effort to maintain them.
Death offers such peace, such quietude, the heaven of non-existence, no imagination required.

Here It Is

Here it all is, right here, right now.
Awareness, allotted to an imaginary existence.
The You that You imagine, is not, was not, will never be.
You are the nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.
A mystery, the time-bound mind can never grasp.

The Dogged Mutt

It is really, quite astounding, to contemplate,
How all the sounds, we daily use to communicate,
Slowly evolved, from across all human history.
And English, the most dogged mutt to date.

On Avoiding Buckets of Vexation

Celibacy can be a mindful, redemptive alternative,
If You wish to avoid buckets of vexation with the opposite sex,
And any roll-of-the-dice progeny, if seeds should bake to fruition in a womb.
Love is an enticing mirage, that can quickly morph into limitless forms of hellish enterprise.
Suffer on if You choose, but it is not mandatory, if you are resilient enough to resist the cultural pressures.

The Make-Believe-Pretend

It is all nothing more than the make-believe-pretend,
Of the electromagnetic spectrum (a.k.a., quantum matrix),
Kaleidoscoping in the ethereality of the mystery of awareness.

The Feminine Mystique

What is the feminine mystique,
But an infatuation with much ado about nothing,
Often resulting in nothing more than a harvest of unremitting vexation.

Taking Off v. Adding On

When it comes to being prepared for the ever-changing elements,
Remember it is far easier to take off something,
Than it is to add on nothing.

The One and Only Truth You Are

Delve into the ultimate, definitive, supreme reality of your timeless, sovereign, absolute aloneness.
Your essence, your core, your gist, your crux, your root, your marrow, your beingness,
Your kernel, your lifeblood, your substance, your immortality, your soul.
The one and only truth You are, have ever been, will ever be.

Of Recognition and Anonymity

Applause, limelight, fame, celebrity, stardom,
Recognition, reputation, distinction, eminence, renown, praise,
Appreciation, approval, sanction, prominence, acclaim, popularity, glory, standing,
Status, notoriety, infamy, disrepute, ignominy, dishonor, legend, myth,
Or even obscurity, insignificance, irrelevance, anonymity.
What are they, for whom Self is all there is?

The Axis of Evil

Nepotism
the practice among those with power or influence
of favoring relatives or friends, esp. by giving them jobs.

Cronyism
the appointment of friends and associates to positions of authority,
without proper regard to their qualifications.

Favoritism
the practice of giving unfair preferential treatment
to one person or group at the expense of another.

Everything Happens

Everything happens with or without your perception.
Everything happens with or without your permission.
Everything happens with or without your acceptance.

The Rabbit Hole of Existence

What is this phenomenon we call existence?
A long and winding yellow brick road,
A deep and cavernous rabbit hole,
A reverie of timeless perception,
A collection of memories called real.
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

A Mind-Body Nature-Nurture Sculpture

To be born is akin to the tabula rasa of unworked wood,
Destined to experience an unknown duration of every whittle existence offers.
Cut, carved, sliced, chiseled, chopped, shaved, trimmed, peeled, shaped, molded, formed, fashioned;
A mind-body-nature-nurture sculpture from first gasping breath to last wheezing one.

The Believer v. The Witness

Everything You think, is a record of your nature-nurture habituation,
The conditioning that plays over and over and over, until death do You part.
Understand the difference, between believing the record, and witnessing the record.

A Dream in a Mystery

Every life, a dream of its own, until death, it does forever part.
The same quantum mystery, the same awareness, all the while.

A Magical Mystery

Why is it that magical thinking is so crucial for so many?
How is it that the quantum theater is not magical enough?

The Challenge of the Seer

For the seer, the challenge of the ever-changing consciousness,
Is in the remembering and forgetting of its imaginary creation.

Blips of Imagination

All creation is but a simultaneous blip of imagination.
Ergo, time and space to play it out in grand theater form.

The Same Grave

Death is a dispassionate reaper.
The powerful and the weak,
The wealthy and the poor,
The famous and the unknown,
All find their way to the same grave.

A Touchy-Feely Mirage

Despite all evidence, all beliefs, all theories, all assumptions to the contrary,
It is nothing more than a manifest dream, a touchy-feely mirage,
That has no ultimate meaning or purpose, whatsoever.
Only vanity ever make-believes it more.

The Coin of All Future-Pasts

What concern have You for any heavens and hells,
For reincarnation, karma, or any other time-bound conception?
Of past lives, You have no memory; of future lives, You have no certainty.
All that matters is this very right-here-right-now timeless moment.
As it would have been, will be, in any future-past ever coined.

The Awakening Eye of Creation

If You are perusing philosophical thoughts such as these,
Then You have to some degree, realized You are a witness to the mystery.
You are seer, mystic, oracle, hierophant, eye of the unknown, peering out upon creation.
Perhaps You will even become a scribe, a future-past fellow of the Dead Poets Society,
Or an artist of some other genre, who may well impart a vision, in a way no other has.

The Limits of Frames of Reference

Any translation is an outcome of the translator's frame of reference.

An Unmitigated Certainty

I may be mistaken about all this, but do not see how.
In every way truth can be comprehended: from rational to irrational,
From absolute to relative, from to realistic to delusional, from infinite to infinitesimal,
From sensible to absurd, from ironic to paradoxical, from black to white,
It all melds into a unified certainty, that cannot be undone.
It is this acuity, both deliberated and intuited,
That doubts all other contenders.

Always Be Sure to Read the Small Print

I have seen enough, heard enough, tasted enough, smelt enough, touched enough,
And thought and done enough, for all the lifetimes I could have ever imagined.
And if I signed up for this mortal playhouse, I was too stoned to remember.

Let Me Know

When You find that enlightenment thing, be sure to let me know what it is.

Put Any Middlemen Behind You

If someone is soliciting your wallet for these freely-given words,
Or pretending to represent some spiritual groupthink, that hopefully will never spawn,
Put them behind You, as quickly as them running shoes allow.

The Unknowable Legacy

How will scholars and pundits and critics and adherents,
Praise, condemn, ignore, these many thoughts,
Should they ever gain momentum,
In times this dead poet will never witness.

Upon the Hinge of Your Frame of Reference

Where this nomadic mind wanders, I can only say, I can only write,
And You can only discern, to the reaches of your frame of reference.

No Matter, Either Way

No doubt, there are many seers out there, who could play it better, say it better, write it better,
But the pivotal point, is that this mystery is You, right here, right now, this moment,
Doing it, saying it, writing it, as well as your given nature-nurture allows.
And if I have gotten it completely wrong, it will not matter.
If I am not wrong, it will not matter, either.

No Need for Distraction

A sycophantic audience would only be a distraction from this hobby.

Why I Did Not Speak Up Louder

Why didn't I speak up louder?
Because I didn't want to lead anybody,
I didn't want to endure endless discussions or debates,
I didn't want followers, I didn't want to create another absurd religion,
I didn't want to endlessly circle the world trying to save a narcissistic, hedonistic species,
Consumed by vanity and greed in a headlong dash towards a great fall.
All I ever really truly wanted was to be my Self by my Self.
Becoming a member of The Dead Poets Society,
Was a much more tolerable cup of tea.

From a Simple Beginning

If You knew where I started, You would understand,
Why I manage not worrying about anything too much.

Should It Have Been Anonymous?

At one point in the early 90's, a Chico friend asked why I was putting my name on writing such as this.
The reply at the time was that it was just how it was done in these modern times.
Shoulda-coulda-woulda given it a bit more pondering.
An anonymous offering to the future-past might have been a bit more intriguing.

A Joe Everyman Slant

I am no authority, I have no authority.
I am just a Joe Everyman, with an outside-all-boxes slant.
A Joe Everyman with an independent, autodidactic outlook on this mystery.
One that couples nicely with a churning mind, that regularly spews out every category of thought.
One that seamlessly synergizes, with a flair for writing, a knack for word processing,
And a world wide web to launch the entire work across the globe,
In directions and destinations, I can never know.
All with no one at the helm.

No Life for Me

I do not believe, expect, or in any way, hope,
These words will have any meaningful impact on the future, at all.
Writing and editing and organizing them on the world wide web for free, was just too hard to resist.
Believe me, when I testify that none of this would have ever happened to the degree it has,
If I had, had to write books, generate a following to buy them, build an ashram,
Sit up on stage having every word be closely judged, maybe filmed,
Pose on some golden throne for hours and hours comforting the miserable,
Or arguing over absurdly meaningless dogmatic details, with true believers of every ilk.

No Worries on This Account

No, I am not going to kill or harm You, nor will I ever encourage others to kill or harm You,
Simply because You disagree with me, or do not comprehend what I am saying.
I may, however, choose to not spend a great deal of time around You,
Or quietly wander on, in search of some other itinerant,
More inclined to my brand of nonsense.
Oh well, so it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.

Too Old to Bother About It

Glad I am too old to have to bother about it much longer,
And no children or grandkids (that I know of),
To have to agonize about, either.

A Contemplative, Anonymous Endgame

So many years spent giving into every calculation and impulse this way and that.
So many things I thought I needed, so many things I thought I wanted.
And now, little if any interest in such dilettantish pursuits.
A contemplative, anonymous endgame, serenely beckons from the shoals.

A Curious Thing

It is a curious thing, these many years of so many thoughts coming to mind.
Not sure how they come, how they keep coming, so often, and with such lucidity.
Starts any given time and space, usually with pen a-scribbling, or texting on the phone,
And then on to Microsoft Word on the MacBook Pro, with all its cherished accoutrements:
Google search, spellcheck, dictionary, thesaurus, and a knack for word association.
All the drafting and newspaper layout make for the spatial machinations.

And … Voilà!

History's Take on the Amerikan Rome

Very likely history will not shine a bright light on the United States of Amerika.
Assuming, of course, humankind manages to survive its absurdities
Long enough to contemplate the how-we-got-here thing.

The Emperor's New Clothes of Religion

My secular response to how all religion is sustained, is akin to The Emperor's New Clothes folktale.
A story about vanity, and how others play along, for fear of embarrassment, being found out.
It is a collective narrative, a miasma, seemingly built into humankind's genetic coding.

Hear Me, Hear Me

A few hours, most every day, sharpening the legacy, imaginary as it is.
It has been absorbing, it has occupied a great deal of time,
But, hear me, hear me, I am well over it.

A Well-Yapped Edifice

It would be hard to believe, that most everything yappable,
Has not been yapped about, somewhere in this aphoristic edifice.

No Need for More Foolishness and Stupidity

Have done many foolish and stupid things in this dreamtime.
No need to add more to the list as often as the moment allows.

A Vocation With Little or No Readership

My vocation, my fate, in a nutshell, seems to be to spend many years scribing all sorts of thoughts,
That will more than likely only be read by me; many, more than a few times.
Oh well, so it went, dealt with it, got over it, moved on.

Your World Is Your Own

Regarding power, regarding fame, regarding fortune,
There is nothing in your world that I need to control,
There is nothing in mine that I need You to applaud,
There is nothing You possess that I in any way covet.

A Long and Winding Road Less Traveled

This lifetime exploration of consciousness, of imagination,
Has been a long and winding expedition down the road less traveled.
A destiny to which I have been haphazardly, matter-of-factly, irrevocably drawn,
As the world, the universe, gradually lost its hold over the intelligence prior to consciousness.

The Magic 8-Ball Mind

This mind has become like one of those Magic 8-Balls,
The plastic sphere, made to look like an eight ball,
That is used for fortune-telling or seeking advice.
Each thought placidly coming into mind's eye,
Slowly finding its way to those whose fate it is part.

Time Is Tick-Tick-Tick Running Out

A satisfactory, enjoyable lifetime work, lifetime offering.
Not as edited, not as organized, as might be wished, but time is tick-tick-tick running out.
Oh well, so it goes, dealing with it, getting over it, moving on.

Ain't No Gol-Durned Hypocrite

I am a liar, I am a cheat, I am a thief,
And I daily plot murder and rape and pillage and mayhem,
But I ain't no gol-durned hypocrite, unless of course, the truth don't bear telling.

The Morning Challenge

The human paradigm has reached such a level of absurdity for me anymore,
That even just waking up to the bother of getting out of bed,
Is proving more and more a challenge.

No Envy, Whatsoever

What men could endure playing out the absurd existence of so many modern women?
A near-endless fascination with hair, nails, eyebrows, make-up, clothes, shaving, waxing, bodily fluids,
Children, cats, rat dogs, parties, flowers, cards, shopping-shopping-and-more shopping,
Romance novels, soap operas, chick flicks, game shows, song and dance shows,
Froufrou drinks, pastries, thighs slowly spreading across the couch,
Insatiably sucking out the soul of the man they bagged,
And ever still wanting more, more, more.
Mind-dulling ad infinitum.

To the Bitter End?

Ride it out to the bitter end?
Or abandon ship before the inevitable?
Let the judge, the jury, and the executioner decide.

What Concern?

What concern have I for heavens and hells,
For reincarnation or any other time-bound conception?
Of past lives, I have no memory; of future lives, I have no certainty.
All that matters is this very right-here-right-now eternal moment.
As it would have been, will be, in any future-past ever coined.

Enough Was Enough Long Ago

Ate plenty, drank plenty, played plenty, worked plenty,
Ran plenty, walked plenty, sat plenty, slept plenty, thought plenty,
Watched plenty, heard plenty, tasted plenty, smelled plenty, touched plenty.
No need to beat a dead dog; enough was enough long ago.

A Fate for the Rare Few

This is a haphazard collection of many thoughts set down over many years.
It is up to the earnest reader to separate the wheat from the chaff,
To grade, to sort, any of my subjective, limited thinking,
In their astute quest for the irrefutable truth,
To which all have access, but only the rare few discern.

Hoping for Oblivion

If I were to off myself,
Would I be serenely dozing forever?
Or awaken in hades, or some alternative perdition?
Here's hoping, all the true believers and I, are headed for oblivion.

All of the Above, and More

Nomad, wanderer, traveler, sojourner,
Explorer, sanyasi, student, apprentice, pupil, learner,
Adventurer, transient, trailblazer, itinerant, speculator, buccaneer,
Pioneer, migrant, drifter, rover, vagrant, rambler, voyager, trekker, rolling stone,
Dreamer, philosopher, sage … All of the above, and more, I have been.

Sidestepping the Usurpations of Consciousness

No grand Nietzsche-esque treatise to be usurped in this body of work.
Hopefully, history will either use these many thoughts to rational ends, or ignore them entirely.
If not, at least hopefully, it will not seize them for abominable purpose,
As it has the writings of far too many other seers.

How Fortunate You Are!

"How astounding so many across all times, all geographies,
Have been born in the land of the one true religion,"
He said in a voice laden with ironic mockery.

A Snowball Down the Mountain

Those who will read this, where they might be, I do not know.
It is a snowball, set in motion, to whatever end, I have no clue.
Nor has any other seer, whose allotted time has come and gone.

The Serenity of Oblivion

By this mind-body, and the cosmos and world it has somehow fashioned,
I, whatever 'I' imagines itself to be, will not much longer be afflicted by this reverie of space and time.
One moment in some relatively near-soon, by, if the fates deign it, this own crippled hand,
This inexplicable awareness shall back into the serenity of oblivion be cast.

The Draw of the Writing Process

Many times, it begins with just the inkling of a notion, not even close to being fully formed,
And the new ditty takes fuller definition as pen scribbles across paper.
And later, when time is made for the keyboard,
That squiggle of an idea often magnifies even further.
The joys of word association are many and not far between.

All Alone on My Soapbox

My little soapbox, off to the side, out of any limelight.
Who knows if anybody is even listening,
And who is left to care?

Stay Tuned

More soon ... Of that there can be little doubt for as long as these mortal lungs are still drawing air …
So stay tuned, You Wascally Wabbit.